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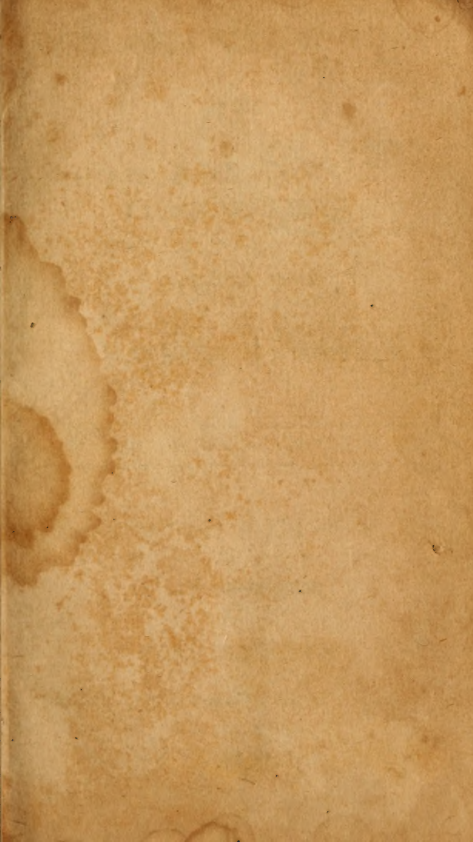
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EVANGELICAL HYMNS,

FOR

PRIVATE, FAMILY, SOCIAL, AND
PUBLIC WORSHIP;

SELECTED FROM

Various Authors.

BY THOMAS CLELAND, D. D.

THIRD EDITION, ENLARGED.

LEXINGTON, KY.

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BE IT REMEMBERED, That, on the twenty-second day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five, and in the forty-ninth year of the Independence of the United States, T. T. SKILLWAN, of the said District, hath deposited in this office, the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words and figures following to wit:

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J. H. HANNA,
Clerk of the District of Kentucky.

EVANGELICAL HYMNS.



1. L. M. STEELE.

Being of God.—Psalm civ.

- 1 **T**HERE is a God, all nature speaks,
Thro' earth, and air, and seas, and skies;
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise.
- 2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.
- 3 The flow'ry tribes all blooming rise
Above the weak attempts of art:
The smallest worms, the meanest flies,
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.
- 4 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of the God—
Bow down before him, and adore.

2. C. M. STEELE.

Creation and Providence.

- 1 **L**ORD, when our raptur'd tho't surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid our souls adore.
- 2 Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.

3 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

- 3 The living tribes of countless forms,
In earth, and sea, and air:
The meanest flies, the smallest worms,
Almighty power declare.
- 4 Thy wisdom, power, and goodness, Lord,
In all thy works appear;
And O! let man thy praise record,
Man, thy distinguish'd care!
- 5 From thee the breath of life he drew;
That breath thy power maintains;
Thy tender mercy, ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.
- 6 Yet nobler favours claim his praise.
Of reason's light possess'd;
By Revelation's brightest rays,
Still more divinely bless'd.
- 7 Thy providence, his constant guard,
When threat'ning woes impend:
Or will th' impending dangers ward,
Or timely succours lend.
- 8 On us that Providence has shone,
With gentle, smiling rays;
Oh may our lips and lives make known
Thy goodness and thy praise!

3. L. M. ADDISON.

*Sun, Moon, and Stars, display the Being of
God.—Psalm xix.*

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ætherial sky.

The spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.

2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:

4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball—
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found:

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

4. S. M. DE FLEURY.

Majesty and Greatness of God.

1 **T**HOU great Omnipotent,
Thou Lord of earth and sky;
I, with my soul down lowly bent,
Adore thy majesty.

2 When I behold the sun,
The creature of thy power,

5 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

- His daily radiant circle run,
I wonder and adore.
- 3 The moon and stars, by night,
In feebler glories shine;
But all from thee derive their light;
Thou source of light divine.
- 4 Thine everlasting praise
Seraphic armies sing,
And I (unworthy) join the lays,
Thou everlasting King.
- 5 Hail! holy, holy, Lord!
Thrice holy one in Three;
Thy boundless name be still ador'd,
Throughout eternity.

5. C. M. HASTINGS.

The Greatness and glory of God in Nature and Grace.

- 1 GREAT God, how powerful is thy hand!
Thy works, how great! how wise!
Low sink the vales, at thy command
The tow'ring mountains rise!
- 2 At thy command, the sun unveils
His glories in the east;
And sinks his flaming chariot wheels
Low in the distant west.
- 3 The waxing and the waning moon,
Proclaim thy skill abroad;
And every rolling star makes known
The glories of a God!

4 Thou dost my heaving lungs inspire,
Thou form'dst my beating heart;
My soul, this spark of heav'nly fire,
Thy goodness did impart.

5 Within, without, thy wisdom bright,
Thy power, thy truth I prove;
Nature displays thy works of might,
But grace, thy works of love.

6. L. M. WATTS' LYRICS.

The Creator exalted above all praise.

1 **E**TERNAL Pow'r! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds!

2 Far in the depths of space, thy throne
Burns with a lustre all its own:
In shining ranks beneath thy feet,
Angelic pow'rs and splendours meet.

3 Earth, from afar, has heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name;
But oh, the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

4 God is in heav'n, and man below:
Short be our tunes, our words be few!
A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

7. C. M. STEELE.

Excellency of the Bible.—Psalm cxix. 97.

1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!

8 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

Forever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines!

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a sweet repast;
Sublimier sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here springs of consolation rise,
To cheer the fainting mind;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

5 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

6 O, may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

7 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there!

8. L. M. STEELE.

Dominion and power of God.—Psalm xciii.

1 **T**HE Lord, the God of glory, reigns,
In robes of Majesty array'd;

His rule omnipotence sustains,
And guides the worlds his hands have made.

2 Ere rolling worlds began to move,
Or ere the heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,
Thy awful throne was fix'd above:
From everlasting thou art God.

3 The swelling floods tumultuous rise—
Aloud the angry tempests roar—
Lift their proud billows to the skies,
And foam and lash the trembling shore.

4 The Lord, the mighty God, on high,
Controls the fiercely raging seas:
He speaks! and noise and tempests fly—
The waves sink down in gentle peace.

5 Thy sovereign laws are ever sure—
Eternal holiness is thine;
And, Lord, thy people should be pure,
And in thy blest resemblance shine.

9. C. M. ADDISON.

On the Scriptures.

1 GREAT God! with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, power and grace
Shine brighter in thy book.

2 The stars, that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction given;
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may soar to heav'n.

3 The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord;

10 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.

4 Here are my choicest treasures hid;
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And here my hopes arise.

5 Lord, make me understand thy law,
Show what my faults have been;
And from the gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

10. C. M. BLACKLOCK.

*Omniscience and Omnipresence of God.—Psalm
cxxxix.*

1 **L**ORD, thou, with an unerring beam,
Surveyest all my pow'rs,
My rising steps are watch'd by thee—
By thee my resting hours.

2 My thoughts, scarce struggling into birth,
Great God, are known to thee:
Abroad, at home, still I'm enclos'd
With thine immensity.

3 To thee the labyrinths of life
In open view appear;
Nor steal a whisper from my lips,
Without thy list'ning ear.

4 Behind I glance, and thou art there!
Before me shines thy name;
And 'tis thy strong, almighty hand
Sustains my tender frame.

- Such knowledge mocks the vain essays
Of my astonish'd mind;
Nor can my reason's soaring eye
Its tow'ring summit find.

11. S. M. WATTS' LYRICS.

God the object of all homage.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Maker, God!
How wondrous is thy name!
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad,
Through the creation's frame!
- 2 Nature, in every dress,
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' express
Thine undissembled praise.
- 3 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too;
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.
- 4 The very songs I frame,
Are faithless to thy cause,
And steal the honours of thy name,
To build their own applause.
- [5 Thus pride, that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform;
Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty worm.]
- 6 Create my soul anew,
Else all my worship's vain;
This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
Until 'tis form'd again.

12 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

- 7 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days;
And to my God, my soul ascend,
In sweet perfumes of praise.

12. C. M. WATTS' LYRICS.

Divine Sovereignty.

- 1 **K**EEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honours of her God.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.
- 3 Chain'd to his throne, a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.
- 4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsel shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke
Fulfil some deep design.
- 5 Here he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown;
And there the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.
- 6 Not *Gabriel* asks the reason why,
Nor *God* the reason gives;
Nor dares the favorite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

7 My God, I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes;
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

8 In thy fair book of life and grace,
O, may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my *Lord* the Lamb!

13. L. M. STEELE.

The goodness of God.

1 **T**HE praises of my God, my King,
While I have life or breath to sing,
Shall fill my heart, and tune my tongue,
Till heav'n improve the blissful song.

2 No more in princes vainly trust,
Frail sons of earth! man is but dust;
With all his pride, with all his pow'r,
The helpless creature of an hour.

3 Happy the man, whose hopes divine
On Israel's cov'nant God recline!
Who can, with sacred transport, say,
This God is mine, my help, my stay!

4 His justice favours them who mourn
Beneath the proud oppressor's scorn;
The hungry poor his hand sustains,
And breaks the wretched captive's chains.

5 To sightless eyes, long clos'd in night,
His touch restores the joys of light;
And mourners rais'd confess his care,
He loves the humble and sincere.

14, 15 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

- 6 If wand'ring strangers friendless roam,
Divine protection is their home:
The Lord relieves the widow's cares,
And dries the weeping orphan's tears.

14. L. M. WATTS.

Thoughts on God and Death.

- 1 **T**HERE is a God who reigns above,
Lord of the heav'n and earth and seas;
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
And with my lips I sing his praise.
- 2 There is a law which he has writ,
To teach us all what we must do;
My soul, to his commands submit,
For they are holy, just and true.
- 3 There is a gospel rich in grace,
Whence sinners all their comforts draw;
Lord, I repent and seek thy face,
For I have often broke thy law.
- 4 There is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come;
How many younger, much, than I,
Have pass'd by death to hear their doom!
- 5 Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled;
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardon offer'd to the dead.

15. C. M. GIBBONS.

Goodness of God.—Jer. xxxi. 12.

- 1 **T**HY goodness, Lord, our souls confess;
Thy goodness we adore;

A spring, whose blessings never fail—
A sea, without a shore!

2 Sun, moon, and stars, thy love attest,
In every golden ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.

3 Thy bounty every season crowns,
With all the bliss it yields;
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strength'ning grain the fields.

4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen;
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

5 Pardon, acceptance, peace and joy,
Through Jesus' name are given;
He, on the cross, was lifted high,
That we might reign in heaven.

16. L. M. MEDLEY.

Loving kindness.—Isaiah lxiii. 7. Ps. lxiii. 3.

1 **A** WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, O how free!

2 He saw me ruin'd by the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O how great!

3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,

17 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, O how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale—
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies!

17. C. M. CRUDEN.

Greatness of God.—Isaiah xl. 12—15.

1 **L**O! heaven's tremendous, mighty King!
(I tremble at the name!)
Angels but faintly lisp his praise,
Nor half his deeds proclaim.

2 He rounded all the heav'nly orbs,
He bowl'd them from his hand;
They, at his pleasure, shoot along,
Or at his bidding stand.

3 The same unbounded pow'r of God
Pour'd forth the noisy deep;

Whose billows lash th' affrighted strand,
Or, hush'd by him, they sleep.

[4 'O, praise his name, ye heav'nly orbs,
And sound his fame abroad;
Proclaim his pow'r, thou mighty deep,
And own the hand of God.']

5 His fingers spann'd the azure sky—
Assign'd each star its place;
He smooth'd for each a spacious road
Through vast, unbounded space.

6 He gaug'd the yielding mounds of sand,
That smoothly line the shore;
And curb'd th' impetuous, lawless waves,
While all enrag'd they roar.

7 Each fragment of the rugged rock,
In his just scales was weigh'd;
And all the proud, aspiring hills
Were in his balance tried.

[3 'O, praise his name, ye rolling worlds,
And sound his fame abroad:
Ye heirs of heav'n proclaim his pow'r,
That brought you back to God.']

18. L. M. TUCKER.

Holiness, Justice, and Mercy united.—Psalm
lxxxv. 10.

1 **O** LOVE! beyond conception great,
That form'd the vast stupendous plan,
Where all divine perfections meet
To reconcile rebellious man!

19 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

- 2 There wisdom shines in fullest blaze,
And justice all her rights maintains!
Astonish'd angels stoop to gaze,
While mercy o'er the guilty reigns.
- 3 Yes, mercy reigns, and justice too—
In Christ harmoniously they meet,
He paid to justice all her due,
And now he fills the mercy seat.
- 4 Such are the wonders of our God,
And such th' amazing depths of grace,
To save from wrath's vindictive rod,
The chosen sons of Adam's race.
- 5 With grateful songs, then let our souls
Surround our gracious Father's throne;
And all between the distant poles
His truth and mercy ever own.

19. C. M. BURDER.

Love of God.—1 John iv. 8.

- 1 COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And raise your souls above;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing, that God is love.
- 2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
Jesus, the gift of gifts appears,
To shew that God is love.
- 3 Behold his patience lengthen'd out,
To those who from him rove;
And calls effectual reach their hearts,
To teach them, God is love.

- 4 The work begun is carried on,
By pow'r from heaven above;
And every step, from first to last,
Proclaims, that God is love.
- 5 O, may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall shout, that God is love.

20. C. M. STEELE.

*Praise for the Blessings of Providence and
Grace.—Psalm cxxxix.*

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
Kind Guardian of my days,
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.
- 2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.
- 3 Each rolling year new favours brought
From thy exhaustless store;
But ah! in vain my labouring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.
- 4 While sweet reflection, thro' my days,
Thy bounteous hand would trace;
Still dearer blessings claim thy praise,
The blessings of thy grace.
- 5 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord,
For favours more divine;

21 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.

- 6 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.

21. C. M. ADDISON.

Gratitude for mercies.

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

- 2 Unnumber'd comforts on my head,
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those blessings flow'd.

- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.

- 4 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe
And led me up to man.

- 5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

- 6 Through ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll adore;

And after death, in distant worlds,
Thy mercy still explore.

22. L. M. SCOTT.

Mercies of God inestimable.—Psalm cxxxix.
17, 18.

- 1 **T**HE glitt'ring spangles of the sky—
The sands which spread th' extended
These could I number, yet my God, [shore;
I ne'er could count thy mercies o'er!
- 2 This curious frame—these noble pow'rs,
To thy creating hand I owe;
Thy providence preserves me safe,
And crowns my every wish below.
- 3 Oft in the visions of the night,
My thoughts still on thy mercies rove;
And every midnight wakeful hour,
I trace the wonders of thy love.
- 4 The pleasant, unexhausted theme,
Each rising morn my soul pursues—
In fervent pray'r ascends to thee,
And still her grateful song renews.
- 5 Nor days, nor nights, nor months, nor years,
Nor centuries, would e'er suffice
To sound th' unfathom'd depths of love,
Or touch the heights thy mercies rise.
- [6 Thy mercies, Lord, thro' endless years,
Shall still my raptur'd powers employ;
Yet endless years will still but swell
My wonder, gratitude, and joy.]

23 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

23. L. M. STEELE.

Providence equitable and kind.—Ps. cvii.

- 1 **T**HRO' all the various shifting scenes
Of life's mistaken good or ill,
Thy hand, O God, conducts, unseen,
Our changes by thy sov'reign will.
- 2 Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To each his necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.
- 3 Trust we to youth, or friends, or pow'r,
Fix we on this terrestrial ball,
When most secure, the coming hour,
If thou see fit, may blast them all.
- 4 When lowest sunk with grief and shame,
Fill'd with affliction's bitter cup,
Lost to relations, friends and fame,
Thy powerful hand can raise us up.
- 5 Thy gracious consolations cheer,
Thy smiles suppress the deep fetch'd sigh;
Thy hand can dry the trickling tear
That, secret, wets th' afflicted eye.
- 6 All things on earth, and all in heav'n,
On thy eternal will depend:
And all for greater good were giv'n,
And all shall in thy glory end.
- 7 This be my care; to all beside
Indifferent let my wishes be;
Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fix'd, O God, my soul on thee.

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 24, 25

24. C. M. COWPER.

The Mysteries of Providence.

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste
But sweet will be the flow'r.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

25. L. M.

Mysteries of Providence.

- 1 **L**ORD, how mysterious are thy ways!
How blind are we, how mean our praise!

- Thy steps no mortal eyes explore;
'Tis ours to wonder and adore.
- 2 Thy purposes from creature-sight
Are hid in shades of awful night;
Amid the lines, with curious eye,
Not angel minds presume to pry.
- 3 Great God! I do not ask to see
What in futurity shall be;
Let light and bliss attend my days,
And then my future hours be praise.
- 4 Are darkness and distress my share?
Give me to trust thy guardian care;
Enough for me, if love divine
At length through every cloud shall shine.
- 5 Yet this my soul desires to know,
Be this my only wish below;
"That Christ is mine!"—this great request,
Grant, bounteous God; and I am blest.

26. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The effects of the fall lamented.—Psalm cxix.
136—158.

- 1 **A**RISE my tenderest thoughts, arise;
To torrents melt my streaming eyes;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel,
Those evils which thou canst not heal.
- 2 See human nature sunk in shame;
See scandals pour'd on *Jesus'* name;
The father wounded through the Son;
The world abus'd; the soul undone.

- 3 See the short course of vain delight,
Closing in everlasting night;
In flames that no abatement know,
Though briny tears forever flow.
- 4 My God, I feel the mournful scene;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.
- 5 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves;
Thy own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

27. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Law; or, the stinner found wanting. -- Dan. v. 27.

RAISE, thoughtless sinner! raise thine eye,
Behold the judgment drawing nigh:
Behold the balance is display'd,
Where thou must be exactly weigh'd.

- 2 See, in one scale God's holy law;
Mark with what force its precepts draw;
Canst thou the awful test sustain?
Thy works how light! thy thoughts how vain!
- 3 Behold the hand of God appears,
And writes in dreadful characters,
"Tekel! thy soul is wanting found;
"With treambling hear the awful sound.
- 4 "Let fear thy sin-bound heart embrace;
"Let guilty shame o'erspread thy face;
"Conviction through thy conscience roll,
"And deep repentance fill thy soul.

- 5 "One only hope can yet prevail,
 "Jesus for thee can turn the scale:
 "Can give the guilty conscience peace;
 "And save thee by his righteousness."
- 6 Dear Saviour, now thy power impart;
 Convince each unconvinced heart;
 And thy salvation let them view,
 In justice wrought, and mercy too.
- 7 Believing this, they shall employ
 Their hearts and lips in songs of joy;
 Nor e'er of wanting be afraid,
 When in God's holy balance weigh'd.

28. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Vision of dry bones.—Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

- 1 **L**OOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
 See Adam's race in ruin lie;
 Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
 And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.
- 2 And can these mouldering corpses live?
 And can these perish'd bones revive?
 That, mighty God, to thee is known!
 That wondrous work is all thine own.
- 3 Thy ministers are sent in vain,
 To prophesy upon the slain;
 In vain they call, in vain they cry,
 Till thine Almighty aid is nigh.
- 4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
 Life spreads thro' all the realms of death:
 Dry bones obey thy pow'rful voice;
 They move—they waken—they rejoice.

- 5 So when thy trumpet's awful sound,
Shall shake the heavens, and rend the ground,
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies.

29. L. M. WATTS.

True Penitence.

- 1 **S**HOW pity, Lord! O Lord forgive!
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?
- 2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.
- 3 O, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 4 My lips, with shame, my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just, in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

30, 31 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

30. L. M. FAWCETT.

"What must I do to be saved?"—Acts xvi. 30.

- 1 **W**ITH melting heart and weeping eyes,
My guilty soul for mercy cries;
What shall I do, or whither flee,
To 'scape that vengeance due to me?
- 2 Till now, I saw no danger nigh;
I liv'd at ease, nor fear'd to die;
Wrapt up in self-deceit and pride,
"I shall have peace at last," I cried.
- 3 But when, great God! thy light divine
Had shone on this dark soul of mine,
Then I beheld, with trembling awe,
The terrors of thy holy law.
- 4 How dreadful now my guilt appears,
In childhood, youth, and growing years!
Before thy pure discerning eye,
Lord, what a filthy wretch am I!
- 5 Should vengeance still my soul pursue,
Death and destruction are my due;
Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,
And bid a dying sinner live.
- 6 Does not thy sacred word proclaim
Salvation free in Jesus' name?
To him I look, and humbly cry,
"O save a wretch condemn'd to die!"

31. L. M.

I have seen his way and will heal him.—Isa. lvii. 18.

- 1 **O** THAT mine eyes were floods of tears,
Then would I tune my mournful lays,

- And own before Jehovah's throne,
The guilt and folly of my ways.
- 2 My heart, my lips, my life defil'd,
A daring rebel I have been;
A traitor to th' eternal God,
A foe to grace, a friend to sin.
- 3 Alas! for I'm a wretch undone!
The Lord Jehovah marks my way;
Sure quick destruction is my doom,
My num'rous sins he'll now repay.
- 4 "I've seen his ways," the Lord declares,
"And tho' I frown, I'll heal his soul;
"Then he shall know that mercy spares,
"And sweetly all his sins control.
- 5 "I will have mercy," saith the Lord:
"And whom I choose I will set free;
"I'll save the vilest of my foes,"—
And then he thought on sinful me
- 6 Incarnate God! what wond'rous love!
How rich thy mercy, how divine!
How free the great salvation flows,
To cleanse such leprous souls as mine

32. L. M.

Human righteousness insufficient to justify.

Mic. vi. 6—8.

W HEREWITH, O Lord, shall I draw near,
Or bow myself before thy face!
How in thy purer eyes appear?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?

- 2 Will gifts delight the Lord most high?
Will multiplied oblations please?
Thousands of rams his favour buy,
Or slaughter'd hecatombs appease?
- 3 Can these assuage the wrath of God?
Can these wash out my guilty stain?
Rivers of oil, or seas of blood,
Alas! they all must flow in vain.
- 4 Guilty I stand before thy face;
My sole desert is hell and wrath;
'Twere just the sentence should take place;
But Oh, I plead my Saviour's death!
- 5 I plead the merits of thy Son,
Who died for sinners on the tree;
I plead his righteousness alone,
Oh, put the spotless robe on me.

33. C. M. BROWN.

Works vain as to merit.—Mic. vi. 6—8.

HOW shall I come before the Lord,
And bow before his throne?
Or how procure his kind regard?
Or for my guilt atone?

- 2 Shall altars flame, and victims bleed,
And spicy fumes ascend?
Will these my earnest wish succeed,
And make my God my friend?
- 3 Should thousand rams in flames expire,
Would these his favour buy?
Or oil, that should, for holy fire,
Ten thousand streams supply?

- 4 With trembling hands, and bleeding heart,
Should I my offspring slay;
Would this a cheerful hope impart,
Or purge my guilt away?
- 4 Ah! no, my soul, 'twere fruitless all;
Such victims bleed in vain;
No fatlings, from the field or stall,
Such favour can obtain!
- 6 None but a dying Saviour's blood,
Can all my guilt remove;
This plead, my soul, before thy God,
And sing redeeming love.

34. L. M. SCOTT.

Balm of Gilead.—Jer. viii. 22.

- W**HY droops my soul with grief opprest?
Why these wild tumults in my breast?
Is there no balm to heal my wound?
No kind physician to be found?
- 2 Lo! in the gospel's faithful lines,
Jehovah's boundless mercy shines,
There, drest in love, the Saviour stands,
With bleeding heart and wounded hands!
- 3 Raise to the cross thy weeping eyes;
Behold the prince of glory dies;
He dies, extended on the tree,
Thence sheds a sovereign balm for thee.
- 4 My Saviour, at thy feet I lie,
Here to receive a cure or die!
But grace forbids that painful fear;
Infinite grace, which triumphs here!

- 5 Great God extract the poison'd dart,
Bind up and heal my broken heart;
With blooming health my face adorn,
And change my gloomy night to morn.

35. P. M. OCKUM.

Except a man be born again.—John iii. 3.

- 1 **A** WAK'D by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;
O'erwhelm'd with sin, with anguish slain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or sink to endless wo.
- 2 Amaz'd I stood, but could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell,
For death and hell drew near;
I strove indeed, but strove in vain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
Still sounded in mine ear.
- 3 When to the law I trembling fled,
It pour'd its curses on my head;
I no relief could find.
This fearful truth increas'd my pain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
O'erwhelm'd my tortur'd mind.
- 4 Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
A vast unwieldy load;
Alas! I read and saw it plain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or drink the wrath of God.

- 5 The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare.
Yet, when I found this truth remain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
I sunk in deep despair.
- 6 But while I thus in anguish lay,
Jesus of Naz'reth pass'd that way,
And felt his pity move;
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now, by his grace, is "born again,"
And sings redeeming love.
- 7 To heav'n the joyful tidings flew,
The angels tun'd their harps anew,
And loftier notes did raise;
All hail! the Lamb who once was slain,
Unnumber'd millions, "born again,"
Will shout thine endless praise.

36. C. M. HOSKINS.

Ye must be born again.—John iii. 7.

- 1 **S**INNERS, this solemn truth regard!
Hear, all ye sons of men;
For Christ, the Saviour, hath declar'd,
"Ye must be born again."
- 2 Whate'er might be your birth or blood,
The sinner's boast is vain;
Thus saith the glorious Son of God,
"Ye must be born again."
- 3 Our nature's totally deprav'd,
The heart a sink of sin;

37 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

Without a change we can't be saved;
 "Ye must be born again."

4 [That which is born of flesh is flesh,
 And flesh it will remain;
 Then marvel not that Jesus saith,
 "Ye must be born again."]

5 Spirit of life, thy grace impart,
 And breathe on sinners slain;
 Bear witness, Lord, in ev'ry heart,
 That we are born again.

6 Dear Saviour, let us now begin
 To trust and love thy word;
 And, by forsaking ev'ry sin,
 Prove we are born of God.

37. C. M. HOSKINS.

Lamb of God.—John i. 29.

1 **S**INNERS, behold the Lamb of God
 Who takes away our guilt;
 Look to the precious, priceless blood,
 That Jews and Gentiles spilt.

2 From heav'n he came to seek and save,
 Leaving his blest abode;
 To ransom us himself he gave;
 Behold the Lamb of God.

3 He came to take the sinner's place,
 And shed his precious blood;
 Let Adam's guilty, ruin'd race
 Behold the Lamb of God.

4 Sinners, to Jesus then draw near;
 Invited by his word:

The chief of sinners need not fear;
Behold the Lamb of God.

5 In ev'ry state, and time, and place,
Nought plead but Jesus' blood;
However wretched be your case,
Behold the Lamb of God.

6 Spirit of Grace, to us apply
Immanuel's precious blood,
That we may, with thy saints on high,
Behold the Lamb of God.

38. C. M. NEWTON.

Looking at the cross.

1 **I**N evil, long I took delight,
Unaw'd by shame and fear;
Till a new object struck my sight;
And stopp'd my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure, never, to my latest breath,
Can I forget that look;
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt, and own'd the guilt,
And plung'd me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

5 Alas! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain;

Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.

- 6 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
"This blood is for thy ransom paid;
"I die, that thou may'st live."

- 7 With pleasing grief, and mournful joy,
My spirit now is fill'd;
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

39. C. M.

Christ's sufferings on the cross.

- 1 **T**WAS in an hour when wrath prevail'd,
And pow'rs of darkness rose,
A sudden groan my ear assail'd,
Expressing dying woes.
- 2 I turn'd, then wonder'd as I stood,
At what mine eyes survey'd!
A Prince expiring in his blood,
And on a cross display'd!
- 3 I knew him, tho' his thorny crown
Dimm'd his majestic air;
Then I demanded, with a frown,
"What traitor fix'd him there!"
- 4 No answer to my voice I heard,
Nor could discern a foe;
When lo! his fainting head he rear'd,
And spoke in words of woe—
- 5 "Cease, wretch, from vain inquiry rest,
"My cruel murd'rer see,

"Thy sins have rent my bleeding breast,
 "And nail'd me to the tree."

6 Trembling I fell, and kiss'd his wounds,
 And wip'd the gore away;
 I saw him smooth his killing frowns,
 And heard him gently say:

7 "Rise, let thy heart its grief compose,
 "Thy Saviour will forgive;
 "He feels the burden of thy woes,
 "And dies to bid thee live."

40. C. M. STENNETT.

Converted Thief.—Luke xxiii. 42.

1 **A**S on the cross the Saviour hung,
 And wept, and bled, and died,
 He pour'd salvation on a wretch
 That languish'd at his side.

2 His crimes with inward grief and shame;
 The penitent confess'd;
 Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,
 And thus his pray'r address'd.

3 "Jesus, thou Son and heir of heav'n,
 "Thou spotless Lamb of God,
 "I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears,
 "And welt'ring in thy blood.

4 "Yet quickly from these scenes of woe,
 "In triumph thou shalt rise;
 "Burst thro' the gloomy shades of death;
 "And shine above the skies.

5 "Amid the glories of that world,
 "Dear Saviour, think on me;

“And in the vict’ries of thy death,
 “Let me a sharer be.”

- 8 His pray’r the dying Jesus hears,
 And instantly replies,
 “To-day thy parting soul shall be
 “With me in paradise.”

41. L. M. Hoskins.

Whereas I was blind, now I see.—John ix. 25.

- 1 **N**OW let my soul with wonder trace
 The Saviour’s miracles of grace;
 Now let my lips and life record
 The loving-kindness of the Lord.
- 2 Till late I fancied all was well,
 Tho’ walking in the road to hell;
 But now, thro’ grace divinely free,
 I, who was blind, am brought to see.
- 3 Long had I slept in nature’s night,
 But Jesus came and gave me light!
 Ten thousand praises, Lord, to thee,
 That tho’ born blind, yet now I see!
- 4 Long had I wallow’d in my sin;
 Blind to the dangers I was in,
 But now appeal, great God, to thee,
 That tho’ once blind, yet now I see!
- 5 Long did I on the law rely,
 And pass the Friend of sinners by;
 But, what a glorious mystery!
 Tho’ I was blind, yet now I see!
- 6 Strengthen, O Lord, my mental sight—
 Increase my faith, increase my light;

Then shall I praise the sacred Three,
In time and in eternity.

42. C. M. WATTS.

The joy of a remarkable Conversion.

1 **W**HEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
And chang'd my mournful state,
My rapture seem'd a pleasant dream,
The grace appear'd so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

3 "Great is the work," my neighbors cried,
And own'd the pow'r divine;
"Great is the work," my heart replied,
"And be the glory thine."

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

43. L. M. BREWER.

Hiding-Place.—Isaiah xxxii. 2.

1 **H**AIL, sov'reign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul an hiding-place.

2 Against the God that rules the sky
I fought with hand uplifted high;
Despis'd his rich, abounding grace,
Too proud to seek an hiding-place.

43 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

- 3 Enwrapp'd in thick Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without an hiding-place.
- 4 But thus th'eternal counsel ran,
"Almighty love, arrest that man:"
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding-place.
- 5 Indignant justice stood in view;
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But justice cried, with frowning face,
"This mountain is no hiding-place."
- 6 Ere long a heav'nly voice I heard,
And mercy's angel-form appear'd;
She led me on with gentle pace,
To Jesus, as my hiding-place.
- 7 On him Almighty vengeance fell,
That must have sunk a world to hell;
He bore it for our sinful race,
And thus became our hiding-place.
- 8 Should storms of thund'ring vengeance roll,
And shake the globe from pole to pole;
No flaming bolt shall daunt my face,
For Jesus is my hiding-place.
- 9 A few more rolling suns at most
Will land me safe on Canaan's coast;
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious hiding-place.

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 44, 45

44. C. M. MEDLEY.

The Birth of Christ.—Luke ii. 14.

- 1 **M**ORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chaunt the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine,
To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 In heav'n the rapt'rous song began,
While sweet seraphic fire,
Thro' all the shining legions ran,
And tun'd the golden lyre.
- 3 Swift thro' the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy was new—
'Twas more than heav'n could hold.
- 4 Down thro' the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.
- 5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
Good will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious, heav'nly throng.

45. C. M. WATTS.

Angels' Song.—Luke ii. 8—14

- 1 **"S**HEPHERDS, rejoice; lift up your eyes,
"And send your fears away;
"News from the region of the skies—
"Salvation's born to-day.
- 2 **"J**ESUS, the God, whom angels fear,
"Comes down to dwell with you;

“To-day he makes his entrance here,
“But not as monarchs do.

3 “No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,
“Nor royal shining things;
“A manger for his cradle stands,
“And holds the King of kings!

4 “Go, shepherds, where the Infant lies,
“And see his humble throne;
“With tears of joy in all your eyes,
“Go, shepherds kiss the Son.”

5 Thus Gabriel sang—and straight around
The heav’nly armies throng:
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song:—

6 “Glory to God, who reigns above,
“Let peace surround the earth;
“Mortals shall know their Maker’s love,
“At their Redeemer’s birth.”

46. 7s.

Angels’ Song.

1 **H**ARK!—the herald angels sing,
“Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil’d.”

2 Mild, he lays his glory by;
Born, that man no more may die;
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies.

3 “Glory to the new-born King”—
Let us all the anthem sing—

"Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd."

Repeat.

47. P. M.

Star in the East.

HAIL, thou blest morn, when the great
Mediator

Did from the regions of glory descend;
Shepherds, go visit the babe in the manger,
Lo! for his guard the bright angels attend.

CHORUS.

*Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us your aid;
Star in the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.*

Cold was his cradle, the dew-drops were
shining;

Low lies his head with the beasts of the
stall;

Angels adore him in slumbers reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Sovereign of all.

Brightest and best, &c.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours from Eden, and off'rings divine?

Gems from the mountain, and pearls from
the ocean,

Myrrh from the forest and gold from the
mine?

Brightest and best, &c.

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,

Vainly, with gold, we his favour secure;

48, 49 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor!
Brightest and best, &c.

48. L. M. MEDLEY.

Christ the Root and Offspring of David.—Rev.
xxii. 16.

- 1 **A**LL hail, thou great Immanuel!
Thy love, thy glory, who can tell?
Angels, and all the heav'nly host,
Are in the boundless prospect lost.
- 2 Among a thousand forms of love,
In which he shines and smiles above,
This with peculiar joy we view,
He's David's root and offspring too,
- 3 There Jesus, in the glorious plan,
Shines, the great God, the wond'rous man!
As God, the root of all our bliss,
As man, the branch of righteousness.
- 4 All hail, thou dear redeeming Lord!
All hail, thou co-essential word!
All hail, thou root and branch divine!
All hail, and be the glory thine!

49. L. M. WATTS.

God the Son equal with the Father.

- 1 **B**RIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!
Our spirits bow before thy feet;
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet.
- 2 A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity;

But who amongst the sons of light,
Pretends comparison with thee?

- 3 Yet there is one of human frame,
Jesus array'd in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.
- 4 Their glory shines with equal beams,
Their essence is forever one,
Tho' they are known by diff'rent names,
The Father God, and God the Son.
- 5 Then let the name of Christ our King
With equal honours be ador'd;
His praise let ev'ry angel sing,
And all the nations own the Lord.

50. L. M. WATTS.

The Deity and humanity of Christ.—John i. 1, 3, 14, and Col. 1. 16, and Eph. iii. 9, 10.

ERE the blue heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,
From everlasting was the Word!

With God he was; the word was God,
And must divinely be ador'd.

- 2 By his own pow'r were all things made,
By him supported all things stand;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

- 3 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the host of morning stars;
(His generation who can tell,
Or count the number of his years?)

51 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

- 4 But lo! he leaves those heavenly forms,
The word descends, and dwells in clay,
That he may converse hold with worms,
Dress'd in such feeble flesh as they.
- 5 Mortals with joy behold his face:
Th' eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth! how full of grace!
When thro' his eyes the Godhead shone!
- 6 Archangels leave their high abode,
To learn new myst'ries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel!

51. L. M. TAPPAN.

Gethsemane.

- 1 **T**IS midnight—and on Olive's brow,
The star is dimm'd that lately shone;
'Tis midnight—in the garden now,
The suff'ring Saviour prays alone.
- 2 'Tis midnight—and from all remov'd,
Immanuel wrestles 'lone, with fears;
E'en the disciple that he lov'd
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
- 3 'Tis midnight—and for others' guilt
The man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by his God.
- 4 'Tis midnight—and from ether plains,
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soethe the Saviour's woe.

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 52, 53

52. L. P. M.

- 1 **O** LOVE divine, what hast thou done!
The Lord of life hath died for me!
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree;
Th' incarnate God for me hath died,
The Lord, my love, was crucified.
- 2 Sinners, behold, as ye pass by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace;
Come sinners, see your Saviour die,
And say, was ever grief like his?
Come, feel with me his blood apply'd,
The Lord, my love, was crucified:
- 3 Is crucified for you and me,
To bring us, rebels, back to God;
Salvation now for us is free;
His church is purchas'd with his blood;
Pardon and life flow from his side;
The Lord, my love is crucified.
- 4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream;
All things for him account but dross,
And give up all our hearts to him;
Of nothing speak, or think beside,
The Lord, my love, was crucified.

53. C. M. STENNETT.

- 1 **Y**ONDER—amazing sight—I see
Th' incarnate Son of God,
Expiring on th' accursed tree,
And welt'ring in his blood.

54 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

- 2 Behold the purple torrent run
Down from his hands and head:
The crimson tide puts out the sun;
His groans awake the dead.
- 3 The trembling earth, the darken'd sky,
Proclaim the truth aloud;
And with th' amaz'd centurion cry,
"This is the Son of God."
- 4 So great, so vast a sacrifice
May well my hope revive;
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
The sinner sure may live.

54. 8, 7, 4. F.

It is finished.—John xix. 30.

- 1 **H**ARK! the voice of love and mercy!
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See, it rends the rocks assunder—
Shakes the earth and veils the sky!
"It is finish'd!"
Hear the Saviour—dying—cry.
- 2 It is finished!—Oh, what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heav'nly blessings without measure,
Flow to us from Christ, the Lord:
It is finish'd!—
Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Finish'd—all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finish'd—all that God hath promis'd;
Death and hell no more shall awe:

It is finish'd!—

Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,—
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

55. L. M. WATTS.

Dying, rising and reigning.

- 1 **H**E dies!—the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Come, saints and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you—
A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree—
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead—revives again!
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb!
Up to his Father's court he flies!
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing, how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant, death—in chains.

56 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

- 6 Say, "Live forever glorious King,
 "Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
 Then ask—"O death, where is thy sting?
 And where thy victory, boasting grave?"

56. 7s. COLLYER.

- 1 **T**O the cross where Jesus dies,
 Where my Lord resigns his breath;
 Where affliction veils his eyes,
 Swimming in the tears of death:
 Thither bringing all my guilt,
 From avenging wrath I flee,
 To the blood of sprinkling spilt—
 Spilt to set the sinner free.
- 2 'Mid convulsive agonies,
 Peace his quivering lips impart;
 Pardon seal'd by broken sighs
 Issuing from a bursting heart;
 Let me feel this healing power,
 Let this harden'd heart of stone
 Melt beneath the purple shower,
 From his body trickling down.
- 3 On those temples, crown'd with thorns,
 Suff'ring majesty appears;
 Love that dying face adorns,
 Stain'd with blood and soil'd with tears;
 Pierce the shadows of the heart,
 With the light'ning of that eye;
 Smiles of peace to me impart,
 Let me feel, or I must die!

57. P. M.

Crucifixion.

SAW ye my Saviour, saw ye my Saviour;
Saw ye my Saviour and God?
He died on Calvary, to atone for you and me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood.
He was extended, he was extended,
Shamefully nail'd to the cross;
He bow'd his head and died: thus my Lord
was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost.
Three dreadful hours, three dreadful hours,
Three dreadful hours in pain, [Divine,
The sun refused to shine, when the Majesty
Was derided, insulted, and slain.
Darkness prevailed, darkness prevailed,
Darkness prevail'd o'er the land;
The solid rocks were rent, through creation's
vast extent,
When the Jews crucified the GOD MAN!
When it was finish'd, when it was finish'd,
And the atonement was made,
He was taken by the great, and embalm'd
in spices sweet,
And was in a new sepulchre laid.
Hail, mighty Saviour! hail, mighty Saviour!
Author and Prince of all Peace!
He burst the bands of death, and triumphant
from the earth
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

- 7 There interceding, there interceding,
 Pleading that sinners might live;
 Saying, "Father, I have died, here beh
 my hands and side,
 To redeem them, I pray thee forgive.
- 3 "I will forgive them, I will forgive them
 When they repent and believe;
 Let them now return to me, and be rec
 cil'd to thee,
 And salvation they all shall receive."

58. 7s. GIBBONS.

Rèsurrection.

- 1 **A**NGELS! roll the rock away!
 Death! yield up the mighty prey;
 See! he rises from the tomb,
 Glowing with immortal bloom.
- 2 'Tis the Saviour! angels, raise
 Fame's eternal trump of praise:
 Let the earth's remotest bound
 Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
- 3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes!
 Now to glory see him rise,
 In long triumph, up the sky—
 Up to waiting worlds on high.
- 4 Praise him, all he heavenly choirs!
 Praise, and sweep your golden lyres!
 Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous song!
 Let the strains be sweet and strong!

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 59, 60

59. C. M.

The Lord is risen indeed.—Luke xxiv. 34.

BEHOLD my Saviour and my King!
From death's dominion freed;
Break out my voice and joyful sing,
"The Lord is risen indeed!"

He spoil'd the power of sin and hell;
And though he once did bleed,
Now, O my soul! exulting tell,
"The Lord is risen indeed!"

For men, thro' sin, condemn'd to die,
In heav'n he lives to plead:
Then raise your songs of triumph high,
"The Lord is risen indeed!"

Trust him, my soul, nor doubt his grace,
For thee he'll intercede,
And sing to his exalted praise,
"The Lord is risen indeed!"

60. C. M. COLLYER.

Luke xxiv. 50, 51.

IT is the voice of love divine,
That strikes the list'ning ear,
That soothes his mourning follower's grief,
And wipes the falling tear:

Because I leave this world'—he cries,
'Your weeping eyes o'erflow;
But tho' I seek my native skies,
My heart remains below.'

My Spirit shall descend, and rest
Upon each faithful head,

Till I, your Lord, return to call
My servants from the dead.'

4 He said—and lifting up his hands,
Pronounc'd his parting prayer:
When lo, a bright descending cloud
Convey'd him thro' the air.'

5 With solemn awe his followers view'd
The splendor of the scene,
While the unfolding gates of light
Receiv'd the Saviour in.

6 Burning with holy zeal, they spread,
Tro' distant lands, his word;
And we, like them, with faith and joy
Expect our risen Lord.

61. L. M. STEELE.

Intercessor.—Heb. vii. 25.

1 **H**E lives, the great Redeemer lives;
What joy the bless'd assurance gives
And now before his Father God,
Pleads the full merits of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awakes our fears,
And justice, arm'd with frowns, appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face,
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

3 Hence, then, ye black, despairing thoughts
Above our fears, above our faults,
His pow'rful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

4 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and satan join their pow'r;

Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

Great Advocate, Almighty Friend!
On him our humble hopes depend!
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads and must prevail.

62. C. M. DUNCAN.

Coronation.—Cant. iii. 11.

1 **A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name;
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him—Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him—Lord of all.

3 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David, Lord did call;
The God incarnate! Man Divine!
And crown him—Lord of all.

4 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace;
And crown him—Lord of all.

5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him—Lord of all.

6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,

63, 64 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him—Lord of all.

63. 7s. MONTGOMERY.

Rev. xiv. 2, 3.

1 **H**ARK! the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore—
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the depth unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:—
See Jehovah's banner furl'd,
Sheath'd his sword: he speaks: 'tis done;
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway:
He shall reign, when like a scroll,
Yonder heav'ns have passed away:—
Then the end;—beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

64. L. M. NEEDHAM.

Messiah.—Gen. xlix. 10. Dan. ix. 26. Hag. ii. 9.

1 **G**LORY to God, who reigns above,
Who dwells in light, whose name is love?

- Ye saints and angels, if ye can,
Declare the love of God to man!
- 2 O, what can more his love commend,
Than his dear only Son to send?
That man, condemn'd to die might live,
And God be glorious to forgive!
- 3 We see the prophecies fulfill'd
In Jesus, that most wond'rous child:
His birth, his life, his death, combine
To prove his character divine.
- 4 Jesus, thy gospel firmly stands,
A blessing to these favour'd lands;
No infidel shall be our dread,
Since thou art risen from the dead.

65. C. M.

Atonement and Sanctification.

GOD's sovereign grace has found the means,
Which shall effectual prove,
To cleanse us from our countless sins,
And teach our hearts to love.

- 2 JESUS for us a ransom paid,
And died that we might live;
His blood a full atonement made,
And cried aloud, FORGIVE.
- 3 Yet one thing more must grace provide,
To bring us home to God;
Or we shall slight the Lord who died,
And trample on his blood.
- 4 The Holy Spirit must reveal
The Saviour's work and worth:

66, 67 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

Then the hard heart begins to feel
A new and heav'nly birth.

- 5 Thus bought with blood, and born again,
Redeem'd and sav'd by grace;
Rebels, in God's own house, obtain
A son's and daughter's place.

66. C. M.

Complete Salvation.—Psalm xxxv. 3.

- 1 **S**ALVATION thro' my dying God
Is finish'd and complete,
He paid whate'er his people ow'd,
And cancell'd all their debt.

- 2 Salvation! O melodious sound
To wretched, dying men!
Salvation that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again.

- 3 Salvation now shall be my stay;
"A sinner sav'd," I'll cry;
Then gladly quit this mortal clay,
For better joys on high.

- 4 Salvation to sweet harps of gold,
My raptur'd soul shall sing,
And strike, while endless ages roll,
The ever tuneful string.

67. 3s.

God is my Salvation.—Jonah ii. 9.

- 1 **S**ALVATION, how precious the sound,
To sinners who see themselves lost;
To Jesus their praises redound,
In Jesus they triumph and boast.

- 2 Salvation is finish'd and done,
 Salvation is sov'reign and free;
 Salvation by God's equal Son,
 My joy and rejoicing shall be.
- 3 Salvation is only of God,
 To him all the praises are due;
 Ye saints, spread his honours abroad,
 Who finish'd salvation for you.
- 4 Soon shall we behold him above,
 Forever to sound his dear name;
 To sing the sweet song of his love,
 Salvation to God and the Lamb.

68. P. M. GODWIN.

Christ Crucified.—JOHN XIX. 30.

- 1 **I**S this my Jesus, this my God,
 Whose body, all o'er stain'd with blood,
 Hangs on th' accursed tree?
 Who bows his head, oppress'd with pain;
 But 'midst it all doth not complain?
 Yes, O my soul, 'tis he!
- 2 Is this my Saviour, this my Lord,
 Whose feet and hands with nails are bor'd,
 And fasten'd to the tree;
 Whose sacred head with thorns is crown'd
 Whose pierced side receives the wound?
 Yes, O my soul, 'tis he!
- 3 Is this my bleeding sacrifice,
 Who bows his head, and calmly dies,
 High lifted on the tree;

59, 70 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

Unknown by Gentiles, scoff'd by Jews,
Whom almost all mankind refuse?

Yes, O my soul, 'tis he!

1 And shall my soul again forget
His love so free, immensely great?

Oh!—never let it be!

But let me always see the Lamb,
And truly praise his gracious name
To all eternity!

69. 8, 7. ROBINSON.

Sitting at Jesus' feet.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend:
Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

Truly blessed is this station—
Low before his cross I'll lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye;
Here I'll sit—forever viewing
Mercy streaming in his blood:
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

70. C. M. COWPER.

The Fountain of Christ's Blood.—1 John i. 7.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;

And sinners washed in that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy pow'r to save;
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

6 For ever his dear sacred name
Shall dwell upon my tongue,
And Jesus and salvation be
The close of ev'ry song.

71. C. M. NEWTON.

Faith's Review and Expectation.

1 **A** MAZING grace! (how sweet the sound)
That sav'd a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd;

How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believ'd!

3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promis'd good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease;
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God who call'd me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

72. L. M. B———.

Friend of Sinners.—Luke vii. 34.

1 **J**ESUS, th' incarnate God of love,
Rules all the shining worlds above;
And tho' his name the heav'ns transcend,
Yet he is still the sinner's friend.

2 Before the rolling skies were made,
Or nature's deep foundations laid,
He saw our fall, and did intend
To shew himself the sinner's friend.

3 Behold, the condescending God
Awhile forsakes his bright abode;

To our mean world see him descend,
And groan and die the sinner's friend.

4 When the appointed hour was come,
He burst the barriers of the tomb;
Then to the skies he did ascend,
Where still he lives the sinner's friend.

5 Ye mourning souls, to Jesus come—
Cast off despair, there yet is room;
To his dear hands your cause commend,
Who only is the sinner's friend.

73. L. M. NEWTON.

Is this thy kindness to thy friend?—2 Sam. xvi. 17.

1 **P**OOOR, weak, and worthless though I am,
I have a rich almighty friend;
Jesus, the Saviour, is his name;
He freely loves, and without end.

2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood,
And by his power my foes controll'd;
He found me, wand'ring far from God,
And brought me to his chosen fold

3 He cheers my heart, my wants supplies,
And says that I shall shortly be
Enthron'd with him above the skies;
O, what a friend is Christ to me!

4 But ah! my inmost spirit mourns,
And well my eyes with tears may swim,
To think of my perverse returns;
I've been a faithless friend to him.

5 Often my gracious friend I grieve,
Neglect, distrust, and disobey;

74 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

And often Satan's lies believe,
Sooner than what my friend can say.

6 He bids me always freely come,
And promises whate'er I ask;
But I am strait'ned, cold and dumb,
And count my privilege a task.

7 Before the world, that hates his cause,
My treach'rous heart has throbb'd with
shame,
Loth to forego the world's applause,
I hardly dare avow his name.

8 Sure, were not I most vile and base,
I could not thus my friend requite;
And were not he the God of grace,
He'd frown and spurn me from his sight.

74. 7s. COWPER.

Refuge from the storm.—Deut. xxxiii. 27.

1 **J**ESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee,
Leave, ah! leave me not alone—
Still support and comfort me!

All my trust on thee is stay'd;
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 Boundless love in thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness;
 Vile and full of sin I am—
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found—
 Grace to pardon all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Let me feel them flow within.
 Thou of life the fountain art;
 Freely let me take of thee;
 Spring thou up within my heart—
 Rise to all eternity!

75. 11s. BENNETT.

Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.
 Psalm lxi. 2.

CONVINC'D as a sinner, to Jesus I come,
 Inform'd by the gospel for such there is
 room;
 O'erwhelmed with sorrow for sin will I cry,
 Lead me to the rock that is higher than I!

2 When tempted by satan my Saviour to leave,
 Who sets forth religion as meant to deceive,

I'll claim my relation to Jesus on high—
The rock of salvation that's higher than I!

3 When God from my soul shall his presence
remove,

To try by his absence the strength of my love
I'll rest on the promise of Jesus, and try
The force of that rock which is higher than I

4 When sorely afflicted, and ready to faint,
Before my Redeemer I'll spread my complaint
Midst storms and distresses my soul shall rely
On Jesus, the rock that is higher than I!

5 When weak and encompass'd with number-
less foes,

Attempting my happiness here to oppose,
I'll look to the Saviour of sinners, and cry,
Lead me to the rock that is higher than I!

6 When I my poor feelings with others compare,
And learn from reflection what mercies I share!
My backsliding heart is constrain'd to reply,
Lead me to the rock that is higher than I!

7 When judgments, O Lord, are abroad in the
land,
And merited vengeance descends from thy
hand!

O'erwhelm'd with the sight, for protection I'll
fly

And hide in the rock that is higher than I!

8 When summon'd by death before God to ap-
pear,

Thy free grace supporting, I'll yield without
fear!

Most gladly I'll venture with Jesus on high,
To enter the rock that is higher than I!

9 'Tis there, with the chosen of Jesus, I long
To dwell, and eternally join in the song
Of praising and blessing, with angels on high,
Christ Jesus, the rock that is higher than I!

76. 11s. KENNADY.

Precious Promises.—Isa. xli. 10. 2 Peter i. 4.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your hope in his excellent word,
What more can he say, than to you he hath said:
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.

2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever
be.

3 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
to stand,

Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 When thro' fiery trials thy path-way shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;

77 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

The flame shall not hurt thee—I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 E'endown to old age, all my people shall prov
My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be
borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose
I will not, I cannot, desert to his foes;
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

77. L. M. E———.

Treasure.—Prov. xxi. 20.

- 1 **J**ESUS is all I wish or want;
For him I pray, I thirst, I pant,
Let others after earth aspire;
Christ is the treasure I desire.
- 2 Possess'd of him, I wish no more;
He is an all-sufficient store;
To praise him all my pow'rs conspire;
Christ is the treasure I desire.
- 3 If he his smiling face but hide,
My soul no comfort has beside;
Distress'd, I after him inquire;
Christ is the treasure I desire.
- 4 Come, humble souls, and view his charms;
Take refuge in his saving arms;
And sing, while you his worth admire,
Christ is the treasure I desire.

78. L. M. CENNICK.

*Christ the Way to the Heavenly Canaan.—**John xiv. 6.*

JESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone;
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The king's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief, my burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

The more I strove against its pow'r,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither soul, I am the way."

Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

79, 80 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

79. L. M.

The Good old Way.—Jer. vi. 16.

- 1 **I**NQUIRING souls, who long to find
Pardon of sin and peace of mind,
Attend the voice of God to-day,
Who bids you seek the good old way.
- 2 The righteousness, th' atoning blood
Of Jesus, is the way to God;
O, may you then no longer stay,
But walk in Christ, the good old way.
- 3 The prophets, and apostles too,
Pursu'd this path while here below;
Then let not fear your soul dismay,
But come to Christ, the good old way.
- 4 With cautious zeal and holy care,
In this dear way I'll persevere;
Nor doubt to meet, another day,
Where Jesus is, the good old way.

80. L. M. GREGG.

Not ashamed of Christ.—Mark viii. 38.

- 1 **J**ESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee!
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.
- 2 Asham'd of *Jesus!* sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Asham'd of *Jesus!* just as soon
Let midnight be asham'd of noon;

'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright morning star! bid darkness flee.

4 Asham'd of *Jesus!* that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Asham'd of *Jesus!* Yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 'Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
'Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And O, may this my glory be,
That *Christ* is not asham'd of me.

81. C. M. FELLOWS.

Not ashamed of Jesus.—Rem. i. 16. 2 Tim. i.
12.

1 **D**EAR Lord, and will thy pard'ning love
Embrace a wretch so vile?
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with thy smile?

2 Hast thou the cross for me endur'd,
And suffer'd all my shame?
And shall I be asham'd, O Lord,
To own thy precious name?

3 No, Lord, I'm not asham'd of thee,
Nor of thy cause on earth!
O do not be asham'd of me,
When I resign my breath.

82 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

4 Be thou my shield, be thou my sun;
 O guide me all my days;
 And let my feet with joy run on
 In thy delightful ways.

82. C. M. WATTS.

Holy fortitude.—1 Cor. xvi. 13.

- 1 **A**M I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb?
 And shall I fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,
 On flow'ry beds of ease;
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sail'd through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face;
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
 Increase my courage, Lord!
 I'll bear thee toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
 Shall conquer though they die:
 They see the triumph from afar,
 And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thine armies shine
 In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 83, 84

83. 8, 7, 4. ROBINSON.

Guide.—Psalm xlviii. 14.

- 1 **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty—
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me 'till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow,
Let the fiery cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey thro';
Strong deliv'rer!
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 Feed me with the heavenly manna,
In this barren wilderness;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner—
Be my robe of righteousness;
Fight and conquer
All my foes by sov'reign grace.
- 4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Foe to death and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

84. 8s. MAXWELL.

Riches of Christ.—Eph. iii. 8.

- 1 **H**OW shall I my Saviour set forth?
How shall I his beauties declare?

35 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

- O how shall I speak of his worth,
Or what his chief dignities are!
- 2 His angels can never express,
Nor saints who sit nearest his throne,
How rich are his treasures of grace;
O no! 'tis a myst'ry unknown.
- 3 In him all the fulness of God
For ever transcendentally shines;
The Father's anointed he stood
To finish his glorious designs.
- 4 Tho' once he was nail'd to the cross,
Vile rebels like me to set free,
His glory sustained no loss;
Eternal his kingdom shall be.
- 5 O sinners, believe and adore
The Saviour so rich to redeem!
No creature can ever explore
The treasures of goodness in him.
- 6 He riches has ever in store;
And treasures that never can waste;
Here's pardon—here's grace, yea, and more;
Here's glory eternal at last.

85. L. M. WATTS.

The wonderful love of Christ.

- 1 **C**OME, let me love, or is my mind
Harden'd to stone, or froze to ice?
I see the blessed fair one bend,
And stoop to embrace me from the skies.
- 2 Oh! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,

That those sweet lips, that heav'nly look,
Should seek and wish a mortal love!

3 I was a traitor doom'd to fire,
Bound to sustain eternal pains;
He flew on wings of strong desire,
Assum'd my guilt and took my chains.

4 Infinite grace! almighty charms!
Stand in amaze, ye rolling skies!
Jesus the God extends his arms,
Hangs on a cross of love and dies.

5 Did pity ever stoop so low,
Dress'd in divinity and blood?
Was ever rebel courted so,
In groans of an expiring God?

6 Again he lives, and spreads his hands,
Hands that were nail'd to torturing smart;
"By these dear wounds," saith he; and stands,
And prays to clasp me to his heart.

7 Sure I must love; or are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my passions move;
Lord! melt this stubborn heart to tears?
This heart shall yield to death or love.

86. 8s. SWAIN.

Redeeming Love.—Zech. xii. 10. John xix. 37.

1 **W**HEN on my beloved I gaze,
So dazzling his beauties appear;
His charms so transcendantly blaze,
The sight is too melting to bear!

2 When from my own vileness I turn
To Jesus, expos'd on the tree,

87 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

With shame and with wonder I burn,
To think what he suffer'd for me.

- 3 My sins, O how black they appear,
When in that dear bosom they meet!
Those sins were the nails and the spear,
That wounded his hands and his feet.
- 4 'Twas justice that wreath'd for his head
The thorns that encircled it round;
Thy temples, Immanuel, bled,
That mine might with glory be crown'd!
- 5 The wonderful love of his heart,
Where he has recorded my name,
On earth can be known but in part—
Heav'n only can bear the full flame.
- 6 In rivers of sorrow it flow'd,
And flow'd in those rivers for me:
My sins are all drown'd in his blood;
My soul is both happy and free.

87. 8s. FRANCIS.

Love to Christ.

- 1 **M**Y gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above
To shout his adorable name:
To gaze on his glories divine,
Shall be my eternal employ—
To see them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.
- 2 He freely redeem'd with his blood,
My soul from the confines of hell,

To live on the smiles of my God,
 And in his sweet presence to dwell;
 To shine with the angels in light,
 With saints and with seraphs to sing;
 To view with eternal delight,—
 My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.

3 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
 Your pride with disdain I survey;
 Your pomps are but shadows and sounds;
 And pass in a moment away:
 The crown that my Saviour bestows,
 Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
 My joy everlastingly flows—
 My God, my Redeemer is mine.

88. C. M. STEELE.

Praise to the Redeemer.—1 Pet. iii. 18.

1 **T**O our Redeemer's glorious name
 Awake the sacred song!
 O, may his love, (immortal flame,)
 Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?
 What mortal tongue display?
 Imagination's utmost stretch
 In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on high—
 Left the bright realms of bliss,
 And came to earth to bleed and die!
 Was ever love like this?

4 He took the dying traitor's place,
 And suffer'd in his stead;

For man, (O miracle of grace!)
For man the Saviour bled!

5 Dear Lord, what heav'nly wonders dwell
In thy atoning blood!

By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

6 O, may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue;
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

39. C. M. STEELE.

Saviour.—John iv. 42.

1 **T**HE Saviour! O, what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless woe.

3 Th' almighty former of the skies
Stoop'd to our vile abode;
While angels view'd, with wond'ring eyes,
And hail'd th' incarnate God.

4 O, the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss, a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine:
I cannot wish for more.

5 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;

My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour and my all.

90. L. M. MEDLEY.

Him.—Acts v. 31.

- 1 **J**JOIN, all who love the Saviour's name,
To sing his everlasting fame;
Great God, prepare each heart and voice,
In *Him* forever to rejoice.
- 2 Of *Him* what wond'rous things are told!
In *Him* what glories I behold!
For *Him* I gladly all things leave;
To *Him*, my soul, forever cleave!
- 3 In *Him* my treasure's all contain'd,
By *Him* my feeble soul's sustain'd;
From *Him* what favors I receive;
Through *Him* I shall forever live.
- 4 With *Him* I daily love to walk;
Of *Him* my soul delights to talk;
On *Him* I cast my every care;
Like *Him* one day I shall appear.
- 5 Bless *Him*, my soul, from day to day;
Trust *Him* to lead thee on thy way;
Give *Him* thy poor, weak, sinful heart;
With *Him* O, never, never part.
- 6 Take *Him* for strength and righteousness;
Make *Him* thy refuge in distress;
Love *Him* above all earthly joy;
And *Him* in every thing employ.
- 7 Praise *Him* in cheerful, grateful songs;
To *Him* your highest praise belongs!

91 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

Bless *Him* who does your heav'n prepare;
And whom you'll praise forever there.

91. 8s. NEWTON.

What think ye of Christ?—Matt. xxii. 42.

WHAT think ye of Christ? is the test
To try both your state and your scheme;
You cannot be right in the rest,
Unless you think rightly of him.

2 As Jesus appears in your view—
As he is beloved or not—
So God is disposed to you,
And mercy or wrath is your lot.

3 Some take him a creature to be—
A man or an angel at most;
Sure these have not feelings like me,
Nor know themselves wretched and lost.

4 So guilty, so helpless am I,
I durst not confide in his blood,
Nor on his protection rely,
Unless I were sure he is God.

5 Some call him a Saviour in words,
But mix their own works with his plan,
And hope he his help will afford
When they have done all that they can.

6 If ask'd what of Jesus I think?
Though still my best thoughts are but poor,
I say, he's my meat and my drink,
My life, and my strength, and my store:

7 My shepherd, my husband, my friend,
My Saviour from sin and from thrall:

My hope from beginning to end,
My portion, my Lord, and my all.

92. . P. M.

Description of Christ.—Cant. v. 10—16.

PART I.

O THOU in whose presence my soul takes
delight,

On whom in affliction I call,

My comfort by day, and my song in the night,

My hope, my salvation, my all:

Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy
sheep,

To feed on the pastures of love?

For why in the valley of death should I weep?

Or alone in the wilderness rove?

2 O, why should I wander, an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread? [see,

Thy foes will rejoice, when my sorrows they
And smile at the tears I have shed.

Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have ye seen
The star that on Israel shone?

Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,
And where, with his flock, he is gone?

3 This is my beloved: His form is divine,
His vestment sheds odours around;

The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

The roses of Sharon, the lillies that grow
In the vales, on the banks of the streams;

His cheeks in the beauty of excellence glow,
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.

4 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer, sweet,
 Is heard through the shadows of death;
 The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
 And the air is perfum'd by his breath;
 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
 That waters the garden of grace,
 From whence their salvation the Gentiles
 shall know,
 And bask in the smiles of his face.

5 Love sits in his eye-lids, and scatters delight
 Through all the bright mansions on high;
 Their faces the cherubim veil in his sight,
 And tremble with fulness of joy.
 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
 And myriads wait for his word;
 He speaks, and eternity, fill'd with his voice,
 Re-echoes the praise of her Lord.

6 His vestment of righteousness, who shall
 describe?
 Its purity words would defile;
 The heav'ns from his presence fresh beauty
 imbibe,
 And earth is made rich by his smile.
 Such is my beloved: in excellence bright,
 When pleas'd, he looks down from above,
 Like the morn, when he breathes from the
 chambers of light,
 And comforts his people with love.

PART II.

7 But, when arm'd with vengeance, with ter-
 ror he comes,

The nations rebellious to tame,
The reins of Omnipotent pow'r he assumes,
And rides in a chariot of flame;
A two-edged sword from his mouth issues forth,
Bright quivers of fire are his eyes;
He speaks, the black tempests are seen in the
north,
And storms from their caverns arise.

8 Ten thousand destructions, that wait for his
word,
And ride on the wings of his breath,
Fly, swift as the wind, at the nod of their Lord,
And deal out the arrows of death.
His cloud-bursting thunders their voices re-
sound
Through all the vast regions on high,
Till from the deep centre loud echoes rebound,
To meet the quick flames in the sky.

9 The portals of heav'n, at his bidding, obey,
And expand ere his banners appear;
Earth trembles beneath, till her mountains
give way,
And hell shakes her fetters with fear!
When he treads on the clouds as the dust of his
feet,
And grasps the big storms in his hand,
What eye the fierce glance of his anger can
meet,
Or who in his presence shall stand!

93. L. M. WATTS.

The description of Christ the Beloved.

Cant. v. 9—12, 14, 15, 16.

- 1 **T**HE wond'ring world inquires to know
 Why I should love my Jesus so;
 "What are his charms," say they, "above
 "The objects of a mortal love?"
- 2 Yes, my Beloved, to my sight,
 Shows a sweet mixture, red and white;
 All human beauties, all divine,
 In my Beloved meet and shine.
- 3 White is his soul, from blemish free,
 Red with the blood he shed for me;
 The fairest of ten thousand fairs,
 A sun among ten thousand stars.
- 4 His head the finest gold excels;
 There wisdom in perfection dwells;
 And glory, like a crown, adorns
 Those temples, once beset with thorns.
- 5 Compassions in his heart are found,
 Near to the signals of his wound:
 His sacred side no more shall bear
 The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.
- 6 His hands are fairer to behold
 Than diamonds set in rings of gold;
 Those heav'nly hands that on the tree
 Were nail'd, and torn, and bled for me.
- 7 Though once he bow'd his feeble knees,
 Loaded with sins and agonies,

- Now on the throne of his command,
His legs like marble pillars stand:
- 8 His eyes are majesty and love,
The eagle temper'd with the dove;
No more shall trickling sorrows roll
Through those dear windows of his soul.
- 9 His mouth, that pour'd out long complaints,
Now smiles and cheers his fainting saints;
His countenance more graceful is
Than Lebanon with all its trees.
- 10 All over glorious is my Lord,
Must be belov'd, and yet ador'd;
His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

94. 8s. DE FLEURY.

Immanuel.—Isaiah viii. 8.

- 1 **Y**E angels who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make him known;
Tune all your soft harps to his praise:
He form'd you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
When others sunk down in despair,
Confirm'd by his power you stood.
- 2 Ye saints who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet;
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy relate.
He snatch'd you from hell and the grave;
He ransom'd from death and despair;

95 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

For you he was mighty to save—
Almighty to bring you safe there.

- 3 O, when will the period appear,
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong?
I'm fetter'd and chain'd up in clay—
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see!

- 4 I want to put on my attire,
Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb;
I want to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to his name.
I want!—O, I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu;
Your joy and your friendship to share—
To wonder and worship with you.

95. C. M. STEELE.

Love to Christ desired.

- 1 **T**HOU lovely source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore,
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

- 2 Thy glory o'er creation shines,
But in thy sacred word
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

- 3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sin and sorrow rise,

Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting breast supplies.

4 But ah! too soon the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain;
My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.

5 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
O, come with blissful ray!
Break radiant through the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

6 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love;
But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above.

96. 8, 8, 6. MEDLEY.

Excellency of Christ.—Isaiah xxxv. 2.

1 **O** COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all perfect, heav'nly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,

Exalted on his throne:
 In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
 I would to everlasting days,
 Make all his glories known.

- 4 Well—the delightful day will come,
 When the dear Lord will bring me home,
 And I shall see his face:
 Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 A bless'd eternity I'll spend
 Triumphant in his grace.

97. C. M. STEELE.

Jesus.—Phil. ii. 10.

- 1 **J**ESUS! in thy transporting name,
 What blissful glories rise!
 Jesus!—the angels' sweetest theme—
 The wonder of the skies.
- 2 Jesus! and didst thou leave thy sky
 For miseries and woes?
 And didst thou bleed, and groan and die,
 For vile rebellious foes?
- 3 Victorious love! can language tell
 The wonders of thy pow'r,
 Which conquer'd all the force of hell,
 In that tremendous hour?
- 4 What glad return can I impart,
 For favours so divine?
 O, take my heart—this worthless heart,
 And make it only thine.

98. 8s. NEWTON.

None upon earth I desire besides thee.—Psalm
lxxiii. 25.

- 1 **H**OW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see! [flow'rs
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet
Have lost all their sweetness with me;
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in Him,
December's as pleasant as May.
- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind.
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear,
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?

O, drive these dark clouds from my sky,
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
 Or take me unto thee on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

99. 3s. TOPLADY.

Hope in Despair.—Ps. lxxvii. 7—10.

- 1 **E**NCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
 Just ready all hope to resign,
 I pant for the light of thy face,
 And fear it will never be mine.
 Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
 I sink at thy feet with my load;
 All plaintive I pour out my song,
 And stretch forth my hands unto God.
- 2 Shine Lord, and my terror shall cease,
 The blood of atonement apply;
 And lead me to Jesus for peace,
 The rock that is higher than I.
 Speak, Saviour, for sweet is thy voice;
 Thy presence is fair to behold;
 Attend to my sorrows and cries,
 And groanings that cannot be told.
- 3 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,
 My hold of thy promise to keep,
 The billows more fiercely return,
 And plunge me again in the deep.
 While harass'd and cast from thy sight,
 The tempter suggest with a roar,
 "The Lord hath forsaken thee quite,
 "Thy God will be gracious no more."

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 100, 101

4 Yet Lord, if thy love hath design'd
No covenant blessing for me,
Ah tell me, how is it I find
Some sweetness in waiting for thee?
Almighty to rescue thou art;
Thy grace is my shield and my tow'r;
Come, succour and gladden my heart;
Let this be the day of thy pow'r,

100. C. M. STEELE.

Pleasures unseen.—2 Cor. iv. 18.

OH, could our thoughts and wishes fly,
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!

There joys, unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray;
In ever blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.

Lord, send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim!
With one reviving touch of thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.

Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise [spring,
To those bright scenes, where pleasures
Immortal in the skies.

101. 7s. NEWTON.

Love to Christ.—John xxi. 16.

TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;

Do I love the Lord, or no?

Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus!

Why this dull and lifeless frame?

Hardly, sure, can they be worse,

Who have never heard his name?

3 [Could my heart so hard remain,

Pray'er a task and burden prove;

Ev'ry trifle give me pain,

If I knew a Saviour's love?

4 When I turn my eyes within,

All is dark, and vain, and wild;

Fill'd with unbelief and sin,

Can I deem myself a child?]

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,

Sin is mix'd with all I do:

You that love the Lord, indeed,

Tell me, is it thus with you?

6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,

Find my sin a grief and thrall;

Should I grieve for what I feel,

If I did not love at all?

7 Could I joy his saints to meet,

Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,

Find, at times, the promise sweet,

If I did not love the Lord?

8 Lord, decide the doubtful case!

Thou who art thy people's sun;

Shine upon thy work of grace,

If it be indeed begun.

- 9 Let me love thee more and more,
 If I love at all, I pray;
 If I have not lov'd before,
 Help me to begin to-day.

102. 7s. COWPER.

Lovest thou Me?—John xxi. 16.

- 1 **H**ARK, my soul, it is the Lord;
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word:
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
 "Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
- 2 "I deliver'd thee when bound,
 And, when bleeding, heal'd thy wound,
 Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
 Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 "Can a woman's tender care
 Cease toward the child she bare?
 Yes, she may forgetful be,
 Yet will I remember thee,
- 4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above;
 Deeper than the depths beneath—
 Free and faithful—strong as death.
- 5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
 When the work of grace is done;
 Partner of my throne shalt be:
 Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
 That my love is weak and faint;
 Yet I love thee and adore;
 O for grace to love thee more!

103, 104 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

103. C. M. COWPER.

The contrite heart.—Isaiah lvii. 16.

- 1 **T**HE Lord will happiness divine,
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart, or no?
- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain,
To find I cannot feel.
- 3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd
To love thee, if I could;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.
- 4 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But when I cry, "my strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.
- 5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love thy house of pray'r;
I therefore go where others go,
But find no comfort there.
- 6 O, make this heart rejoice or ache,
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it, if it be.

104. L. M. PRES. DAVIES.

Self-Examination.—Gal. iv. 19, 20.

- 1 **W**HAT strange perplexities arise;
What anxious fears and jealousies?

- What crowds in doubtful light appear;
How few, alas! approv'd and clear!
- 2 What then am I?—My soul, awake,
And an impartial survey take;
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
In practice or in heart appear?
- 3 What image does my spirit bear?
Is Jesus form'd and living there?
Say, do his lineaments divine
In thought and word, and action shine.
- 4 Searcher of hearts, O search my will,
The secrets of my soul reveal;
My fears remove, let me appear
To God, and my own conscience, clear.
- 6 Scatter the clouds which o'er my head
Thick glooms of dubious terror spread;
Light up in me celestial day,
And to myself, myself display.
- 6 May I at that bless'd world arrive,
Where Christ through all my soul shall live,
And give full proof that he is there,
Without one gloomy doubt or fear.

105. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Love to God.

- 1 **D**O not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And turn each cursed idol out,
That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love:

Dead be my heart to ev'ry joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

- 3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?
- 4 Thou know'st I love thee dearest Lord,
But, O! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

106. L. M. BEDDOME.

Complaining of inconstancy.

- 1 **T**HE wand'ring star, and fleeting wind,
Both represent th' unstable mind;
The morning cloud, and early dew,
Bring our inconstancy to view.
- 2 But cloud and wind, and dew and star,
Faint and imperfect emblems are;
Nor can there aught in nature be,
So fickle, or so false as we.
- 3 Our outward walk, and inward frame,
Scarce through a single hour the same;
We vow, and straight our vows forget,
And then these very vows repeat.
- 4 We sin forsake, to sin return;
Are hot, are cold, now freeze, now burn;
In deep distress, then raptures feel;
We soar to heav'n, then sink to hell.
- 5 With flowing tears, Lord, we confess
Our folly and unsteadfastness.

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 107, 108

When shall these hearts more fixed be,
Fix'd by thy grace, and fix'd for thee?

107. C. M.

Longing for nearness to God.

- 1 **O**H, could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God;
Then should my hours glide sweet away,
And lean upon his word.
- 2 Lord, I desire with thee to live,
Anew from day to day;
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.
- 3 Oh Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine;
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.
- 4 Thus till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my flesh dissolves in death,
My soul shall love the more.

108. C. M. COWPER.

Walking with God.—Gen. v. 24.

- 1 **O**H for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame;
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I sought the Lord!
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word!

- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be;
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

109. C. M. HASTINGS.

The righteous and the wicked—Psalm i.

- 1 **W**HAT man doth richest blessings share,
Whose feet do never rove
In ways ungodly men prepare;
Who hates the work they love.
- 2 He, in God's holy Law divine,
Doth place his whole delight;
And ev'ry precept, Lord, of thine,
Contemplates day and night.
- 3 He, like a fair and spreading tree,
By copious rivers seen,
Whose boughs a fragrant load supply,
Whose leaf is ever green;

Shall in his labours find increase,
In gifts and graces shine,
Of love, of joy, of holiness,
And righteousness divine.

Not so the haughty sinner thrives;
But, like the chaff or dust,
Which sportive wind insidious drives,
So perish shall their trust.

He who ungodly is, or vain,
In judgment can't appear:
The wicked, proud, unholy man,
Finds no admittance there:

Because the Lord himself directs
The way the upright go;
The sinner's guilt and shame detects,
Which prove their overthrow.

110. C. M. WATTS.

Singing for the Divine presence under sorrow.

OH that I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

He knows the arguments I'd take,
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

111, 112 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

- 4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.
- 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish ev'ry fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

111. C. M. HART.

Tribulation.

- 1 **T**HE world opposes from without,
And unbelief within:
We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt,
And feel the load of sin.
- 2 Glad frames too often lift us up,
And then how vain we grow!
'Till sad desertion makes us droop,
And then we sink as low.
- 3 Ten thousand baits the foe prepares,
To catch the wand'ring heart;
And rarely do we see the snares,
Before we feel the smart.
- 4 Though we are feeble, Christ is strong,
His promises are true;
We shall be conquerors ere long,
And more than conq'rors too.

112. C. M. MASON.

Hope of Heaven.

- 1 **I** SOJOURN in a vale of tears:
Alas! how can I sing?

My harp doth on the willows hang,
Untun'd in ev'ry string.

O come, my dear, almighty Lord—
My sweetest, surest friend;
Come—for I loath these Kedar tents;
Thy fiery chariots send.

My Jesus is gone up to heav'n,
To get a place for me;
For 'tis his will, that where he is,
His followers should be.

Canaan I view from Pisgah's top;
Of Canaan's grapes I taste;
My Lord, who sends unto me here,
Will send for me at last.

I have a God that changeth not—
Why should I be perplex'd?
My God, who owns me in this world,
Will own me in the next.

My dearest friends, they dwell above;
Them will I go to see;
And all my friends in Christ below
Will soon come after me.

113. 8s. KENT.

*Indwelling sin; or, the Canaanite still in the
Land.—Numb. xxxiii. 51—55.*

THE Canaanite still in the land,
To harass, perplex, and dismay,
Brought Israel of old at a stand.
For Anak was stronger than they.

113 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

- 2 What God had design'd they possess'd,
Supported and kept by his hand;
Yet, lest on their lees they should rest,
The Canaanite dwelt in the land.
- 3 'Tis thus with thine Israel on earth,
Who groan with a body of sin,
Partake of a spiritual birth,
The work of the Spirit within.
- 4 To-day with the taste of his love,
Jehovah their souls shall expand;
To-morrow he'll give them to prove,
The Canaanite still in the land.
- 5 Yet all things shall work for their good,
Afflictions, temptations, or pain:
And still through the Lamb and his blood,
Their cause they shall ever maintain.
- 6 A thorn in the flesh they shall have,
Their roving affections to win;
To teach them how Jesus can save,
And show them the depth of their sin.
- 7 Yes, down to the Jordan of death,
His foes shall the christian withstand;
And feel, when resigning his breath,
The Canaanite still in the land.
- 8 Their place of repose is on high,
(No Canaanite enters therein,)
They drink of the rivers of joy,
Remote from the regions of sin.

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 114, 115

114. L. M. STENNETT.

Pride lamented.

- 1 **O**FT have I turn'd my eyes within,
And brought to light some latent sin:
But pride, the vice I most detest,
Still lurks securely in my breast.
- 2 Here, with a thousand arts, she tries
To dress me in a fair disguise,
'To make a guilty, wretched worm,
Put on an angel's brightest form.
- 3 She hides my follies from mine eyes,
And lifts my virtues to the skies;
And while the specious tale she tells,
Her own deformity conceals.
- 4 Rend, O my God, the veil away,
Bring forth the monster to the day;
Expose her hideous form to view,
And all her restless power subdue.
- 5 So shall humility divine,
Again possess this heart of mine;
And form a temple for my God,
Which he will make his lov'd abode.

115. C. M.

He shall overcome at the last—Gen. xlix. 19.

- 1 **G**REAT God, thy holy name we praise,
For all thy mercies past;
Though foes impede us in thy ways,
We shall o'ercome at last.
- 2 Should all th' envenom'd troops of hell
Unite, our hope to blast;

116 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

In Christ 'tis fix'd; this truth we tell,
We shall o'ercome at last.

3 Though gloomy death alarm our fears,
And us in darkness cast;
Yet still Jehovah's word declares,
We shall o'ercome at last.

4 Though unbelief, that cursed foe,
Attempt to bind us fast;
Christ will not let his purchase go;
We shall o'ercome at last.

5 Jesus, our Captain, leads us on,
Till Jordan's streams are past;
And when we reach our heav'nly home,
We'll sing—o'ercome at last.

116. C. M. STEELE.

Guest.—Rev. iii. 20.

1 **A**ND will the Lord thus condescend
To visit sinful worms!
Thus at the door shall mercy stand,
In all her winning forms?

2 Surprising grace!—and shall my heart
Unmov'd and cold remain?
Has this hard rock no tender part?
Must mercy plead in vain?

3 Shall Jesus for admission sue,
His soothing voice unheard?
And this vile heart, his rightful due,
Remain forever barr'd?

4 'Tis sin, alas! with tyrant pow'r,
The lodging has possess'd;

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 117, 118

And crowds of traitors bar the door
Against the heav'nly guest.

- 5 Ye dang'rous inmates, hence depart;
Dear Saviour, enter in,
And guard the passage to my heart,
And keep out every sin.

117. C. M. RYLAND.

Delight in God.—Psalm xxxvii. 4.

- 1 **G**RANT, Lord, I may delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only friend.

- 2 No good in creatures can be found,
But all is found in thee;
I must be blessed and abound,
While thou art God to me.

- 3 Oh that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil;
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail!

- 4 O, Lord, I cast my care on thee,
I triumph and adore;
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and praise thee more.

118. C. M. STEELE.

Refuge in God.—Psalm ix. 9.

- 1 **D**EAR refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
 For thou alone canst heal;
 Thy word can bring a sweet relief,
 For ev'ry pain I feel.
- 3 But O, when gloomy doubts prevail,
 I fear to call thee mine;
 The springs of comfort seem to fail,
 And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee;
 Thou art my only trust:
 And still my soul would cleave to thee,
 Though prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
 And shall I seek in vain?
 And can the ear of sov'reign grace,
 Be deaf when I complain?
- 6 No—still the ear of sov'reign grace
 Attends the mourner's pray'r;
 O may I ever find access
 To breathe my sorrows there!

119. C. M.

Longing for Heaven.

- 1 **S**URE 'tis in vain to seek for bliss,
 For bliss can ne'er be found,
 Till we arrive where Jesus is,
 And tread on heav'nly ground.
- 2 There's nothing round the spreading skies,
 Or on this earthly clod;
 Nothing, my soul that's worth thy joys,
 Or lovely as thy God.

- 4 'Tis heav'n on earth to taste his love,
To feel his quick'ning grace;
And all the heav'n I hope above,
Is but to see his face.
- 4 Dear Sov'reign, break these vital strings,
That bind me to my clay;
Help me to rise and stretch my wings,
And mount and soar away.

120. 8, 8, 6. HARRISON.

Private Retirement—World renounced.

- 1 **T**ELL me no more of earthly toys,
Of sinful mirth and carnal joys,
(The things I lov'd before:)
Let me but view my Saviour's face,
And feel his animating grace,
And I desire no more.
- 2 Tell me no more of praise and wealth,
Of careless ease and blooming health,
For they have all their snares:
Let me but know my sins forgiv'n,
And see my name enroll'd in heav'n,
And I am free from cares.
- 3 Tell me no more of lofty tow'rs,
Delightful gardens, fragrant bow'rs,
For these are trifling things:
The little room for me designed,
Will suit as well my easy mind,
As palaces of kings.
- 4 Tell me no more of crowding guests,
Of gaudy dress and sumptuous feasts,

Extravagance and waste:
 My little table, only spread
 With wholesome herbs and wholesome bread,
 Will better suit my taste.

- 5 Give me a bible in my hand,
 A heart to read and understand
 This sure, unerring word;
 I'd urge no company to stay,
 But sit alone from day to day,
 And converse with the Lord.

121. L. M. SWAIN.*

Confidence of Heaven.—Titus iii. 7.

- 1 **A**ND may I hope, that when no more
 My pulse shall beat with life below,
 I shall the God of grace adore,
 And all the bliss of glory know?
- 2 I, who deserve no place but hell,
 No portion but devouring fire;
 Shall I with Christ, my Saviour, dwell,
 Possess'd of all I now desire!
- 3 Will Jesus own a wretch like me?
 And tell to saints and angels round,
 That when he suffer'd on the tree,
 My sins augmented ev'ry wound?
- 4 He will!—I read it in his word,
 And in my heart the witness feel;
 I shall be with, and like my Lord,
 Though sin oppose in league with hell.
- 5 I shall be with him, when he comes
 Triumphant down the pathless skies;

And when his voice breaks up the tombs,
Among his children I shall rise.

122. P. M.

Rapture.

- 1 **O**NE spark, O God! of heavenly fire,
Awakes my heart with warm desire,
To reach the realms above;
Immortal glories round me shine,
I drink the streams of joy divine,
And sing redeeming love.
- 2 O, could I wing my way in haste,
Soon with bright seraphs would I feast,
And join their sweet employ.
I'd glide along the heavenly stream,
And join their most exalted theme
Of everlasting joy.
- 3 Too mean this little globe for me,
Nor will I e'er contented be
With things that are so vain:
Its greatest treasures are but dross;
Its grandeur short, its pleasures cross'd,
Its joys all mix'd with pain.
- 4 But, resting in my Saviour's arms,
My soul enjoys transporting charms
Of everlasting love.
There's life, there's joy, there's settled peace,
A friendship that will never cease,
A Rock that cannot move.
- 5 Soar then, my soul! stretch ev'ry thought,
To meet within the heavenly court,

Above this mortal orb;
 There, with the angels, let me rise,
 And find my seat above the skies,
 Where sins no more disturb.

- 6 There with an everlasting band
 Of kindred saints, at God's rights hand,
 My happy soul shall be;
 To soar, to shout, to reign, to rest,
 Forever and forever bless'd,
 With thee, O God, with thee.

123. L. M. WATTS.

Longing for Glory.

- 1 **I**'M bound for New Jerusalem,
 Thither my bless'd beloved's gone;
 The righteous branch of Jesse's stem,
 'Tis he I've fix'd my heart upon.
- 2 Fain would I climb above the skies,
 To see the beauties of his face;
 My faith would into vision rise,
 And hope would cease in his embrace.
- 3 I languish with extreme desire,
 The object of my love to see;
 Oh let me in love's flames expire,
 That I may with my Jesus be.
- 4 I long to reach the shore of bliss,
 And see the New Jerusalem,
 Where my beloved Jesus is,
 And spend eternity with him.

124. 8s. COWPER.

Longing to be gone.

- 1 **T**O Jesus, the crown of my hope,
 My soul is in haste to be gone;
 Oh! bear me, ye Cherubim, up,
 And waft me away to his throne.
- 2 My Saviour! whom absent I love,
 Whom not having seen I adore,
 Whose name is exalted above
 All glory, dominion, and power.
- 3 Dissolve thou the bands that detain
 My soul from her portion in thee;
 Oh! strike off the adamant chain,
 And make me eternally free.
- 4 Then that happy era begins,
 When array'd in thy glory I'll shine;
 And no longer pierce with my sins,
 The bosom on which I recline.

125. C. M. F ———,

Longing for Glory.—Phil. i. 23.

- 1 **W**HY longed Paul to be dissolv'd,
 And enter into rest?—
 The question here he hath resolv'd;
 To be with Christ is best.
- 2 And I, like Paul, desire to die,
 I long for death's arrest;
 If any ask the reason why—
 To be with Christ is best.
- 3 My unbelief, that bosom foe,
 Which lurks within my breast;

So often seeks my overthrow—
To be with Christ is best.

4 Had I a voice so loud and strong,
To sound from east to west;
I'd tell the honor'd, seeking throng,
To be with Christ is best.

5 O come, sweet Jesus, quickly come,
And cheer my fainting breast;
I long to reach my heav'nly home;
To be with Christ is best.

6 Pinion'd with love, I'd take the wing,
And fly to thee my rest:
There with the Church triumphant sing,
To be with Christ is best.

126. P. M.

Hope of Heaven.

1 **O**H glorious hope of perfect love!—
It lifts me up to things above,
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Christ, the King of kings.

2 The things eternal I pursue,
A happiness beyond the view
Of those who vainly pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honor, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

3 Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger to the world, unknown,

I all their goods despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
I seek a country out of sight,
A country in the skies.

- 4 There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

127. L. M. HOSKINS.

Living to Christ.—Phil. i. 21.

LET thoughtless thousands choose the road
That leads the soul away from God;
This happiness, dear Lord, be mine,
To live and die entirely thine.

- 2 Christ is my everlasting all,
To him I look, on him I call;
He will my every want supply,
In time, and through eternity.
- 3 Soon will the Lord, my life, appear;
Soon shall I end my trials here—
Leave sin and sorrow, death and pain;
To live is Christ—to die is gain.
- 4 Soon will the saints in glory meet;
Soon walk through ev'ry golden street,
And sing on ev'ry blissful plain,
To live is Christ—to die is gain.

128, 129 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

128. L. M. HARRISON.

Longing for glory.

- 1 **H**ASTE, that delightful, awful day,
When this my soul shall leave her clay
Mount up and make her last remove,
And join the church of Christ above.
- 2 Vain world! what are thy toys to me?
'Tis Jesus whom I long to see;
I'd leave my friends, my life, my all,
And thus address this earthly ball:—
- 3 “Farewell! no more I tread your ground;
No more I need the gospel sound:
My feet have reach'd the heav'nly shore—
I know no imperfection more.
- 4 “Let friends no more my suff'rings mourn,
Nor view my relics with concern.
Oh cease to drop the pitying tear—
I've pass'd beyond the reach of fear.
- 5 “All glory to the Lamb of God!
My robes are spotless through his blood:
'Tis through his free and sov'reign grace,
I now behold his blissful face.”

129. C. M. ASTENNETT.

View of Canaan.—Deut. xxxii. 49.

- 1 **O**N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
O, the transporting rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight!

Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight.

2 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales.
With milk and honey flow.
All o'er those wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Son, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

3 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.
When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever bless'd?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

4 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.
There, on those high and flow'ry plains,
My spirit ne'er shall tire;
But in perpetual, heav'nly strains,
Redeeming love admire.

130. C. M. WATTS.

The prospect of Heaven makes death easy.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,

Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

3 [Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green:
So, to the Jews, old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unobscured eyes!

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

131. L. M.

A happy farewell to this world.

FAREWELL, vain world, I'm going home,
My Saviour smiles and bids me come:
Bright angels beckon me away,
To sing God's praise in endless day.

2 I'm glad that I am born to die:
From sin and woe my soul shall fly:

Bright angels shall convey me home,
Away to New Jerusalem.

- 3 And when to that new world I fly,
And join the anthems in the sky,
This note above the rest shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 4 I hope to meet my brethren there,
Who once did join with me in prayer:
Our time of mourning will be o'er,
When we do reach that happy shore.
- 5 I'll praise my God while I have breath;
I hope to praise him after death:
I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.
- 6 We soon shall hear the solemn sound,
"Awake ye nations under ground;
Arise and drop your dusty shrouds,
And meet King Jesus in the clouds."
- 7 There shall I see my glorious God,
And praise him in his high abode:
My theme, through all eternity,
Shall, *glory, glory, glory, &c.*

132. 10, 11.

*Humble confidence in the power and grace of
Christ.*

OH, tell me no more of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is
o'er;

A country I've found, where true joys abound;
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.

133 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

2 The souls that believe, in paradise live,
And me, in that number, will Jesus receive;
My soul, don't delay, he calls thee away,
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know, what he can bestow.
What light, strength & comfort do after him go;
Lo, onward I move, to a country above,
None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win, from death, hell and
sin, [within.
'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ
And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why.

5 But this I do find, to him I'm so join'd,
He'll not live in glory, and leave me behind;
So this is the race I'm running through grace,
Henceforth till admitted to see my Lord's face.

6 And now 'tis my care, my neighbours may
share [dare?
These blessings; to seek them will none of you
In bondage, O, why, and death, will you lie,
When one here assures you free grace is so nigh?

133. S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Rest for the Soul.

1 **O**H, where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?

'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole,

- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasur'd by the flight of years—
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
Oh! what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!
- 5 Lord, God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun:—
Lest we be driven from thy face,
And evermore undone.
- 6 Here would we end our quest—
Alone are found in thee
The life of perfect love—the rest
Of immortality.

134. C. M. DOBELL.

Matt. vii. 13, 14.

- 1 **S**INNERS, behold that downward road
Which leads to endless woe;
What multitudes of thoughtless souls,
The road to ruin go!
- 2 But yonder see that narrow way
Which leads to endless bliss;
There see a happy chosen few,
Redeem'd by sovereign grace.

- 3 They from destruction's city came,
To Zion upward tend:
The Bible is their precious guide,
And God himself their friend:
- 4 Lord, I would now a pilgrim be—
Guide thou my feet aright;
I would not, for ten thousand worlds,
Be banish'd from thy sight.

135. S. M. NEWTON.

Are there few that shall be saved?—Luke xiii. 23.

- 1 **D**ESTRUCTION'S dangerous road
What multitudes pursue!
While that which leads the soul to God,
Is known or sought by few.
- 2 Believers find the way
Through Christ the living gate;
But those who hate this holy way,
Complain it is too strait.
- 3 If self must be denied,
And sin no more caress'd,
They rather choose the way that's wide,
And strive to think it best.
- 4 Encompass'd by a throng,
On numbers they depend;
They say, so many cant be wrong,
And miss a happy end.
- 5 But hear the Saviour's word,
"Strive for the heav'nly gate;
Many will call upon the Lord,
And find their cries too late."

- 6 Obey the Gospel call,
And enter while you may;
The flock of Christ is always small,
And none are safe but they.
- 7 Lord, open sinners' eyes,
Their awful state to see;
And make them, ere the storm arise,
To thee for safety flee.

136. 7, 6. NEWTON.

The Alarm.

- 1 **S**TOP, poor sinners, stop and think,
Before you further go;
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe?
On the verge of ruin stop—
Now the friendly warning take—
Stay your footsteps—ere ye drop
Into the burning lake.
- 2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear ye not that iron rod,
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that dread day,
Which his justice shall proclaim,
When the earth shall melt away
Like wax before the flame?
- 3 Ghastly death will quickly come,
And drag you to his bar;
Then to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair!

All your sins will round you crowd,
 You shall mark their crimson dye,
 Each for vengeance crying loud,
 And what can you reply?

- 4 Though your heart were made of steel,
 Your forehead lin'd with brass;
 God, at length, will make you feel;
 He will not let you pass:
 Sinners then in vain will call,
 Those who now despise his grace,
 "Rocks and mountains on us fall,
 And hide us from his face."

137. C. M. WATTS.

The Scoffer.

- 1 **A**LL ye who laugh and sport with death,
 And say, there is no hell;
 The gasp of your expiring breath
 Will send you there to dwell.
- 2 When iron slumbers bind your flesh,
 With strange surprise you'll find
 Immortal vigor spring afresh,
 And tortures wake the mind!
- 3 Then you'll confess, the frightful names
 Of plagues you scorn'd before,
 No more shall look like idle dreams,
 Like foolish tales no more.
- 4 Then shall ye curse that fatal day,
 With flames upon your tongues,
 When you exchang'd your souls away
 For vanity and songs.

138. L. M.

To-day.—Heb. iv. 7.

- 1 **H**ASTEN, O, sinner, to be wise,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.
- 2 Oh, hasten, mercy to implore,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy season should be o'er
Before this evening's course be run.
- 3 Hasten, O sinner, to return,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn
Before the needful work is done.
- 4 Hasten, O sinner, to be bless'd,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear the curse should thee arrest
Before the morrow is begun.

139. L. M.

Address to sinners.—Isaiah xxxiii. 14.

- 1 **S**INNER, O why so thoughtless grown?
Why in such dreadful haste to die?
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless against thy God to fly?
- 2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate?
Urg'd on by sin's fantastic dreams;
Madly attempt th' infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?
- 3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains,
Behold the God of love unfold

The glories of his dying pains,
Forever telling, yet untold!

140. 7s. NEWTON.

Sinner, prepare to meet God.—Amos iv. 12.

- 1 **S**INNER, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hand endure
In the Lord's avenging day?
- 2 See his mighty arm is bar'd!
Awful terrors clothe his brow!
For his judgments stand prepar'd,
Thou must either break or bow.
- 3 At his presence nature shakes,
Earth, affrighted, hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax,
What will then become of thee?
- 4 Who his advent may abide?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide
When the world is wrapp'd in flame?
- 5 Lord, prepare us by thy grace!
Soon we must resign our breath;
And our souls be call'd to pass
Through the iron gate of death.
- 6 Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the gospel voice;
Seek the things that are above;
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 141, 142

141. C. M. FAWCETT.

Expostulation with sinners.

1 **S**INNERS, the voice of God regard,
'Tis mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea, that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast,
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell;
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap immortal woe.

5 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

142. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

God's command to all men to repent.—Acts xvii.30.

1 **R**EPENT! the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay:
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;

His heralds are dispatch'd abroad
To warn the world of sin.

- 3 Together in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Accept the offer'd Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.
- 4 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar:
For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.
- 5 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts subdu'd by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

143. C. M. HAWEIS.

Sodom's destruction.—Gen. xix. 14, 22—25.
1 Pet. iv. 18.

- 1 **W**ITH radiant beams the sun arose
On Sodom's fated tow'rs;
In pleasure's round, and false repose,
They spend the cheerful hours.
- 2 Lot's warning voice they mocking heard,
Their hearts, elate with pride,
No joy withheld, no danger fear'd—
The prophet they deride.
- 3 But sudden o'er the trembling ground
The heav'ns tremendous low'r;
And streams of fire and brimstone round
In torrents downward pour.

4 They scream—they fly—no hope remains—
Blasphe'me—in flames expire:

Lot, safe in Zoar, a refuge gains—
 "A brand pluck'd from the fire."

5 Sinner, behold—the warning take;
This moment hear and fear:

For if the righteous scarce escape,
O, where wilt thou appear!

144. 11s. ANDREWS.

Gospel slights.

YE that have been often invited to come
To Heaven's great supper, where yet
there is room,

The voice of the Saviour now hear and obey;
O, bow to his sceptre while 'tis call'd to-day.

2 Your hearts do not harden, but turn to the
Lord,

Life, wisdom, and pardon, he'll freely afford;
Abundant salvation to you shall be given,
And glory immortal shall crown you in heav'n.

5 But if you be hearing as by the way-side,
And die unconverted, what must you abide,
When at the tribunal of Jesus you stand
In wild consternation, plac'd on his left hand?

4 Much will be required where much has been
given; [driven,

Then gospel despisers from God shall be
And fix'd in the regions of blackest despair,
In torments more dreadful than heathens
shall bear.

- 5 While Sodom, Gomorrah and Sidon and Tyre
Shall suffer in flames of unquenchable fire,
A sevenfold vengeance shall prey upon all
Who heard, but rejected, the sweet gospel-
call.
- 6 No bibles, no preaching, no praying in hell!
To Christ and salvation forever farewell!
No mercy, no pardon, no offers of peace;
But justice and vengeance, instead of free
grace!
- 7 O, sinners! take warning, take warning in
time!
Repenting, believing, seek blessings divine:
Be humble, be holy, be faithful to God;
Prepare for admission to his bright abode.

145. C. M. HART.

Preparation for death.—Matt. xxiv. 44.

- 1 **V**AIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear,
Repent!—thy end is nigh!
Death, at the farthest, can't be far—
Oh, think before thou die!
- 2 Reflect—thou hast a soul to save:
Thy sins—how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dread account?
- 3 Death enters—and there's no defence—
His time, there's none can tell:
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven—or to hell!
- 4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,
Shall crawling worms consume;

But, ah! destruction stops not there—
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

- 5 To-day the gospel calls;—to-day,
Sinners, it speaks to you:
Let every one forsake his way,
And mercy will ensue.

146. L. M. HYDE.

My Spirit shall not always strive.—Gen. vi. 3.

- 1 **S**AY, sinner, hath a voice within,
Oft whisper'd to thy secret soul,
Urg'd thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?
- 2 Hath something met thee in the path
Of worldliness and vanity,
And pointed to the coming wrath,
And warn'd thee from that wrath to flee.
- 3 Sinner, it was a heav'nly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
- 4 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.
- 5 God's Spirit will not always strive
With harden'd, self-destroying man;
Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.
- 6 Sinner—perhaps this very day,
Thy last accepted time may be;

147, 148 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

Oh, should'st thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

147. S. M. HYDE.

Grieve not the Spirit.—Eph. iv. 30.

- 1 **A**ND canst thou, sinner, slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God, with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?
- 2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins oppress'd?
- 3 To-day, a pard'ning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.
- 4 But, grace so dearly bought,
If yet thou wilt despise,
Thy fearful doom with vengeance frught,
Will fill thee with surprise.

148. L. M. HIGINBOTHAM.

The night cometh.—John ix. 4.

- 1 **A**WAKE, awake, my sluggish soul,
Awake, and view the setting sun;
See how the shades of death advance,
Ere half the task of life is done.
- 2 Death!—'tis an awful, solemn sound;
Oh, let it wake the slumb'ring ear!
Apace the dreadful conqueror comes,
With all his pale companions near.

- 3 Thy drowsy eyes will soon be clos'd,—
Those friendly warnings heard no more;
Soon will the mighty Judge approach,
Ev'n now he stands before the door.
- 4 To-day attend his gracious voice;
This is the summons that he sends,
“Awake,—for on this transient hour
Thy long eternity depends.”

149. C. M. NEEDHAM.

Summer; or, the sluggard reprov'd.—Prov. vi. 8.

- 1 SEE how the little toiling ant
Improves the harvest hours;
While summer lasts, through all her cells
The choicest stores she pours.
- 2 Ne'er be it said, that toiling ants
Lay up their stock of grain;
And man neglects his great concern,
Eternal life to gain.
- 3 While life remains, our harvest lasts,
But youth of life's the prime;
This is the season for our work,
And this th' accepted time.
- 4 “To-day attend,” is wisdom's voice;
“To-morrow,” folly cries—
And still to morrow 'tis—when O!
To-day the sinner dies!
- 5 When conscience speaks, its voice regard,
And seize the present hour;
Humbly implore the promis'd grace,
And God will give the pow'r.

150. 7s. ANDREWS.

A Call to Sinners.

- 1 **S**INNERS, now awake, awake,
All your evil ways forsake,
'Turn to God, in Christ believe,
And your dying souls shall live.
- 2 Jesus calls you by his word;
Will you not his voice regard?
Will you not incline your ear,
And his admonitions hear?
- 3 Jesus sends his Spirit too,
Graciously to strive with you;
When will you begin to feel?
Are your hearts as hard as steel?
- 4 When, O when will you be wise?
Open now your blinded eyes;
View the vengeance of the Lord,
Mark the threat'nings of his word.
- 5 Sinners, sinners, take th' alarm,
While the Lord makes bare his arm,
Pours his Spirit from on high,
Saving rebels doom'd to die.
- 6 O, improve this day of grace,
Lay to heart your dreadful case,
Lest the harvest soon be past,
And your souls be lost at last.
- 7 Now the calls of God obey;
Do not trifle nor delay,
Lest you down in sorrow lie;
'Turn, O turn! why will you die?

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 151, 152

151. C. M. FAWCETT.

Spiritual mindedness; or, inward religion.

- 1 **R**ELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.
- 2 More needful this than glittering wealth;
Or aught the world bestows;
Not reputation food or health,
Can give us such repose.
- 3 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.
- 4 Oh, may my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdu'd,
His government to own.
- 5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be join'd with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

162. L. M. LEE.

Religion.—Prov. iv. 7.

- 1 **T**EACH us, O Lord, the great concern,
To know thy will, thy name to love;
Our duty from thy word to learn,
And gain the wisdom from above.
- 2 Religion, richest blessing given,
Fountain of all our joys below,

Bids mortals lift their eyes to heaven,
In scenes of darkness and of woe.

- 3 Religion must be all in all,
Would we th' immortal prize obtain,
Retrieve the ruins of the fall,
And 'scape the death of endless pain.
- 4 Send thy good Spirit, Lord, we pray,
To sanctify and cleanse our heart:
May we repent, believe, obey,
And from thy service ne'er depart.

153. P. M.

Warning to youth.

- 1 **R**EMEMBER, blooming youth, you must
die, you must die,
Remember, blooming youth, you must die:
Remember, blooming youth, who shun the
ways of truth,
And in your follies boast, you must die,
you must die.
- 2 Uncertain are your days, here below, &c.
Uncertain are, &c. [ny ways
Uncertain are your days, for God has ma-
To bring you to your graves here below, &c.
- 3 To-morrow you may die and be lost, &c.
To-morrow you, &c. [row lie,
To-morrow, you may die, and down in sor-
To weep, lament, and cry in despair, &c.
- 4 And if you travel down the broad road, &c.
And if you, &c.

And if you travel down, you meet God's
righteous frown, [road, &c.

With all that travel down the broad

5 Before the judgment seat you must stand, &c.

Before the, &c. [millions meet,

Before the judgment seat, when countless

To hear your righteous fate you must
stand, &c.

6 The God who built the sky, great I AM, &c.

The God who, &c. [cannot lie,

The God who built the sky, has said, and

Impenitents must die, and be lost, &c.

7 Then, O young friends, don't you I entreat, &c.

Then, O young, &c. [ways pursue,

Then, O young friends, don't you ungodly

Your precious souls t' undo, I entreat, &c.

8 But to the Saviour flee,—'scape for life, &c.

But to the, &c.

But to the Saviour flee, lest death eternal be

Your awful destiny—'scape for life! &c.

154. L. M.

Warning to Youth.

1 **Y**E lovely bands of blooming youth,
Warn'd by the voice of heav'nly truth,
Now yield to Christ your youthful prime,
With all your talents and your time.

2 Think on your end—nor thoughtless say,
"I'll put far off the evil day;"

Ah! not a moment's in your pow'r,
And death stands ready at the door.

155, 156 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

- 3 Eternity!—how near it rolls!
 Count the vast value of your souls!
 Beware! and count the awful cost,
 What they have gain'd whose souls are lost.
- 4 Pride, sinful pleasures, lusts and snares,
 Beset your hearts, your eyes, your ears—
 'Take the alarm—the danger fly!
Lord, save me! be your earnest cry.

155. L. M. COWPER.

Vanity of the world.

- T**HE joy that vain amusements give,
 To him who thoughtless sports and sings,
 Is like the honey of a hive,
 When guarded by a thousand stings.
- 2 'Tis thus the world rewards the fools
 Who live upon her treach'rous smiles;
 She leads them blindfold, by her rules,
 And ruins all whom she beguiles.
- 3 'Tis thus that thousands hasten down
 From pleasure into endless woe;
 And with a long despairing groan,
 Blaspheme their Maker as they go.
- 4 Warn'd by their woes, may we be wise,
 Delighting in a Saviour's charms;
 Then God will take us to the skies,
 Embrac'd in everlasting arms.

156. C. M. LOGAN.

Job xiv. 2.

- 1 **G**AY is thy mourning;—flattering hope
 Thy sprightly step attends;

- But soon the tempest howls behind,
And the dark night descends!
- 2 Before its splendid hour, the cloud
Comes o'er the beam of light;
A pilgrim in a weary land,
Man tarries but a night!
- 3 Determin'd are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head;
The number'd hour is on the wing,
That lays thee with the dead.

157. L. M. WATTS.

Advice to Youth.—Ecc. xii. 1, 7. Isa. lxxv. 20.

- 1 **N**OW, in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator God;
Behold the months come hast'ning on,
When you shall say, "My joys are gone!"
- 2 Behold the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head!
- 3 The dust returns to dust again;
The soul, in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God; not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell
- 4 Eternal King, I fear thy name;
Teach me to know how frail I am;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

158, 159 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

158. L. M. WATTS.

Life is the day of Grace and Hope.—Eccl. ix
4—6, 10.

- 1 **L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 [Life is the hour that God hath giv'n,
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heav'n;
The day of grace and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.]
- 3 The living know that they must die;
But all the dead forgotten lie:
Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 4 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands with all your might pursue,
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
- 5 There are no acts of pardon pass'd
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

159. L. M. DWIGHT.

Life the only accepted time.—Psalm 88.

- 1 **W**HILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah soon! approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

- 2 While God invites, how bless'd the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
"Come sinners, haste, O! haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God he's found."
- 3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear, or save.
- 5 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies.
- 5 Silence, and solitude, and gloom,
In those forgetful realms appear,
Deep sorrows fill the dismal tomb,
And hope shall never enter there.
- 6 While God invites, how bless'd the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come sinners, haste, O! haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God he's found.

160. L. M.

Behold, I stand at the door.—Rev. iii. 20.

- 1 **B**EHOLD a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knock'd before;
Hath waited long—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 Oh, lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands!
Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!

- 3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
 He will; the very friend you need;
 The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
 With garments dy'd on Calvary.
- 4 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine,
 Turn out his enemy and thine,
 That soul-destroying monster sin,
 And let the heavenly stranger in.
- 5 Admit him, ere his anger burn,
 His feet departed ne'er return;
 Admit him, or the hour's at hand,
 You'll at his door rejected stand

161. C. M.

The Saviour knocking.

- 1 **A** MAZING sight, the Saviour stands
 And knocks at every door!
 'Ten thousand blessings in his hands
 To satisfy the poor.
- 2 "Behold," he saith, "I bleed and die
 "To bring you to my rest:—
 "Hear, sinners, while I'm passing by,
 "And be forever bless'd.
- 3 "Will you despise my bleeding love,
 "And choose the way to hell?
 "Or in the glorious realms above,
 "With me forever dwell?
- 4 "Not to condemn your wretched race
 "Have I in judgment come;
 "But to display unbounded grace.
 "And bring lost sinners home.

- “Will you go down to endless night,
“And bear eternal pain?
“Or in the glorious realms of light
“With me forever reign?
“Say,—will you hear my gracious voice,
“And have your sins forgiven?
“Or will you make that wretched choice,
“And bar yourselves from heaven!”

162. C. M. COWPER.

Now is the accepted time.

- 1 **N**OW is the time, th’ accepted hour,
O sinners, come away;
The Saviour’s knocking at your door,
Arise without delay.
2 Oh! don’t refuse to give him room,
Lest mercy should withdraw;
He’ll then in robes of vengeance come
To execute his law.
3 Then where, poor mortals, will you be,
If destitute of grace,
When you your injur’d Judge shall see,
And stand before his face!
4 Oh! could you shun that dreadful sight,
How would you wish to fly
To the dark shades of endless night,
From that all searching eye!
5 The dead awak’d must all appear,
And you among them stand,
Before the great impartial bar,
Arraign’d at Christ’s left hand.

163, 164 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

163. S. M. DOBELL.

Behold, now is the accepted time.—2 Cor. vi. 2.

1 **N**OW is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to day;
To-morrow it may be too late;
Then why should you delay.

3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love,
Then will the angels clap their wings,
And bear the news above.

5 At length around thy throne
They shall thy face behold;
While through eternity they'll strive
Their raptures to unfold.

164. C. M. STEELE.

The Saviour's invitation—John vii. 37.

1 **T**HE Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,

And life, and health, and bliss impart
To banish mortal woe.

Here springs of sacred pleasure rise
To ease your every pain,
(Immortal fountain! full supplies!)
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
And can you yet delay?

Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,
To thee let sinners fly;
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

165. P. M. PHIPPARD.

God reasoning with man.—Isa. i. 13.

YE sin sick souls draw near,
And banquet with your King,
His royal bounty share,
And loud hosannas sing:
Here mercy reigns, here peace abounds,
Here's blood to heal your dreadful wounds,
Here's clothing for the poor;
Here's comfort for the weak:
Here's strength for tempted souls,
And cordials for the sick—

Here's all a soul can want or need,
Laid up in Christ, the living head.

But may a soul like mine,
All stain'd with guilt and blood,

Approach the throne of grace,
And converse hold with God?

Yes! Jesus calls;—Come, sinners come,
In mercy's arras there yet is room.

4 He's on a throne of grace,
And waits to answer pray'r;
What though thy sin and guilt
Like crimson doth appear,
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all thy woes.

5 Oh wondrous love and grace—
Did Jesus die for me?
Were all my num'rous debts
Discharg'd on Calvary?
Yes, Jesus died—the work is done—
He did for all my sins atone.

6 On earth I'll sing his love—
In heav'n I too shall join
The ransom'd of the Lord,
In accents all divine;
And see my Saviour face to face,
And ever dwell in his embrace.

166. 8, 7.

Matthew xi. 28.

HARK, what sounds are these so pleasing?
Sinners wipe the falling tear;
Love divine, and never ceasing,
Speaks, let every sinner hear.

2 "Come to me, all ye that labor,
Heavy laden sinners come;"

None more welcome to the Saviour
Than the guilty and undone.

Hear the kind Redeemer press you,
Cease to heave the plaintive sigh,
Let not guilt or fear depress you;
Come and ye shall never die.

Come with contrite hearts, and wonder
How such mercy you withstood;
Parch'd with thirst, and starv'd with hunger,
Fill your souls with heav'nly food.

If by sin, and sore temptation
You are weary and oppress'd,
Hear the Saviour's invitation;
"Come, and I will give you rest."

Let not guilty hesitation
Keep you from a heavenly feast,
Meet the gracious invitation,
Come, and Christ will give you rest.

167. L. M. COLLYER.

Jer. xxxi. 18—20.

RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injur'd Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.

Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;

Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

168. 8, 7, 4. ALLEN.

Expostulation and warning.

- 1 **S**INNERS, will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence—O, how tender!
Every line is full of love;
Listen to it—
Every line is full of love.
- 2 Hear the heralds of the gospel,
News from Zion's King proclaim,
To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,
"Free forgiveness in his name."
How important!
Free forgiveness in his name!
- 3 Tempted souls, they bring you succour;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
And with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears:
Tender heralds—
Chase away the falling tears.
- 4 False professors, grov'ling worldlings,
Callous hearers of the word,
While the messengers address you,
Take the warnings they afford:

We entreat you,
Take the warnings they afford.

5 Who hath our report believed?
Who receiv'd the joyful word?
Who embrac'd the news of pardon,
Offer'd to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it—
Offer'd to you by the Lord?

6 O, ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way,
Hasten to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear, without delay:
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

169. L. M.

Invitation to youth.

1 **T**NO-DAY, if ye will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say will you have this Christ, or no?

2 Ye wand'ring souls, who find no rest,
Say, will you be forever bless'd?
Will you be sav'd from sin and hell?
Will you with Christ in glory dwell?

3 Come now, dear youth, for ruin bound,
Obey the gospel's joyful sound;
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joy of Christ's redeeming love.

4 Once more we ask you in his name—
For yet his love remains the same—

Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

- 5 Leave all your sports and glittering toys,
Come, share with us eternal joys;
Or must we leave you bound to hell?
Then, dear young friends, a long farewell!

170. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

James iv. 13, 14.

- 1 **T**O-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodg'd in thy sovereign hand;
And, if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O, make thy servants truly wise;
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by thy almighty power,
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care;
O, be it still pursu'd;
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.
- 5 To *Jesus* may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beam should die
In sudden, endless night.

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 171, 172

171. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

The soul.—Mark viii. 36.

WHAT is the thing of greatest price,
The whole creation round?
That which was lost in Paradise,
That which in Christ is found:

The soul of man—Jehovah's breath—
That keeps two worlds at strife;
Hell moves beneath to work its death,
Heaven stoops to give it life.

God, to redeem it, did not spare
His well beloved Son;
Jesus, to save it, deign'd to bear
The sins of all in one.

And is this treasure borne below,
In earthen vessels frail!
Can none its utmost value know,
Till flesh and spirit fail?

Then let us gather round the cross,
That knowledge to obtain;
Not by the soul's eternal loss,
But everlasting gain.

172. L. M. C. WESLEY.

Invitation to sinners.—Matt. xxii. 4.

SINNERS, obey the gospel word,
Haste to the supper of your Lord;
Be wise to know your gracious day,
All things are ready, come away.

Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss his late returning son;

Ready the gracious Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit from above,
To fill the sinful heart with love;
'T' apply and witness Jesus' blood,
And wash and seal you sons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your bless'd estate;
Tuning their harps by which they praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 Come, then, ye sinners, to the Lord,
To happiness in Christ restor'd;
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel grace.

173. C. M. JONES.

The successful resolve. "I will go in unto the
King."—Esther iv. 16.

1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve:

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

- 4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea;
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
- 6 "I can but perish if I go,
I am resolv'd to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.,'

174. 7s.

If I perish, I perish.—Esther iv. 16.

- 1 **I**F I perish I will go,
Trembling to the Saviour's feet;
Here his favour he'll bestow,
Here I may forgiveness meet.
- 2 If I perish, I will go;
He perhaps may pity me:
Unbelief still answers—no,
He will not a wretch like thee.
- 3 If I perish, I will go;
Though I'm lost, I can but try;
Should he mercy never show,
Begging I will live and die.
- 4 If I perish, I must own
God is just to banish me;
But I'll venture near his throne,
For his pardons all are free.

- 5 If I perish—stay my fears;
 Can I perish at his feet,
 Who, to pay my great arrears,
 Died and lives my advocate?
- 6 Dearest Saviour, let me live,
 Stretch thy sceptre out to me;
 All my sins, though great, forgive;
 Speak the word, and set me free.

175. 7s.

Matthew xi. 28.

- 1 **C**OME, ye weary sinners, come,
 All, who feel your heavy load;
 Jesus calls the wand'ers home;
 Hasten to your pard'ning God.
 Come, ye guilty souls oppress'd,
 Answer to the Saviour's call;
 "Come, and I will give you rest;
 Come, and I will save you all."
- 2 Jesus,—full of truth and love,
 We thy kindest call obey,
 Faithful let thy mercies prove,
 Take our load of guilt away,
 Weary of this war within,
 Weary of this endless strife,
 Weary of ourselves and sin,
 Weary of a wretched life.
- 3 Burden'd with a world of grief,
 Burden'd with our sinful load,
 Burden'd with this unbelief,
 Burden'd with the wrath of God,

Lo, we come to thee for ease,
 True and gracious as thou art;
 Now our weary souls release,
 Write forgiveness on our heart.

176. 8, 7, 4, HART.

Come and welcome to Jesus Christ.—Isa. lv. 1.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love and power:
 He is able,
 He is willing; doubt no more!

2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome;
 God's free bounty glorify:
 True belief, and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings us high—
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness he requireth,
 Is to feel your need of him;
 This he gives you;
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Bruis'd and mangled by the fall;
 If you tarry, till you're better,
 You will never come at all.
 Not the righteous,
 Sinners Jesus came to call.

177 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

- 5 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
 On the bloody tree behold him;
 Hear him cry, before he dies;
 "It is finish'd!"
 Sinner, will not this suffice?
- 6 Lo! th' incarnate God ascended,
 Pleads the merits of his blood;
 Venture on him, venture wholly,
 Let no other trust intrude;
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb;
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name:
 Hallelujah!
 Sinners here may sing the same.

177. P. M. NEWTON.

Inviting.

- 1 **S**INNER, hear the Saviour's call,
 He now is passing by,
 He has seen thy grievous thrall,
 And heard thy mournful cry.
 He has pardons to impart,
 Grace to save thee from thy fears:
 See the love that fills his heart,
 And wipes away thy tears.
- 2 Why art thou afraid to come,
 And tell him all thy case?

He will not pronounce thy doom,
Nor frown thee from his face.
Wilt thou fear Immanuel?
Wilt thou dread the Lamb of God,
Who, to save thy soul from hell,
Has shed his precious blood?

3 Think, how on the cross he hung,
Pierc'd with a thousand wounds;
Hark! from each, as with a tongue,
The voice of pardon sounds!
See, from all his bursting veins,
Blood of wondrous virtue flow,
Shed to wash away thy stains,
And ransom thee from woe.

4 Though his majesty be great,
His mercy is no less;
Though he thy transgressions hate,
He feels for thy distress.
By himself the Lord has sworn
He delights not in thy death;
But invites thee to return,
That thou may'st live by faith.

5 Raise thy downcast eyes, and see
What throngs his throne surround;
These, though sinners once like thee,
Have full salvation found.
Yield not then to unbelief,
While he says "there yet is room,"
Though of sinners thou art chief,
Since Jesus calls thee, come.

178, 179 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

178. L. M.

The pressure of sin.

- 1 **O**H, that my load of sin were gone,
Oh, that I could at last submit,
At Jesus' feet to lay me down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.
- 2 When shall mine eyes behold the Lamb,
The God of my salvation see?
Weary, O Lord, thou know'st I am,
Yet still I cannot come to thee.
- 3 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour, if mine indeed thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 4 I would (but thou must give the pow'r)
My heart were from its sins releas'd:
Oh, let me see that happy hour,
'Twill fill my soul with heav'nly peace.
- 5 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Let not my Jesus long delay,
Appear in my poor heart, appear,
My God, my Saviour, come I pray.

179. C. M. BROWN.

Imploving mercy.—Luke xviii. 13.

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy feet in dust I lie,
And knock at mercy's door;
With humble heart and weeping eye,
Thy favor I implore.
- 2 On me, O Lord, do thou display
Thy rich forgiving love;

- Oh take my heinous guilt away,
This heavy load remove.
- 3 Without thy grace, I sink oppress'd
Down to the gates of hell;
Oh give my troubled spirit rest,
And all my fears dispel.
- 4 'Tis mercy, mercy, I implore,
Oh may thy bowels move;
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art love.
- 5 Should I at last in heav'n appear,
To join thy saints above;
I'll shout that mercy brought me there,
And sing thy bleeding love.

180. L. M. CENNICK.

Seeking pardon.—Ps. xxvii. 8.

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy feet I prostrate fall,
Oppress'd with fears to thee I call;
Reveal thy pard'ning love to me,
And set my captive spirit free.
- 2 Hast thou not said, "Seek ye my face?"
The invitation I embrace;
I'll seek thy face; thy Spirit give;
Oh let me see thy face, and live.
- 3 I'll wait, perhaps my Lord may come;
If back I turn, hell is my doom;
And begging in his way, I'll lie
'Till the sweet hour he passeth by.
- 4 I'll seek his face with cries and tears,
With secret sighs and fervent prayers;

And if not heard, I'll waiting sit,
And perish at my Saviour's feet.

- 5 But canst thou, Lord, see all my pain,
And bid me seek thy face in vain?
Thou wilt not, canst not, me deceive,
The soul that seeks thy face shall live.
- 6 ['Then venture, O my soul, in prayer,
For none can perish pleading here:
The blood of Christ, that crimson sea,
Shall wash my load of guilt away.']

181. L. M.

Prayer of a penitent.—Ps. vi.

- 1 **O**H that the Lord would hear my cry,
And stay his anger, lest I die!
Thy wrath is just—yet O forgive!
And let a mourning sinner live.
- 2 In all my frame, without, within,
I feel the sad effects of sin;
How long, my God, must I complain,
And deprecate thy wrath in vain?
- 3 Oh, should I die depriv'd of thee!
What being else can succour me?
Thy frowns would rend my soul in death,
And sink it to the depths beneath.
- 4 Ye darling sins, that plague me so,
The greatest enemies I know,
Depart—for God hath heard my prayer,
And will not let me long despair.
- 5 No; I shall yet his goodness bless;
And when this transient life shall pass;

Then, full of glory, I shall prove
He can be just, and sinners love.

182. L. M.

The sinner's prayer.

WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be,
That I shall find my all in thee;
The fulness of thy promise prove,
The seal of thine eternal love?

2 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind;
A helpless soul, I come to thee,
With only sin and misery.

3 Lord, I am sick, my sickness cure;
I want, do thou enrich the poor;
Under thy mighty hand I stoop,
Oh lift the abject sinner up.

4 Lord, I am blind, be thou my sight;
Behold I'm weak, be thou my might;
A helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in thee.

183. C. M. STEELE.

Absence from God.

1 **O**H thou, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye!

2 See! low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wand'rer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, Return?

- 3 Absent from thee, my guide, my light!
 Without one cheering ray;
 Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
 How desolate my way!
- 4 Oh shine on this benighted heart,
 With beams of mercy shine;
 And let thy healing voice impart
 A taste of joys divine.
- 5 Thy presence only can bestow
 Delights which never cloy;
 Be this my solace here below,
 And my eternal joy!

184. 7s. HAMMOND.

Penitent seeking Christ.—Cant. ii. 5.

- 1 **G**RACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear;
 My requests vouchsafe to hear:
 Sore distress'd with guilt am I,
 Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 2 [Wealth and honour I disdain;
 Earthly comforts all are vain;
 These can never satisfy,
 Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 3 Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
 Only take away my guilt;
 Mourning at thy feet I lie,
 Give me Christ, or else I die.]
- 4 All unholy and unclean,
 I am nothing else but sin;
 I to thee for mercy fly,
 Give me Christ, or else I die.

- 5 Thou dost freely save the lost;
In thy grace alone I trust;
With my earnest suit comply;
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 6 Oh, my God, what shall I say?
Take, O take my sins away;
Jesus' blood to me apply,
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 7 Does the Father seem to frown?
I take shelter in the Son;
Jesus, to thine arms I fly,
Save me, Lord, or else I die.

135. C. M. STRONG.

The sinner's complaint.

- 1 **L**ONG have I walk'd this dreary road,
Beset with darkness round;
Nor seen, nor heard a smiling God,
Nor one bright moment found.
- 2 Others, who once did join my speech,
And mouru'd in painful lay,
Now, mounting up with rapture, stretch
To seize a heav'nly day.
- 3 Far left behind to feel my woe,
With harden'd heart to groan,
Each pray'r, each struggle sinks me low,
Each breath repeats my moan.
- 4 The lengthen'd day, the gloomy night,
Draw fast the bands of grief:
Sometimes despair o'erclouds my sight,
And says, "There's no relief."

- 5 Then conscience thunders, Sinai flames—
 I try again to rise;
 The trial fails, and conscience blames
 My pray'rs, my tears, my cries.
- 6 'Tis thus perplex'd, forlorn, and lost,
 I spend my weary days:
 No Jesus comes; my hopes are cross'd,
 While others sing and praise.

186. L. M. STRONG.

God's answer.

- 1 **S**INNER, behold I've heard thy groan,
 I know thy heart, thy life I've known;
 I've seen thy hope from grace proclaim'd,
 Thy trembling fear when Sinai flam'd.
- 2 To me, the mighty God, attend,
 In me, behold the sinner's friend;
 'Twas I who gave thy conscience voice,
 Thou hast oppos'd by sinful choice.
- 3 Think not to bribe my sovereign grace,
 Nor move me by a sorrowing face;
 'Tis thine own heart makes grace delay,
 And hides a pard'ning glorious day.
- 4 Mov'd by thy fear, and not by love,
 Thy daily pray'rs are sent above;
 Thou hast not wish'd my will to meet,
 Nor lain submissive at my feet.
- 5 Should thy proud will at length submit,
 With holy sorrow deeply smit,
 Thy voice would be the first to say,
 I'm glorious in this long delay.

- 6 Stay, sinner, cease my grace to chide,
Nor think thy moan such sin can hide;
Delay no more, repent and live,
Or meet the death my wrath must give.

187. L. M.

A sinner submitting to God.

- 1 **W**EAR Y of struggling with my pain,
Hopeless to burst this sinful chain,
At length I give the contest o'er,
And seek to free myself no more.
- 2 From my own works at last I cease—
God that creates must seal my peace;
Fruitless my toil, and vain my care,
Unless thy sovereign grace I share.
- 3 Lord, I despair myself to heal;
I see my sin but do not feel;
Nor shall I till thy Spirit blow,
And bid th' obedient waters flow.
- 4 Tis thine a heart of flesh to give,
Thy gifts I only can receive;
Here then to thee I all resign,—
'To draw, redeem, and seal is thine.

188. L. M. CRUTTENDEN.

Confession and submission.

- 1 **I** OWN my guilt, my sins confess;
Can men or devils make them more?
Of crimes already numberless,
Vain the attempt to swell the score.
- 2 Were the black list before my sight,
While I remember thou hast died,

'Twill only urge my speedier flight,
To seek salvation at thy side.

- 3 Low at thy feet I'll cast me down,
To thee reveal my guilt and fear,
And, if thou spurn me from thy throne,
I'll be the first who perish'd there.

189. S. M.

The sinner cured.—John v. 2—9.

- 1 **B**ESIDE the gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From year to year a sinful soul
Had waited for a cure.
- 2 The voice of one unknown,
Advancing where he lay,
Bespoke him in a gentle tone,
And thus it seem'd to say:
- 3 “Poor, sinful, dying soul,
Why linger here and die?
Only consent to be made whole,
You need no longer lie.
- 4 “The Saviour passing by,
Well knows your sinking state,
And while the Saviour is so nigh,
The sinner need not wait.”
- 5 That voice dispell'd the charm,
His fatal slumbers broke;
He saw his sins with fresh alarm,
And fear'd the vengeful stroke.
- 6 Unable to endure,
He call'd for aid divine—

The great Physician wrought the cure;
That guilty soul was mine.

190. L. M. KELLY.

The voice of mercy.

I HEAR a voice that comes from far;
From Calvary it sounds abroad;
It soothes my soul, and calms my fear:
It speaks of pardon bought with blood.

And is it true, that many fly
The sound that bids my soul rejoice;
And rather choose in sin to die,
Than turn an ear to mercy's voice?

Alas, for those!—the day is near,
When mercy will be heard no more;
Then will they ask in vain to hear
The voice they would not hear before.

With such, I own, I once appear'd,
But now I know how great their loss;
For sweeter sounds were never heard,
Than mercy utters from the cross.

But let me not forget to own,
That if I differ aught from those,
'Tis due to sovereign grace alone,
That oft selects its proudest foes.

191. C. M. COLLYER.

Herein is love.—1 John iv. 10.

YE saints assist me in my song—
Let all your passions move;
To Jesus all the notes belong—
I sing redeeming love.

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- 2 Opposing spirits 'gainst his cross,
Their force united prove;
But quit the field with mighty loss,
Crush'd by redeeming love.
- 3 Around the circle of his friends
His tender passions move;
And while he liv'd his constant theme
Was still redeeming love.
- 4 Gently he rais'd his sacred hands,
Before his last remove:
And the last whispers of his tongue,
Sigh'd forth redeeming love.
- 5 Through life's wide waste, with weary feet
In darkness I may rove;
But never can my heart forget
Redeeming, dying love.
- 6 Oh, that before his sacred throne,
I all its sweets may prove;
Still as my pleasures rise, my song
Shall be redeeming love.

192. L. M. COWPER.

The new convert humbled.

- T**HE new-born child of gospel grace,
Like some fair tree when summer's nigh,
Beneath Immanuel's shining face,
Lifts up his blooming branch on high.
- 2 No fear he feels, he sees no foes;
No conflict yet his faith employs;
Nor has he learnt to whom he owes
The strength and peace his soul enjoys.

- 3 But sin soon darts its cruel sting,
 And comforts sink from day to day:
 What seem'd his own, a self-fed spring,
 Proves but a brook that glides away.
- 4 When Gideon arm'd his num'rous host,
 The Lord soon made his numbers less;
 And said—lest Israel vainly boast—
 “My arm procur'd me this success.”
- 5 Thus will he bring our spirits down,
 And draw our ebbing comforts low,
 That, sav'd by grace, but not our own,
 We may not claim the praise we owe.

193. C. M. NEWTON.

The new convert humbled.

- 1 **A**NXIOUS, I strove to find the way,
 Which to salvation led;
 I listen'd long, I tried to pray,
 And heard what many said.
- 2 When some of joys and comforts told,
 I fear'd that I was wrong;
 For, I was stupid, dead, and cold,
 Had neither joys nor song.
- 3 The Lord my lab'ring heart reliev'd,
 And made my burden light;
 Then for a moment I believ'd,
 And thought that all was right.
- 4 Of fierce temptations others talk'd,
 Of anguish and dismay;
 Through what distresses they had walk'd
 Before they found the way.

- 5 Ah! then I thought my hopes were vain,
For I had liv'd at ease;
I wish'd for all my fears again,
To make me more like these.
- 6 I had my wish, the Lord disclos'd
The evils of my heart;
And left my naked soul expos'd
To Satan's fiery dart.
- 7 Alas! I cried in deep despair,
Borne down with fearful pain!
How can I these fierce terrors bear,
And who will now sustain?
- 8 Again my Saviour brought me aid,
And when he set me free,
"Trust simply on my word," he said,
"And leave the rest to me."

194 S. M. COWPER.

Warning against backsliding.

- 1 **B**EWARE of Peter's word,
Nor confidently say,
"I never will deny the Lord,"
But, "grant I never may."
- 2 Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And e'en an angel would be weak,
Who trusted in his own.
- 3 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings
Than all your works beside.

- 4 In Jesus is our store;
Grace issues from his throne;
Whoever says, "I want no more,"
Confesses he has none.

195 C. M. NEWTON.

O that I were as in months past.—Job xxix. 2.

- 1 **S**WEET was the time, when first I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tun'd my tongue;
And when the ev'ning shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.

- 3 In pray'r my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

- 4 But now when ev'ning shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

- 5 My pray'rs are now an empty noise,
For Jesus hides his face;
I read—the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.

- 6 Rise, Lord, now help me to prevail,
And make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail—
Let me that mercy share.

196. 7s.

Burdened Pilgrim.

- 1 **P**ILGRIM, burden'd with thy sin,
Haste to Zion's gate to-day;
There, till mercy let thee in,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and pray.
- 2 Knock—for mercy lends an ear;
Weep—she marks the sinner's sigh;
Watch—till heav'nly light appears;
Pray—she hears the mourner's cry.
- 3 Mourning Pilgrim! what for thee
In this world can now remain?
Seek that world, from which shall flee
Sorrow, shame, and tears and pain.
- 4 Sorrow shall forever fly;
Shame shall never enter there;
Tears be wip'd from ev'ry eye;
Pain in endless bliss expire.

197. L. M. MEDLEY.

Stony heart lamented—Ezek. xxxvi. 26—37.

- 1 **L**ORD, hear a burden'd sinner mourn,
Who gladly would to thee return;
Thy tender mercies O impart,
And take away this stony heart.
- 2 'Tis this hard heart which sinks me down,
Nor asks thy smile, nor fears thy frown;
This causes all my woe and smart;
Lord, take away this stony heart.
- 3 'Tis this hard heart my gracious Lord,
Which scorns thy love, and slights thy word,

Which tempts me from thee to depart;
Lord, take away this stony heart.

- 4 'Tis this hard heart which day by day,
Would shut my mouth, nor let me pray;
Yea, would from ev'ry duty start;
Lord, take away this stony heart.
- 5 Sure the bless'd day will shortly come,
When this hard heart shall know its doom;
When I no more shall sin retain,
Nor of a stony heart complain.
- 6 Yes, friendly death, with welcome stroke,
Will loose the chain, will break the yoke;
And when arriv'd on Canaan's shore
A stony heart be felt no more.

198. L. M. HART.

Hardness of heart lamented.

- 1 **O**H for a glance of heav'nly day,
To melt this stubborn stone away;
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
- 2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
The seas can roar, the mountains shake;
Of feelings all things shew some sign
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
What but an adamant would melt?
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

- 4 Eternal Spirit, mighty God,
 Apply within the Saviour's blood;
 'Tis his rich blood, and his alone,
 Can move and melt this heart of stone.

199. C. M. WILLIAMS.

Private devotion.

- 1 **W**HILST thee I seek, protecting Power!
 Be my vain wishes still'd;
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be fill'd.
- 2 Thy love the pow'r of thought bestow'd,
 To thee my thoughts would soar:
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd;
 That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see!
 Each blessing to my soul most dear,
 Because conferr'd by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favor'd hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
 Resign'd, when storms of sorrow low'r,
 My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eyes, without a tear,
 The gath'ring storm shall see;
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
 That heart will rest on thee.

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 200, 201

200. L. M. HART.

Pray without ceasing.—1 Thess. v. 17.

- 1 **P** RAYER was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give;
Long as they live, should christians pray,
For only while they pray, they live.
- 2 The christian's heart his prayer indites,
He speaks as prompted from within;
The Spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives and gives it in.
- 3 If pains afflict, or wrongs oppress—
If cares distract, or fears dismay—
If guilt deject—if sin distress,
The remedy's before thee—pray.
- 4 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,
Tho' thought be broken—language lame;
Pray, if thou canst, or canst not speak,
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

201. C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Behold he prayeth.—Acts ix. 11.

- 1 **P** RAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unutter'd or express'd;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the christian's vital breath,
The christian's native air,
His watchword at the gate of death—
He enters heav'n with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say,—“Behold he prays!”

202. S. M. NEWTON.

Importunate.—Luke xviii. 1—7.

1 **J**ESUS, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray, and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear—
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Though unbelief suggest,
“Why should we longer wait?”
He bids us never give him rest,
But knock at mercy's gate.

4 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though he may awhile forbear,
He'll help them from on high,

- 5 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer:
He sees, he hears, and from on high,
Will make our cause his care.

203. L. M. COWPER.

Exhortation to prayer.

- 1 **W**HAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?
- 2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw—
Gives exercise to faith and love—
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles, when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when, through weariness, they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.
- 5 Have you no words? ah! think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath, thus vainly spent,
To heav'n in supplication sent,
Your cheerful songs would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me!"

204. 7s. NEWTON.

Jacob's wrestling with God.—Gen. xxxii. 26.

- 1 **L**ORD, I cannot let thee go,
 'Till a blessing thou bestow;
 Do not turn away thy face;
 Mine's an urgent, pressing case.
- 2 Dost thou ask me, who I am?
 Ah! my Lord, thou know'st my name:
 Yet the question gives a plea,
 To support my suit with thee!
- 3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
 In rebellion blindly bold;
 Scorn thy grace—thy pow'r defy—
 That poor rebel, Lord was I.
- 4 Once a sinner near despair
 Sought thy mercy-seat by pray'r;
 Mercy heard and set him free,
 Lord, that mercy came to me.
- 5 Many days have pass'd since then,
 Many changes I have seen;
 Yet have been upheld 'till now;
 Who could hold me up but thou?
- 6 Thou hast help'd in ev'ry need—
 This emboldens me to plead;
 After so much mercy past,
 Canst thou let me sink at last?
- 7 No—I must maintain my hold—
 'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
 I can no denial take,
 When I plead for Jesus' sake,

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 205, 206

205. C. M. MEDLEY.

My God will hear me.—Mic. vii. 7.

- 1 **T**O thee, O Lord, my heav'nly King,
Now will my soul draw near;
Thankful of this sweet truth to sing,
That thou, my God, wilt hear.
- 2 Though I am poor and needy too,
And scarce know what to say;
And though my words are faint and few,
My God will hear me pray.
- 3 Through Christ, I come, and mercy claim,
Who lives to intercede;
For in his dear, adored name,
My God will hear me plead.
- 4 Though oft with sins, and doubt and fears,
My soul is much cast down;
And though o'erwhelm'd with sighs and tears,
My God will hear me groan.
- 5 Then whilst my life and breath remain,
I'll humbly persevere;
And when to glory I attain,
My God will hear me there.

206. C. M. HOSKINS.

Prayer for the Spirit's influence.

- 1 **I**N thy great name, O Lord, we come,
To worship at thy feet;
Oh pour the Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet.
- 2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Saviour's voice:

Thy face and favour, Lord, we seek,
Now make our hearts rejoice.

3 Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear,
And understand thy word;
To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.

4 Let sinners, Lord, thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in thee;
Let rebels be subdu'd by love,
And to the Saviour flee.

207. C. M. WATTS.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;

Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

208. S. M. HART.

John xiv. 26.

1 **C**OME Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel thee sorrow from our minds—
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of God.

3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart—
To sanctify the soul—
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

4 Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

209. S. M. H.

Invocation to the Holy Spirit.

1 **B**LEST Comforter Divine!
Whose rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And point our souls above;—

2 Thou—who with “still small voice”
Dost stop the sinner's way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay;—

3 Thou—whose inspiring breath
Can make the cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death
A smile of glory wear;—

4 Thou—who dost fill the heart
With love to all our race,
Blest Comforter—to us impart
The blessings of thy grace.

210. 8, 7.

To the blessed Spirit.

1 **H**OLY GHOST, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
Come thou source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe thy life and spread thy light;
Loving SPIRIT, God of peace,
Great distributor of grace,
Rest upon this congregation!
Hear, Oh, hear our supplication.

2 From that height which knows no measure
As a gracious shower descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish or God can send.
O thou GLORY shining down
From the FATHER and the SON,
Grant us thy illumination!
Rest on all this congregation.

3 Come thou best of all donations
God can give, or we implore;
Having thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more:

HOLY SPIRIT, heavenly DOVE,
 Now descending from above,
 Rest on all this congregation!
 Make our hearts thy habitation.

PART II. 8s. RIPPON.

- 1 **D**ESCEND, Holy Spirit, the Dove,
 And visit a sorrowful breast;
 My burden of guilt to remove,
 And bring me assurance and rest;
 Thou only hast pow'r to relieve
 A sinner o'erwhelm'd with his load;
 The sense of redemption to give,
 And sprinkle his heart with thy blood.
- 2 With me, if of old thou hast strove,
 And kindly withheld me from sin;
 Resolv'd by the strength of thy love,
 My worthless affections to win;
 The work of thy mercy revive,
 Invincible mercy exert,
 And keep my weak graces alive,
 And set up thy rest in my heart.
- 3 If, when I have put thee to grief,
 And madly to folly return'd,
 Thy goodness has been my relief,
 And lifted me up as I mourn'd:
 O, spirit of pity and grace,
 Relieve me again and restore;
 My spirit in holiness raise,
 To fall, and to grieve thee, no more.
- 4 If now I lament after God,
 And pant for a taste of his love,—

211, 212 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

If Jesus, who pour'd out his blood,
Obtain'd me a mansion above;—
Come, heavenly Comforter, come,
Sweet witness of mercy divine!
And make me thy permanent home,
And seal me entirely thine.

211. L. M. NEWTON.

Prayer to God the Spirit.—Ex. xvii. 6.

- 1 **O** 'THOU, at whose Almighty word,
The glorious light from darkness sprung,
Thy quick'ning influence afford, [tongue
And clothe with pow'r the preacher's
- 2 'Tis thine to teach him how to speak,
'Tis thine to give the hearing ear;
'Tis thine the stubborn heart to break,
And make the careless sinner fear.
- 3 'Tis also thine, almighty Lord,
To cheer the poor, desponding heart,
O, speak the soul-reviving word,
And bid the mourner's fears depart.
- 4 Thus while we in the means are found,
We still on thee alone depend;
To make the gospel's joyfoul sound,
Effectual to the promis'd end.

212. C. M. NEEDHAM.

Short devotions the life of religion.—Matt. vi. 7, 8.

- 1 **L**ORD, in thy courts we now appear,
And bow before thy throne:
Before our lips begin to move,
Our wants to thee are known,

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 213, 214

- 2 Thou know'st the language of the heart,
The meaning of a sigh;
Dear Father, hear our humble pray'r,
And bring thy blessings nigh.
- 3 Few be our words and short our pray'rs,
While we together meet;
Short duties keep religion up,
And make devotion sweet.

213. C. M. HART.

Prayer for Spiritual aid.

- 1 **O**NCE more we come before our God;
Once more thy blessing ask:
Oh may no duty seem a load,
No worship prove a task.
- 2 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
Hoard up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.
- 3 Bid the refreshing north-wind wake;
Say to the south-wind, blow:
Let every plant the pow'r partake,
And all the garden grow.
- 4 Revive the parch'd with heav'nly showers,
The cold with warmth divine;
And, as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory thine.

214. L. M. FAWCETT.

A hymn for the beginning of worship.

- 1 **T**HY presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word;

Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mix'd with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us thy sacred word apply,
With sovereign power and energy;
And may we in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will:
Thy saving pow'r and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

215. 7s. HAMMOND.

Humble request.—Jer. xxix. 13.

1 **L**ORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay:
Lord, we cannot let thee go,
'Till a blessing thou bestow.

3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;

Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

216. L. M. ANDREWS.

Praying society pleading for the life of religion.

- 1 **L**ORD, while we meet to speak and hear,
To sing, and join in social prayer,
Thy gracious aid to us impart,
Possess and warm each frozen heart.
- 2 Oh that thou wouldest now come down,
Like show'rs on meadows newly mown;
Thy gracious influence shed abroad,
And we shall triumph in our God.
- 3 Oh that religion might revive,
And daily spread, and grow, and thrive;
May Zion here in glory shine,
And scorers own the work divine.
- 4 Refresh and quicken all thy saints,
Remove their fears and sad complaints;
Oh fire their hearts with sacred love;
Give sweet foretastes of joys above.
- 5 May sinners see their dreadful doom,
And quickly fly from wrath to come;
May Christ be form'd in every soul,
And grace the pow'r of sin control.
- 6 Oh that our vain and thoughtless youth
May feel the force and pow'r of truth;
Unite their hearts, with sweet accord,
To seek, and love, and serve the Lord.
- 7 Thou blessed, sacred Spirit, come,
And let thy presence fill this room;

Oh work on all assembled here,
And let thy glory now appear.

217. C. M. NEWTON.

A hymn for Christian Conference.

- 1 **O**H Lord, our languid souls inspire,
For here we trust thou art!
Send down a coal of heav'nly fire,
To warm each waiting heart.
- 2 Shew us some tokens of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.
- 3 Within these walls let holy praise,
And love and concord dwell:
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind, bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.
- 5 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our pray'rs;
And in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.
- 6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforc'd by mighty grace,
Induce dead sinners all around,
To come and fill the place.

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 218, 219

218. C. M. B.

Evening twilight.

- 1 **I** LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day,
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heav'n;
The prospect doth my strength renew
While here by tempests driv'n.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day. -

219. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Private devotion.—Matt. vi. 6.

- 1 **F**ATHER Divine, thy piercing eye
Sees through the darkest night;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.
- 2 There may thy piercing eye survey
My solemn homage paid,

With every morning's dawning ray;
And every evening's shade.

3 Oh, let thy own celestial fire
The incense still inflame;
While my warm vows to thee aspire,
Through my Redeemer's name.

4 So shall the visits of thy love
My soul in secret bless;
So shalt thou deign in worlds above,
Thy suppliant to confess.

220. 8, 7. NEWTON.

Declension lamented.

1 **O**NCE, O Lord, thy garden flourish'd,
Every part look'd gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
Happy seasons we have seen!

2 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

3 Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,—
Scarce a single leaf they show.

4 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
Oh, permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain!

221. L. M. DWIGHT.

The Church's complaint.

- 1 **L**ORD, in these dark and dismal days,
We mourn the hidings of thy face;
Proud enemies our path surround,
To level Zion with the ground.
- 2 Her songs, her worship they deride,
And hiss thy word with tongues of pride,
And cry, t'insult our humble prayer,
"Where is your God, ye Christians, where?"
- 3 Errors and sins and follies grow;
Thy saints bow down in deepest woe;
Their love decays, their zeal is o'er,
And thousands walk with Christ no more.
- 4 To happier days our bosoms turn;
Those days but teach us how to mourn;
The God who bade his mercy flow,
In wrath withdraws his blessing now.
- 5 The blessing from thy truth's withdrawn;
Its quickening, saving influence gone:
Unwarn'd, unwaken'd, sinners hear,
Nor see their awful danger near.
- 6 In dews unseen, or scanty showers,
Thy Spirit sheds his healing powers;
The thirsty ground is parch'd beneath,
And all is barrenness and death.
- 7 Yet still, thy name be ever bless'd,
On thee our hope shall safely rest;
Zion her Saviour soon shall see,
Array'd to set his Israel free.

- 8 "For Jesus' sake, attend our cry,
Shine on thy churches, lest they die;"
Revive, O Lord, thy work revive;
Let saints rejoice, bid sinners live.

222. L. M. DWIGHT.

Prayer of the Church for the presence of Christ.

- 1 **O**H thou, whose hand thy kingdom sways,
Whom earth, and hell, and heaven obeys,
To help thy chosen sons appear,
And shew thy power and glory here!
- 2 While stupid wretches sunk in sleep,
Slide onward to the fiery deep,
To sense, and sin, and madness, given,
Believe no hell, and wish no heaven!
- 3 While fools deride, while foes oppress,
And Zion mourns in deep distress;
Her friends withdraw, her foes grow bold,
Truth fails, and love is waxen cold.
- 4 Oh haste, with every gift inspir'd,
With glory, truth, and grace, attir'd;
Thou Star of heav'n's eternal morn;
Thou Sun, whom beams divine adorn!
- 5 Saints shall be glad before thy face,
And grow in love, and truth, and grace;
Thy church shall flourish in thy sight,
With fruits of peace, and pure delight.
- 6 Oh hither, then, thy footsteps bend;
Swift as a roe, from hills descend;
Mild as the Sabbath's cheerful ray,
Till life unfolds eternal day!

223. L. M. FAWCETT.

Lamenting after the Lord.—1 Sam. vii. 2.

- 1 **L**OOK from on high, great God, and see
 Thy saints lamenting after thee;
 The tokens of thy presence give,
 And now thy gracious work revive.
- 2 How did thy ancient people mourn,
 And wish to see thy kind return!
 They cried to thee on Mizpeh's plain,
 "Oh let us see thy face again!"
- 3 We join our humble voice with theirs,
 And offer up our ardent prayers;
 Lord, with thy smiles thy churches bless,
 And crown thy gospel with success.
- 4 Thy cheering grace, O God, impart,
 Bind up and heal the broken heart;
 Our sins subdue, our souls restore,
 And let our foes prevail no more.

224. 8, 7, 4. NEWTON.

Prayer for a revival.—Ps. lxxxv. 6.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, visit thy plantation:
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless thou return again.
 Lord, revive us;
 All our help must come from thee.
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance;
 Shine upon us from on high,
 Lest, for want of thine assistance,
 Every plant should droop and die.

225, 226 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
 Make us prevalent in pray'rs;
 Let each one esteem'd thy servant,
 Shun the world's bewitching snares.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
 Turn the stony heart to flesh;
 And begin, from this good hour,
 To revive thy work afresh.

225. C. M. KELLY.

Amos vii. 2.

1 **B**Y whom shall Jacob now arise?
 For Jacob's friends are few:
 And, what should fill us with surprise,
 They seem divided too.

2 By whom shall Jacob now arise?
 For Jacob's foes are strong;
 I read their triumph in their eyes,
 They think he'll fall ere long.

3 By whom shall Jacob now arise?
 Can any tell by whom?
 Say, shall this branch that wither'd lies,
 Again revive and bloom?

4 Lord, thou canst tell—the work is thine,
 The help of man is vain—
 On Jacob now arise and shine,
 And he shall live again.

226. L. M. HYDE.

The restoration of Israel.

1 **T**HE Lord will not forget the grace
 Reserv'd for faithful Abra'm's race;

His love their wand'rings shall restore,
And guide them, that they stray no more:

- 2 Israel! 'tis thine accepted day,
Thy God himself prepares the way;—
Behold his ensign from afar—
Behold the light of Jacob's Star.
- 3 That Star, which once on Bethle'm rose,
A token on thy mountain glows,
The morn of earth's bless'd jubilee
Sheds its sweet early light on thee.
- 4 And thou, who once on Israel's ground,
A homeless wanderer wast found,
Redeemer, on thy heav'nly throne,
Still call that ancient church thine own;—
- 5 Bid her departed light return,
Thy holy splendor round her burn;
From prostrate Judah's ruins raise
A living temple to thy praise.

227. C. M. STEELE.

National Fast.—Joel i. 14.

- 1 **S**EE, gracious Lord, before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone,
Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful pow'r display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.
- 3 How chang'd alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame!

223 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the christian name!

4 Oh turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy ward,
And humbly seek thy face.

5 Then should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear;
Secure of never-failing aid,
When God, our God, is near.

223. L. M. STEELE.

Confession and Prayer.

LORD, while thy judgments shake the land,
Thy people's eyes are fix'd on thee!

We own thy just, uplifted hand,
Which thousands cannot, will not see.

2 How long hast thou bestow'd thy care
On this indulg'd, ungrateful spot!
While other nations, far and near,
Have envied and admir'd our lot.

3 But ah! both heav'n and earth have heard
Our vile requital of thy love!
We, whom like children thou hast rear'd,
Rebels against thy goodness prove.

4 Lord, hear thy people ev'ry where,
Who meet to mourn, confess and pray;
The nation and thy churches spare,
And let thy wrath be turn'd away.

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 229, 230

229. 8, 7. ROBINSON.

Grateful recollection.—1 Sam. vii. 12.

- 1 **C**OME, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it—
Mount of God's unchanging love.

- 2 Here I raise my Eben Ezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come,
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd with precious blood.

- 3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace now like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart—O take and seal it;
Seal it from thy courts above.

230. P. M. CAMPBELL.

Sinners converted and saved.

- 1 **T**HE glorious light of Zion
Now spreads its rays abroad,

And sinners round are flocking
Into the church of God.

The standard of King Jesus
In glorious triumph flies,
While sinners fall before him,
And each for mercy cries:

- 2 The blood our blessed Saviour
Shed on th'accursed tree,
Has sovereign efficacy
To set poor sinners free:
And while the gospel trumpet
The news was spreading round,
Some thousands in our nation
Their blessed Lord have found.

- 3 Amongst that happy number
I hope that I am one,
And Jesus soon will finish
The work he has begun.
And when I rise to glory,
From all pollution free,
I'll love, and praise, and wonder,
To all eternity.

- 4 Some of us are young converts,
Who lately did begin
To serve as willing soldiers
Of Jesus Christ our King.
We have receiv'd rich bounty,
Likewise our martial dress,
And shine in borrow'd garments,
His robe of righteousness.

- 5 As soldiers now enlisted
With Jesus, we are bound
To speak his grace and glory,
And spread his fame around.
Oh sinners, list with Jesus,
Our sovereign and our friend;
In uniform he'll clothe you,
And save you in the end.
- 6 Think what the kind Redeemer
Has done for dying men:
Himself he freely offer'd
A sacrifice for sin.
To him you are invited,
Though guilty and undone:
Yea, though the chief of sinners,
He urges you to come.
- 7 How can you think of dying
Without a Saviour near?
And at the resurrection,
Oh! how will you appear?
Now in this time accepted,
Surrender to the Lord:
He's faithful to receive you
According to his word.
- 8 And you, our elder brethren,
Old soldiers of the cross,
Who, for the name of Jesus,
Have counted all things loss;
Pray much for us young converts,
That we may travel on,

And meet you all in glory,
To which our Lord is gone.

231. C. M.

Rejoicing in a revival of religion.

HARK! hear the sound, on earth 'tis found,
My soul delights to hear
Of dying love that's from above,
Of pardon bought most dear.

2 God's ministers, a flaming fire,
Are passing through the land,
Their voice is, "hear, repent, and fear,
King Jesus is at hand."

3 Young converts sing and praise their King,
And bless God's holy name;
Whilst older saints leave their complaints,
And joy to join the theme.

4 Convinc'd of sin men now begin
To call upon the Lord,
Trembling they pray, and mourn the day
In which they scorn'd his word.

5 God's chariot rolls, and frights the souls
Of those who hate the truth;
And saints in prayer, cry, Lord, draw near,
Have mercy on the youth.

6 Pour down a show'r of thy great pow'r,
On ev'ry aching heart;
On all who try, and humbly cry,
That they may have a part.

7 Come, sinners, all, hear now God's call,
And pray with one accord;

Saints, raise your songs--with joyful tongues,
To hail th' approaching Lord.

232. 8, 7.

The Jubilee.

- 1 **H**ARK! the jubilee is sounding,
O! the joyful news is come;
Free salvation is proclaimed
In and through God's only Son.
Now we have an invitation
To the meek and lowly Lamb:
Glory, honour, and salvation;
Christ, the Lord, is come to reign.
- 2 Come young sinners, don't neglect it,
Come to Jesus in your prime;
Great salvation--don't reject it;
Oh receive it--now's your time:
Now the Saviour is beginning
To revive his work again:
Glory, honour, &c.
- 3 Now let each one cease from sinning;
Come and follow Christ 'the Way';
Ye shall all receive a blessing
If ye come without delay:
Great salvation, long neglected,
Thousands, seeking, now obtain:
Glory, honour, &c.
- 4 Let us run our race with patience,
Looking unto Christ the Lord,
For his throne shall stand forever,
And his name shall be ador'd;

He is worthy to be praised;
 He is our exalted King:
 Glory, honour, &c.

- 5 Zion's children—praise your Jesus,
 Praise him, praise him evermore:
 May his love and grace constrain us
 To rejoice and to adore:
 Oh then let us join together
 To exalt his glorious name:
 Glory, honour, &c.

233. C. M.

Great joy in that city.—Acts viii. 8.

- 1 **H**OW much the drooping hearts revive
 Of those who fear the Lord;
 When sinners dead are made alive
 By his reviving word!
- 2 The ministers of Christ rejoice,
 When souls receive the word—
 When ransom'd sinners hear his voice,
 Return and love the Lord.
- 3 The church of God their praises join,
 And of salvation sing;
 They glorify the grace divine
 Of their victorious King.
- 4 In heav'n above, th' angelic throng
 Around the throne rejoice;
 But sinners sav'd should swell the song
 With loudest—sweetest voice.

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 234, 235

234. C. M. NEEDHAM.

Luke xv. 10.

- 1 **O**H, how divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And with a humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!
- 2 Pleas'd with the news, the saints below,
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heav'n is fill'd with joy.
- 3 Well pleas'd the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.
- 4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire:
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

235. 8, 7, 4.

Isa. lii. 10.

- 1 **Y**ES! we trust the day is breaking,
Joyful times are near at hand:
God, the mighty God, is speaking
By his word in ev'ry land:
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.
- 2 Let us hail the joyful season;
Let us hail the dawning ray;
When the Lord appears, there's reason
To expect a glorious day:

At his presence
Gloom and darkness flee away.

3 While the foe becomes more daring;
While he enters like a flood;
God, the Saviour, is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad;
Ev'ry language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

4 God of Jacob, high and glorious;
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world in ev'ry land;
And the idols
Perish; Lord at thy command.

236. 7s.

The little cloud.—1 Kings xvii. 44.

1 **S**AW ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand!
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land!

2 Lo, the promise of a show'r
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the blessings of his love.

3 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day;
Now the word doth sweetly run,
Now it wings its wid'ning way.

4 Sons of God, your Saviour praise;
He the door hath open'd wide;

He hath giv'n the word of grace;
Jesus' word is glorified.

237. 8, 7. WHITEFIELD.

Divine love.

- 1 **L**OVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe, oh! breathe thy loving Spirit
Into ev'ry troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd rest;
Take away the love of sinning,
Take our load of guilt away;
End the work of thy beginning,
Bring us to eternal day.
- 3 Carry on thy new creation,
Pure and holy may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation,
Perfectly secur'd by Thee;
Change from glory into glory,
'Till in heav'n we take our place;
'Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

238. C. M. LOGAN.

Isa. lv. 12, 13.

- 1 **M**ESSIAH! at thy glad approach,
The howling winds are still;

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- Thy praises fill the lonely waste,
And breathe from every hill.
- 2 The hidden fountains at thy call,
Their sacred stores unlock;
Loud in the desert, sudden streams
Burst living from the rock.
- 3 The incense of the spring ascends
Upon the morning gale;
Red o'er the hill the roses bloom,
The lilies in the vale.
- 4 Renew'd, the earth a robe of light,
A robe of beauty wears;
And in new heav'ns a brighter Sun
Leads on the promis'd years.
- 5 Let Israel to the Prince of Peace
The loud hosanna sing;
With hallelujahs, and with hymns,
O Zion, hail thy King.

239. 8, 7, 4. KELLY.

Zech. xiii. 1.

- 1 **S**EE, from Zion's sacred mountain,
Streams of living water flow:
God has open'd there a fountain;
This supplies the plains below:
They are blessed,
Who its sov'reign virtue know.
- 2 Through ten thousand channels flowing,
Streams of mercy find their way;
Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
Making all around look gay:

O, ye nations!

Hail the long expected day.

3 Gladden'd by the flowing treasure,

All enriching as it goes:

Lo, the desert smiles with pleasure,

Buds and blossoms as the rose:

Ev'ry object

Sings for joy wher'er it flows.

4 Trees of life the bands adorning,

Yield their fruit to all around;

Those who eat are sav'd from mourning,

Pleasure comes and hopes abound:

Fair their portion!

Endless life with glory crown'd.

240. P. M.

Christ reigning.

1 **H**ARK! hark!—the notes of joy
Roll o'er the heav'nly plains,

And seraphs find employ

For their sublimest strains;

Some new delight in heav'n is known;

Loud sing the harps around the throne.

2 Hark! hark!—the sounds draw nigh,

The joyful hosts descend;

Jesus forsakes the sky,

To earth his footsteps bend;

He comes to bless our fallen race;

He comes with messages of grace.

3 Bear, bear the tidings round;

Let ev'ry mortal know

241 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

What love to God is found,
 What pity he can show;
 Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll,
 Bear the glad news, from pole to pole.

4 Strike, strike the harps again,
 To great Immanuel's name;
 Arise ye sons of men,
 And all his grace proclaim;
 Angels and men, wake ev'ry string,
 'Tis God, the Saviour's praise we sing.

241. L M. MEDLEY.

He hath done all things well.—Mark vii. 37.

- 1 **N**OW in a song of grateful praise,
 To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise;
 With all his saints I'll join to tell,
 My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 2 All worlds his glorious pow'r confess;
 His wisdom all his works express;
 But O his love, what tongue can tell?
 My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 3 How sovereign, wonderful and free,
 Has been his love to sinful me!
 He pluck'd me as a brand from hell;
 My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 4 And since my soul has known his love,
 What mercies has he made me prove!
 Mercies which do all praise excel;
 My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 5 Whene'er my Saviour and my God
 Has on me laid his gentle rod,

- I know, in all that has befall,
My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 6 Though oft a fiery, flaming dart,
The tempter levels at my heart;
With this I all his rage repel—
My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 7 Soon shall I pass the vale of death,
And in his arms shall lose my breath;
Yet then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 8 And when to that bright world I rise,
And join the anthems of the skies,
Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

242. 7s. CENNICK.

Rejoicing in hope.—Isa. xxxv. 10. Luke xii. 32.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
You near Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seats are now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;

Jesus Christ, your Father's Son;
Bids you undismay'd go on.

- 5 Lord! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

243. C. M.

Joy in the Holy Ghost.

- 1 **M**Y soul doth magnify the Lord,
My spirit doth rejoice
In God, my Saviour and my God;
I hear his joyful voice.
- 2 I need not go abroad for joy—
I have a feast at home;
My sighs are turned into songs,
The Comforter is come.
- 3 Down from on high the blessed Dove
Is come into my breast,
To witness God's eternal love;
This is my heav'nly feast.
- 4 There is a stream that issues forth
From God's eternal throne,
And from the Lamb, a living stream,
Clear as the crystal stone.
- 5 That stream doth water Paradise,
It makes the angels sing;
One cordial drop revives my heart;
Hence all my joys do spring.

244. C. M. GIBBONS.

The increase of the Church promised and pledged.

- 1 **F**ATHER, is not thy promise pledg'd
To thine exalted Son,
That through the nations of the earth
Thy word of life shall run?
- 2 "Ask, and I give the heathen lands
For thine inheritance,
And to the world's remotest shores
Thine empire shall advance."
- 3 Hast thou not said that Abram's seed
Shall their Redeemer own;
While Gentiles the same promise claim,
And bow before his throne?
- 4 Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues,
Under th' expanse of heaven,
To the dominion of thy Son
Without exception given?
- 5 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name ador'd!
Europe with all thy millions, shout
Hossanna to the Lord!
- 6 Asia and Africa resound.
From shore to shore his fame!
And thou, America, in songs
Redeeming love proclaim.

245. 8, 7, 4.

*Prayer for the spread of the Gospel.—Isa.
xlix. 22. lx. 4, 5.*

- 1 **O**'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still, and gaze,

All the promises do travail
 With a glorious day of grace;
 Blessed Jubilee

Let thy glorious morning dawn.

- 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
 Let the rude Barbarian see,
 That divine and glorious conquest,
 Once obtain'd on Calvary;
 Let the gospel

Soon resound from pole to pole.

- 3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light,
 And from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night;
 And redemption,
 Freely purchas'd, win the day.

- 4 [May the glorious day approaching,
 Thine eternal love proclaim,
 And the everlasting gospel,
 Spread abroad thy holy name.
 O'er the borders
 Of the great Immanuel's land.]

- 5 Mighty Saviour, spread thy gospel:
 Win and conquer, never cease;
 May thy lasting wide dominions
 Multiply and still increase;
 Sway thy sceptre,
 Saviour, all the world around.

246. L. M.

Prayer for the spread of the Gospel.

- 1 **T**HY people, Lord, who trust thy word,
 And wait the smilings of thy face,

Assemble round thy mercy seat,
And plead the promise of thy grace.

2 We consecrate these hours to thee,
Thy sov'reign mercy to entreat;
And feel some animating hope,
We shall divine acceptance meet.

3 Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son,
That his dominion shall extend,
'Till ev'ry tongue shall call him Lord,
And ev'ry knee before him bend!

4 Now let the happy time appear,
The time to favor Zion come;
Send forth thy heralds far and near,
To call thy banish'd people home.

247. 8, 7.

Missions.

1 **H**ARK! what mean those lamentations,
Rolling sadly through the sky?
'Tis the voice of heathen nations,
"Come and help us ere we die."

2 Hear the heathens sad complaining,
Christians hear their dying cry;
And, the love of Christ constraining,
Join to help them ere they die!

3 How can ye, whose souls are lighted
With that wisdom from on high,—
How can ye, to men benighted
Heaven's lamp of life deny?

4 Waft, ye winds, the pleasing story,
And ye gentle waters roll,

Until, like a sea of glory,
It shall spread from pole to pole.

PART II. 8, 7. TAPPAN.

- 1 **G**OD, our God, his power revealing,
In this latter harvest time,
Bids his Sun, with wings of healing,
Rise on each benighted clime.
See! o'er vale and humbled mountain,
Rolls his conquering car to-day;
See! his brightness, like a fountain,
Flooding all the glad highway.
- 2 By the Mission Ships that wander,
Messengers to every sea,—
By his servants toiling yonder,
Where stern idols claim the knee,
He is Error's night dispelling,
Bidding grace in rivers flow,
From Atlantic to the dwelling
Of the lowly Esquimaux.
- 3 Wake the harp, ye angels! ever
Warble, ye melodious choirs!
Sweet your minstrelsy, yet never
With Redemption thrill those wires.
'Tis *our* song; and all your glory,
Starry crowns and hymns above,
Fade, while Christians tell the story
Of a Saviour's dying love.

248. 7, 6. BP. HEBER.

Missionary Hymn.

- 1 **F**ROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;

Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though ev'ry prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are thrown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
'Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
'Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
'Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

PART II. 8, 7. KELLY.

- 1 **H**ARK! a cry among the nations!
 "Come, and let us seek the Lord:
 "Vain our former expectations;
 "Vain the idols we ador'd:
 "Zion's King is God alone;
 "Let us bow before his throne."
- 2 See! from ev'ry quarter flowing,
 Joyful crowds assemble round:
 Love in ev'ry heart is glowing:
 Praise is heard in ev'ry sound;
 While Jehovah shews his face,
 Glory fills the sacred place.
- 3 Weapons meant for mutual slaughter
 Now are instruments of peace;
 They who taste the living water,
 Learn from war and strife to cease:
 Jesus reigns—the earth is still—
 All the nations do his will.

249. 7s. J. MARSDEN.

Mark xvi. 15.

- 1 **G**O, ye messengers of God,
 Like the beams of morning fly:
 Take the wonder-working rod,
 Wave the banner cross on high!
- 2 Go to many a tropic isle
 On the bosom of the deep;
 Where the skies forever smile,
 And the blacks forever weep.

- 3 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy East,
Wide the bleeding cross display,
Spread the gospel's richest feast.
- 4 Visit ev'ry heathen soil,
Ev'ry barren, burning strand,
Bid each dreary region smile,
Lovely as the promis'd land.
- 5 In yon wilds of stream and shade,
Many an Indian wigwam trace;
And with words of love persuade
Savages to sue for grace.
- 6 Circumnavigate the Ball—
Visit ev'ry soil and sea;
Preach the cross of Christ to all;
Jesus' love is full and free.

250. L. M. H.

The Angel's flight.—Rev. xiv. 6.

- 1 **T**HAT mighty angel, to whose hand
The everlasting word is giv'n,
Waves his broad wing o'er sea and land,
And soaring, cleaves the vault of heav'n.
- 2 And say—shall aught oppose his flight?—
Aught dim with clouds his flaming scroll?
No!—not till truth with holy light
Shall visit ev'ry heathen soul.
- 3 Not till blest Peace shall spring to birth;
'Till hatred sheath his useless sword;
Not till the nations of the earth
Become the kingdoms of the Lord.

251, 252 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

251. C. M. LOGAN.

Mic. iv. 1—5.

- 1 **B**EHOLD! the mountain of the Lord,
In latter days, shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
“Up to the hill of God,” they say,
“And to his courts we'll go.”
- 3 The beams that shine on Zion's hill
Shall lighten ev'ry land;
The King who reigns in Zion's tow'rs,
Shall all the world command.
- 4 No longer hosts encount'ring hosts,
Their millions slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.
- 5 Come then—O, come from every land,
To worship at his shrine;
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

252. S. M. DWIGHT.

Love to the Church.—Ps. cxxxvii. 5, 6.

- 1 **I** LOVE thy Kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church, our blest Redeemer sav'd
With his own precious blood.
- 2 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heav'nly ways,

Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

3 If e'er to bless thy sons
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

4 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare or her woe,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.

5 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils by given,
'Till toils and cares shall end.

6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

253. L. M. GIBBONS.

Acts x. 38.

1 **W**HEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works from day to day,
But miracles of power and grace,
That spread salvation through our race?

2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestow'd, let kindness done,
Be witness'd by each rolling sun.

3 That man may *last*, but never *lives*,
Who much receives, but *nothing gives*,

- Whom none can love, whom none can thank;
Creation's blot, creation's blank.
- 4 But he, who marks, from day to day,
In generous acts, his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

254. C. M. BARBAULD.

Charity.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man, whose soft'ning heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never rais'd in vain.
- 2 Whose breast expands with gen'rous warmth
A stranger's woes to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.
- 3 He spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief:
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unask'd relief.
- 4 To gentle offices of love
His feet ere never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.
- 5 He, from the bosom of his God,
Shall present peace receive—
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 255, 256

255. L. M.

Charity.

- 1 **T**HE gold and silver are the Lord's,
And every blessing earth affords;
All come from his propitious hand,
And must return at his command.
- 2 The blessings which I now enjoy,
I must for Christ and souls employ,
For if I use them as my own,
My Lord will soon call in his loan.
- 3 When I to him in want apply,
He never does my suit deny;
And shall I then refuse to give,
Since I so much from him receive?
- 4 Shall Jesus leave the realms of day,
And clothe himself in humble clay?
Shall he become despis'd and poor,
To make me rich forevermore?
- 5 And shall I wickedly withhold,
To give my silver and my gold?
To aid a cause my soul approves,
And save the sinners Jesus loves?
- 6 Expand my heart—incline me, Lord,
To give the whole I can afford;
That what thy bounty renders mine,
I may with cheerful hands resign.

256. L. M. COLLYER.

Household Baptism.

- 1 **U**NITED prayers ascend to thee,
Eternal Parent of mankind;

Smile on this waiting family—

Thy face they seek, and let them find.

- 2 Let the dear pledges of their love,
Like tender plants around them grow,
Thy present grace and joys above,
Upon their little ones bestow.

- 3 Receive, at their believing hand,
The charge which they devote as thine,
Obedient to thier Lord's command—
And seal with pow'r the rite divine.

- 4 To every member of their house,
Thy grace impart, thy love extend;
Grant every good that time allows,
With heav'nly joys that never end.

257. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Mark x. 14.

- 1 **S**EE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds shem in his arms.

- 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
"For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
"The Lord of angels came."

- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

- 4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear,
Ye children, seek his face;

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 258, 259

And fly with transports to receive
The blessings of his grace.

- 5 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding heart,
If weeping o'er their dust.

258. C. M. HYDE.

Infant baptism.

- 1 **S**HEPHERD, who leadst with tender care
The feeble of thy fold,—
Who dost regard the weakest there,
And all their steps uphold;
2 This little helpless lamb receive,
In mercy to thy breast;
And let parental fondness leave
It safely there to rest.
3 Surround it with thy guardian love,
Through all life's dang'rous way;
Ne'er let it from thy pastures rove,
Nor be the lion's prey.
4 In thine eternal, heav'nly home,
Oh, let it find a place;
And be, when life and toils are done,
A trophy of thy grace.

259. C. M. GREEN.

Parents' prayer for their children. "Oh that
Ishmael might live before thee!"—Gen. xvii. 18.

- 1 **T**HUS all the pious Abrah'm pray
For his beloved son:

Let parents in the present day
His language make their own.

2 Though they with God in cov'nant be,
And have their heav'n in view,
They are unhappy, till they see
Their children happy too.

3 Their hearts with inward anguish bleed
When all attempts prove vain;
And they pursue those paths that lead
To everlasting pain.

4 They warn, indulge, correct, beseech,
While tears in torrents flow;
And 'tis beyond the pow'r of speech
To tell the griefs they know.

5 'Till they can see victorious grace
Their children's souls possess,
The sparkling wit, the smiling face
But adds to their distress.

6 See the fond father clasp his child;
Hark! how his bowels move:
"Shalt thou, my offspring, be exil'd
From God my Father's love?"

7 "Shall cruel spirits drag thee down
To darkness and despair;
Beneath th' Almighty's angry frown,
To dwell forever there?"

8 "Kind heav'n, the dreadful scene forbid!
Look down, dear Lord, and bless;
I'll wrestle hard, as Jacob did—
May I obtain success!"

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 260, 261

260. L. M. HYDE.

Prayer for the children of the Church.

- 1 **D**EAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray
From thy secure enclosure's bound,
And, lur'd by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found;
- 2 Remember still that they are thine,
That thy dear sacred name they bear,
Think that the seal of love divine,—
The sign of cov'nant grace they wear.
- 3 In all their erring, sinful years,
Oh, let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the pray'rs and tears,
Which made them consecrate to thee.
- 4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn thou their feet from folly's way,
The wand'ers to thy fold restore.

261. C. M. COWPER.

Prayer for Youth.

- 1 **C**OME, Lord, and bless the rising race!
Make this a happy hour,
According to thy richest grace,
And thine almighty pow'r.
- 2 Dear youth, we know your sinful state—
May God your hearts renew!
We would awhile ourselves forget,
To pour out pray'r for you.
- 3 We see, though you perceive it not,
Th' approaching, awful doom!

Oh, tremble at the solemn thought,
And flee the wrath to come!

262. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

And yet there is room.—Luke xiv. 22.

- 1 **T**HE King of heav'n his table spreads,
The dainties crown the board:
Not Paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are giv'n;
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise the soul to heav'n.
- 3 Ye hungry poor, that long have stray'd
In sin's dark mazes, come;
Come from your most obscure retreats,
And grace shall find you room.
- 4 Millions of souls in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more still on the way,
Around the board appear.
- 5 Yet is his house and heart so large,
That millions more may come;
Nor could the whole assembled world
O'erfill the spacious room.
- 6 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the founder's name.

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 263, 264

263. 7s.

Compel them to come in.—Luke xiv. 23.

1 **L**ORD, how large thy bounties are,
Tender, gracious, sinner's friend;
What a feast dost thou prepare,
And what invitations send!

2 Now fulfil thy great design,
Who didst first the message bring:
Ev'ry heart to thee incline;
Now compel them to come in.

3 [Rushing on the downward road,
Sinners no compulsion need;
Heaven to forsake, and God,
See, they run with rapid speed.

4 Draw them back by love divine—
With thy grace their spirits win;
Ev'ry heart to thee incline;
Now compel them to come in.]

5 Thus their willing souls compel—
Thus their happy minds constrain,
From the ways of death and hell,
Home to God, and grace again.

6 Stretch that conqu'ring arm of thine,
Once stretch'd out to bleed for sin;
Every heart to thee incline;
Now compel them to come in.

264. C. M. STEELE.

And yet there is room.—Luke xiv. 22.

1 **Y**E wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!

Where mercy spreads her bounteous-store,
For every humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come!
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms,
But see, there yet is room!

3 [Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet:
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

4 In him the Father reconcil'd,
Invites your souls to come:
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.]

5 Oh come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love:
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

6 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

7 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room!

265. C. M. HART.

Faith, Hope, and Love.—1 Cor. xiii. 13.

1 **T**HE blest memorials of thy love,
Of thine atoning death;

We come, dear Saviour, to recieve,
But would recieve with—*faith*.

2 The tokens sent us to relieve.

Our spirits, when they droop;
We come, dear Saviour, to recieve,
But would receive with—*hope*.

3 The pledges thou wast pleas'd to leave,

Our sorrows to remove;
We come, dear Saviour, to recieve,
But would receive with—*love*.

4 Here, in obedience to thy word,

We take the bread and wine;
The utmost we can do, dear Lord!
For all beyond is thine.

5 Increase our faith, and hope, and love,

Lord, give us all that's good;
We would thy full salvation prove,
And share thy *flesh and blood*.

266. S. M.

My son, give me thine heart.—Prov. xxiii. 26.

1 **A**ND can I yet delay

My little all to give?
To tear myself from earth away,
My Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!

I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compell'd,
And own him conqueror.

3 Though late I all forsake,

My friends, my all resign,

Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine!

4 Come and possess me whole,
And ne'er from me remove;
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul,
With all thy weight of love.

5 My one desire be this,
Thine only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

6 My life, my portion thou,
Thou all-sufficient art,
My hope, my heav'nly treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.

267. 7s. MONTGOMERY.

Young Convert's resolution.—Ruth i. 16.

1 **P**EOPLE of the living God!
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort no where found.
Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns—a fugitive unblest;
Brethren! where your altar burns,
Oh receive me to your rest.

2 Lonely I no longer roam.
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave,
Where you dwell shall be my home;
Where you die shall be my grave.
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine,

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 268, 269

Earth can fill my soul no more;
Every idol I resign.

- 3 Tell me not of gain and loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp, and power;
Welcome poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour.
"Follow me"—I know thy voice,
Jesus, Lord! thy steps I see;
Now I take thy yoke by choice,
Light thy burden now to me.

268. L. M. GODWIN.

On admission of new members.—Gen. xxiv 31.

WELCOME, thou well-belov'd of God,
Thou heir of grace, redeem'd by blood;
Welcome with us thy hand to join
As partner of our lot divine.

- 2 With us the pilgrims' state embrace,
We're trav'ling to a blissful place;
The Holy Ghost, who knows the way,
Conduct thee on from day to day.
- 3 Take up thy cross, and bear it on,
It shall be light, and not be long;
Soon shalt thou sit with Jesus down,
And wear an everlasting crown.

269. C. M. RYLAND.

Journey to Heaven.—Gen. xxiv. 56.

- 1 **I**N all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue:
Hinder me not, ye much lov'd saints,
For I must go with you.

- 2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.
- 3 ["Stay," says the world, "and taste awhile
"My every pleasant sweet;"
Hinder me not, my soul replies,
Because the way is great.
- 4 "Stay," satan my old master, cries,
"Or force shall thee detain;"
Hinder me not, I will be gone—
My God hath broke thy chain.]
- 5 Through duty and through trials too,
I'll go at his command;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.
- 6 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be—
Hinder me not—come welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

270. L. M. PRES. DAVIES.

Self-dedication to God.

- 1 **L**ORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchas'd and sav'd by blood divine:
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sov'reign right in me.
- 2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransom'd by Immanuel's blood.

- 3 Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all;
Lord, let me live and die to thee—
Be thine through all eternity.

271. L. M. STEELE.

The noblest resolution.—Josh. xxiv. 15.

- 1 **M**AY I resolve with all my heart,
With all my pow'rs to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

- 2 Oh, be his service all my joy!
Around let my example shine,
'Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labours so divine.

- 3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determin'd choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

- 4 Oh, may I never faint, nor tire,
Nor wand'ring, leave his sacred ways;
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise,

272. C. M. STENNETT.

My flesh is meat indeed.—John vi. 53—56.

- 1 **H**ERE, at thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine;
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

- 2 He that prepares this rich repast,
Himself comes down and dies;

And then invites us thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.

- 3 'Here peace and pardon sweetly flow,
Oh what delightful food!
We eat the bread, and drink the wine,
But think on nobler good.
- 4 The bitter torments he endur'd,
Upon th' accursed tree,
For me, each welcome guest may say,
'Twas all procur'd for me.
- 5 Sure there was never love so free,
Dear Saviour so divine;
Well thou may'st claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine.

273. C. M. COLE.

My flesh is meat indeed.—John vi. 55.

- 1 GREAT God, we now surround thy board,
To banquet and to feed;
Thy flesh and blood, dear dying Lord,
Are meat and drink indeed.
- 2 Thy sacred flesh and saving blood,
Do ev'ry type exceed;
And we can say this heav'nly food
Is meat and drink indeed.
- 3 The paschal supper serv'd to show
How Jacob's tribes were freed;
And in a figure pointed to
This meat and drink indeed.
- 4 The manna and the cheering stream,
For Israel's daily need,

Did in the wilderness proclaim
This meat and drink indeed.

5 This is the Lord's appointed feast,
Enjoin'd on all his seed;
His flesh and blood, O happy guest,
Are meat and drink indeed.

6 These sacred signs assist our sense,
But faith on Christ can feed;
He is the bread of excellence,
And meat and drink indeed.

274. C. M. STENNETT.

Eat, O friends! &c.—Cant. v. 1.

1 **L**ORD, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire, that I
Should find a welcome place.

2 I that am all defil'd with sin,
A rebel to my God,
I that have crucified his Son,
And trampled on his blood.

3 What strange surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Saviour takes me by the hand—
My Jesus bids me come.

4 Eat, O my friends, the Saviour cries,
'The feast was made for you;
For you I groan'd, and bled, and died,
And rose, and triumph'd too.

5 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to thee;

275 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

275. 8, 7. WINGROVE.

Miracle of Grace.—Luke xix. 40.

- 1 **H**AIL! my ever blessed Jesus,
Only thee I wish to sing;
To my soul thy name is precious,
Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 2 Oh what mercy flows from heaven,
Oh, what joy and happiness!
Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.
- 3 [Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcern'd in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
'Till my Saviour pass'd that way.
- 4 Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness,
Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace."]
- 5 Shout, ye bright angelic choir,
Praise the Lamb enthron'd above;
Whilst astonish'd, I admire
God's free grace and boundless love.
- 6 That blest moment I receiv'd him,
Fill'd my soul with joy and peace;
Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 276, 277

276. 11s. DE FLEURY.

Kedron.

- 1 **T**HOU soft gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream,
Our Saviour, at midnight, when Cynthia's pale beam
Shone bright on thy waters, would frequently stray,
And lose, in thy murmurs, the toils of the day.
- 2 How damp were the vapours that fell on his head.
How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed;
The angels, astonish'd, grew sad at the sight,
And follow'd their Master with solemn delight.
- 3 Oh garden of Olivet, dear honoured spot,
Thy name and thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above;
The triumph of *sorrow!* the triumph of *love!*
- 4 Come saints and adore him, come bow at his feet;
Oh give him the glory and praise that is meet:
Let joyful hosannahs unceasing arise,
And join the glad chorus that gladdens the skies.

277. 8, 7.

Priest.

GREAT High Priest, we view thee stooping,
With our names upon thy breast;
In the garden, groaning, drooping,
To the ground with sorrow press'd.

278 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

- 2 Weeping angels stood confounded
To behold their Maker thus!
And can we remain unwounded,
When we know 'twas all for us?
- 3 On the cross thy body broken,
Cancels ev'ry penal tie—
Tempted souls, produce this token
All demands to satisfy.
- 4 All is finish'd, do not doubt it,
But believe your dying Lord;
Never reason more about it,
Only take him at his word.
- 5 Lord, we fain would trust thee solely,
Since for us thy blood was spilt;
Gracious Saviour, take us wholly—
'Take and make us what thou wilt.

278. L. M. COLLYER.

The Saviour's love.

- 1 **S**OFT be the gently breathing notes
That sing the Saviour's dying love;
Soft as the ev'ning zephyr floats,
Soft as the tuneful lyres above.
- 2 Soft as the morning dews descend,
While the sweet lark exulting soars;
So soft to your Almighty Friend,
Be every sigh your bosom pours.
- 3 Pure as the sun's enliv'ning ray,
That scatters life and joy abroad;
Pure as the lucid car of day,
That wide proclaims its Maker, God.

- 4 True as the magnet to the pole,
 So true let your contrition be—
 So true let all your sorrows roll,
 To Him who bled upon the tree.

279. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

For one who has just been at the Lord's table.

- 1 **O**h happy day that fix'd my choice
 On thee my Saviour and my God!
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 Oh happy bond that holds my vows
 To him who merits all my love!
 Let grateful incense fill thine house
 Whene'er to seal them, there I move.
- 3 'Tis done! the great transaction's done!
 I am the Lord's; the Lord is mine:
 He drew me, and I follow'd on,
 Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Then rest, thou wand'ring, wayward heart,
 Firm on this blissful centre rest;
 With ashes who would grudge to part,
 When call'd on angels' bread to feast?
- 5 High Heav'n that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
 'Till in my latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

280. L. M. WATTS.

The enjoyment of Christ; or, delight in worship.

- 1 **L**ORD, what a heav'n of saving grace
 Shines through the beauties of thy face,

281 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

And lights our passions to a flame!
Lord, how we love thy charming name!

- 2 When I can say, My God is mine,
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all the earth calls good or great.
- 3 While such a scene of sacred joys
Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs,
Here we could sit and gaze away
A long, an everlasting day.
- 4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,
To the fair coasts of perfect light:
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.
- 5 [There shall we drink full draughts of bliss,
And pluck new life from heav'nly trees!
Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow
A drop of heav'n on worms below.
- 6 Send comforts down from thy right hand,
While we pass through this barren land;
And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.]

281. L. M.

*The Lord's Supper a memorial of Christ's
death.—1 Cor. xi. 26.*

- 1 **N**O—never may our souls forget
Th' injunction of our dying Lord,
To meet, as we have often met,
Around the sacramental board.

- 2 There have our faith, and hope, and love,
Partaken of angelic food;
The *Bread* descending from above,
And *Wine*—the type of Jesus' blood.
- 3 In mem'ry of that dying Lamb,
Who paid for man salvation's price,
Who was at once the great "I AM,"
Th' atoning *Priest*—and *Sacrifice*.
- 4 Thy death, dear Lord, we celebrate,
While round thy table met again;
Thy graces would we imitate,
While on thy footstool we remain.
5. Yes, and while thought, and life shall last,
'Till time and nature's final doom,
Thy friends will share this sweet repast,
Until their Lord again "shall come."

282. L. M. WATTS.

The Saint's Hope.

- 1 **W**HAT sinners value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?
Oh glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

283, 284 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
 'Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
 Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
 And in my Saviour's image rise.

283. C. M. WATTS.

Trials overcome by Hope.

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And hellish darts be hurl'd,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow fall:
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my Heaven, my All.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

284. L. M.

'Let every one that nameth the name of Christ, depart from iniquity.'—2 Tim. ii. 19.

- 1 **L**ET all who name his blessed name,
 Who once for sinners shed his blood,
 Depart from sin, and count it shame
 To live like those who know not God.

- 2 What kind of persons should they be,
Whose names appear enroll'd above?
The people whom the Lord makes free,
To whom he manifests his love.
- 3 What kind of persons should they be?
How blameless should their life appear,
Who hope the Lord in heaven to see,
And dwell with him forever there?
- 4 With hopes so blessed and so bright,
Of heaven they well may think and talk;
And, being children of the light,
As children of the light should walk.
- 5 The sons of God, they well may scorn
The highest honours here on earth;
To heaven's eternal honours born,
To stoop would ill become their birth.
- 6 And when a few short years are past,
What's promis'd now shall then be giv'n;
A goodly portion their's at last,
The glories and the joys of heav'n.

285. C. M. RIPPON.

Christian self-denial.—Mark viii. 34. Luke
ix. 23.

- 1 **A**ND must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for thee?
It is but right, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.
- 2 Yes, let it go—one look from thee
Will more than make amends

286 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

For all the losses I sustain
Of credit, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compar'd with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair!

4 Saviour of souls, could I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
I'd glory in my gain.

286. S. M.

Prayer of a believer after Communion.

1 **O**H! for an ardent faith,
A steadfast trust in God!
To soften life's harassing cares,
And smoothe its rugged road.

2 Oh for a grateful heart!
A patient—humble mind;
To heav'n, submissive and devout,
To man, sincere and kind.

3 Spirit of love and peace!
Descend and fill this heart;
Bid every rising murmur cease,
And every doubt depart.

4 Pour on this darken'd mind,
Thy soul-reviving rays;
Then shall my lips proclaim my joy,
And all my life be praise.

5 Then will this bosom glow
With ecstasy and love:

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 237, 238

And faith and hope, on angel-wing,
Aspire to joys above.

237. C. M. STEELE.

The Request.

- 1 **F**ATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss,
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—
- 2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.
- 3 "Let the sweet hope that I am thine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

238. C. M.

Request.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire—
This one great gift impart—
What most I need—and most desire,
A humble, holy heart.
- 2 Bear witness that I'm born again,
My many sins forgiv'n:
Nor let a gloomy doubt remain
To cloud my hope of heav'n.
- 3 More of myself grant I may know,
From sin's deceit be free,
In all the christian graces grow,
And live alone to thee.

289. 8, 7. ANDREWS.

A prayer for universal holiness.

- 1 **F**ATHER, sanctify me wholly,
Grant me thy transforming grace;
May I still behold thy glory
Shining in the Saviour's face:
Pardon'd through his perfect merit,
Grant me pow'r to conquer sin;
Purify me by thy Spirit;
Take away my dross and tin.
- 2 May I live by faith in Jesus;
Ever boasting in his cross,
Charm'd with all his shining graces,
And delighted with his laws:
As an humble child and servant,
May I still revere thy name;
Love to thee, supreme and fervent,
Growing to a burning flame.
- 3 Grant me sweet entire submission
To thy wise and holy will,
Deep repentance for transgression,
Poverty of spirit still;
Fortitude in times of trial,
Zeal to serve the living God,
Watchfulness and self-denial,
Gratitude for every good.
- 4 In thy presence oft appearing,
May I see thy beauteous face,
Praying, praising, reading, hearing,
Using all the means of grace.

Give me strong, sincere affection
To the saints who fear thy name,
Deep concern, unfeign'd compassion
For the careless and profane.

- 5 Make me just in all my dealings,
That I never may oppress;
Kind, benev'lent in my feelings
To my neighbours in distress;
Sober, temp'rate, gentle, humble,
Well regarding truth and peace.
Father, let me never stumble,
Nor forsake thy sacred way.

290. S. M.

Wants.

- 1 **I** WANT a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.
- 2 This blessing above all,
Always to pray, I want;
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.
- 3 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmov'd by threat'nings or reward,
To thee and thy great name.
- 4 A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

291, 292 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

5 I want, with all my heart,
 Thy pleasure to fulfil;
 To know myself, and what thou art,
 And what thy perfect will.

6 I want, I know not what;
 I want my wants to see;
 I want—alas! what want I not,
 When thou art not in me?

291. C. M. MASON.

Pearl of great price.—Matt. xiii. 46.

1 **I**'VE found the pearl of greatest price;
 My heart exults for joy;
 And sing I must—a Christ I have—
 O what a Christ have I!

2 Christ is my Father and my Friend,
 My Brother and my Love;
 My Head, my Hope, my Counsellor,
 My Advocate above.

3 My Christ, he is the Heav'n of heav'n;
 My Christ what shall I call?
 My Christ is first, my Christ is last,
 My Christ is all in all.

292. C. M. STEELE.

Pearl of great price.—Matt. xiii. 46.

1 **Y**E glitt'ring toys of earth, adieu,
 A nobler choice be mine;
 A real prize attracts my view—
 A treasure all divine.

2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
 Ye specious baits of sense;

Inestimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immense!

3 Should both the Indies, at my call,
Their boasted stores resign,
With joy I would renounce them all,
For leave to call thee mine.

4 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possess'd,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be forever blest.

5 Dear Sovereign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine;
Accept the praise that grace inspires,
Since I can call thee mine!

293. C. M. STEELE.

Vanities of the world.—Ps. iv. 6, 7.

1 **B**E GONE, ye gilded vanities,
I seek substantial good;
To real bliss my wishes rise—
The favor of my God.

2 Thy smiles immortal joys impart,
Heav'n dawns in every ray;
One glimpse of thee will cheer my heart,
And turn my night to day.

3 Not all the good which earth bestows,
Can fill the craving mind:
Its highest joys have mingled woes,
And leaves a sting behind.

4 Should boundless wealth increase my store,
Can wealth my cares beguile?

I should be wretched still, and poor,
Without thy blissful smile.

5 [Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.]

5 Grant, O my Father, and my God,
This sweet, this one request;
Be thou my guide to thine abode,
And mine eternal rest.

294. C. M. BROWN

Worth of a soul.—Mark viii. 36.

1 **V**AIN world, thy cheating arts give o'er,
Thine offers I despise:
In vain thou spread'st thy tempting store,
To catch my wand'ring eyes.

2 Bribe me no more with glitt'ring toys,
To catch my soul away;
Nor seek, by such delusive joys,
To tempt my feet astray.

3 I cannot part with gold for dross,
Nor solid good for show!
Nor drink your bliss, to mourn my loss
In everlasting woe!

4 Vain world, thy weak attempts forbear,
I all thy charms defy,
And rate my precious soul too dear,
For all thy wealth to buy.

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 295, 296

295. L. M. STEELE.

Poor in spirit.—Matt. v. 3.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, complain no more;
Let faith survey your future store,
How happy, how divinely blest,
The sacred words of truth attest!
- 2 When conscious grief laments sincere,
And pours the penitential tear,
Hope points to your dejected eyes,
The bright revision in the skies.
- 3 In vain the sons of wealth and pride
Despise your lot, your hopes deride:
In vain they boast their little stores;
Trifles are theirs—a kingdom yours.—
- 4 A kingdom of immense delight,
Where health, and peace, and joy unite;
Where undeclining pleasures rise,
And every wish hath full supplies.
- 5 Jesus, to thee I breathe my pray'r!
Reveal, confirm my int'rest there:
Whate'er my humble lot below,
This, this my soul desires to know!
- 6 Oh let me hear that voice divine,
Pronounce the glorious blessing mine;
Enroll'd among thy happy poor,
My largest wishes ask no more.

296. L. M. WATTS.

Earth abandoned.

- 2 **L**ORD, I renounce my carnal taste
Of the fair fruit that sinners prize;

Their paradise shall never waste
One thought of mine, but to despise.

- 2 All earthly joys are overweigh'd
With mountains of vexatious care;
And where's the sweet that is not laid
A bait to some destructive snare?
- 3 Begone, forever, mortal things!
Thou mighty molehill, earth, farewell!
Angels aspire on lofty wings,
And leave this earth where sinners dwell.
- 4 Come, Saviour, fill my large desires;
My soul pursues the sovereign good:
She was all made of heav'nly fires,
Nor can she love this earthly clod.

297. L. M. MEDLEY.

One thing needful.—Luke x. 42.

- 1 **J**ESUS, engrave it on my heart,
That thou the one thing needful art!
I could from all things parted be,
But never, never, Lord, from thee!
- 2 Needful art thou to make me live;
Needful art thou all grace to give;
Needful to guide me, lest I stray;
Needful to help me every day.
- 3 Needful is thy most precious blood;
Needful is thy correcting rod;
Needful is thy indulgent care;
Needful thy all-prevailing prayer.
- 4 Needful thy presence, dearest Lord,
True peace and comfort to afford;

Needful thy promise, to impart
Fresh life and vigor to my heart.

5 Needful art thou to be my stay
Through all life's dark and thorny way;
Nor less in death thou'lt needful be,
When I yield up my soul to thee.

6 Needful art thou to raise my dust
In shining glory with the just;
Needful when I in heav'n appear,
To crown, and to present me there.

298. L. M. MEDLEY.

Morning Star.—Rev. xxii. 16.

1 **I**N glory bright the Saviour reigns,
And endless grandeur there sustains;
We view his beams, and from afar
Hail him the bright, the Morning Star.

2 Blest Star! where'er his lustre shines,
He all the soul with grace refines;
And makes each happy saint declare,
He is the bright, the Morning Star.

3 Sweet Star! his influence is divine;
Life, peace, and joy, attending shine;
Death, hell, and sin, before him flee;
The bright, the Morning Star is he.

4 Great Star! in whom salvation dwells,
His beam the thickest cloud dispels;
The grossest darkness flies afar,
Before this bright, this Morning Star.

5 Most glorious Star! be thou our guide,
Nor from our souls thy splendor hide;

299, 300 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

Let nothing thy sweet beams debar,
Thou only bright and Morning Star.

- 6 Eternal Star! our songs shall rise,
When we shall meet thee in the skies;
And, in eternal anthems, there,
Praise thee, the bright, the Morning Star.

299. L. M. H. K. WHITE.

Star of Bethlehem.—Matt. ii. 1, 2.

- 1 **O**NCE on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark.

- 2 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem:
When suddenly a Star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

- 3 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark foreboding cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

- 4 Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and forevermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

300. C. M. MEDLEY.

My record is on high.—Job xvi. 19.

- 1 **M**Y soul, arise! shake off thy fears,
And wipe thy sorrows dry;
Jesus in heav'n thy witness bears.
Thy record is on high.

- 2 Above this world of sins and pains,
Beyond the glitt'ring sky,
My witness still in heav'n remains—
My record is on high.
- 3 Cheerful I'll bow to all his will,
And at his footstool lie;
My witness lives in heav'n, and still
My record is on high.
- 4 Behold, my soul, whate'er betides,
Thou shalt not, canst not die;
My witness still in heav'n abides—
My record is on high.
- 5 Thus, while I sing of Christ, my Lord,
And angels' harps outvie,
My witness lives in heav'n ador'd—
My record is on high.

301. L. M.

Life hid with Christ in God.—Col. iii. 3.

- 1 **Y**E saints, exult in Jesus' name,
Make Jesus' love your darling theme;
Sing on—you're in the heav'nly road,
Your life is hid with Christ in God.
- 2 'Tis hid from every carnal eye,
'Tis hid secure with God on high;
Beyond the reach of earth or hell,
'Tis hid with our Immanuel.
- 3 Satan may rage, the world annoy,
But neither can this life destroy;
That's safely lodg'd in Jesus' breast,
The sinner's refuge, christian's rest.

302 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

- 4 The seeds of grace your Lord bestows,
From him the oil of grace still flows;
'Till you are rais'd to his abode,
Your life is hid with Christ in God.

302. L. M.

Having a desire to depart and be with Christ.

- 1 **Y**ES!—"it is better to depart,
And be with Christ," in realms above,
Than here to linger, where the heart
No unpolluted joy can prove.
- 2 "'Tis better to depart, and be
With Christ," beyond the reach of pain;
Than exil'd from our home, to see
Our wholesad "three score years and ten."
- 3 'Tis better far to quit this scene
Of partial bliss and real woe;
And, freed from wretchedness and sin,
To heav'n's unclouded glories go.
- 4 Though we have met around his board,
And gaz'd and wonder'd at his love;
'Tis better to behold our Lord,
Enthron'd in majesty above.
- 5 Oh blessed hope! transporting sight!
HIS face to see!—with HIM to live!
'Twill yield more exquisite delight
Than kings enjoy,—than earth can give!
- 6 Let but Immanuel speak the word,
The spirit quits her house of clay,
And soars triumphant to her Lord,
To bliss that never shall decay.

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 303, 304

303. C. M. WATTS.

Parting with carnal joys.

- 1 **M**Y soul forsakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewell;
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
And mischievous as hell.
- 2 No longer will I ask your love,
Nor seek your friendship more;
The happiness that I approve
Is not within your power.
- 3 There's nothing round this spacious earth
That suits my large desire;
To boundless joy and solid mirth
My nobler thoughts aspire.
- 4 [Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
From sin and dross refin'd,
Still springing from the throne of God,
And fit to cheer the mind.
- 5 Th' Almighty Ruler of the sphere,
The glorious, and the great,
Brings his own all-sufficiency there
To make our bliss complete.]
- 6 Had I the pinions of a dove
I'd climb the heav'nly road;
There sits my Saviour dress'd in love,
And there my smiling God.

304. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Rejoicing.—Ps. cxxxviii. 5.

- 1 **N**OW let our voices join
To form a sacred song;

- Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.
- 2 How straight the path appears!
How open and how fair!
No lurking gins t' entrap our feet,
No fierce destroyer there.
- 3 But flow'rs of Paradise
In rich profusion spring;
The Sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.
- 4 All honour to his name,
Who marks the shining way,—
To him who leads the wand'ers on
To realms of endless day.

305. 7, 6. WHITEFIELD.

The Pilgrim's song.

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Tow'rd's heav'n thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove:
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source.
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;

- Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Fly me riches, fly me cares,
While I that coast explore;
Flatt'ring world with all thy snares,
Solicit me no more.
Pilgrims fix not here their home,
Strangers tarry but a night;
When the last dear morn is come,
They'll rise to joyful light.
- 4 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon the Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies;
There we'll join the heav'nly train,
Welcom'd to partake the bliss;
Fly from sorrow and from pain,
To realms of endless peace.

306. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Asking the way to Zion.—Jer. 50. 5.

- 1 **I**NQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way,
That leads to Zion's hill,
And thither set your steady face,
With a determin'd will.
- 2 Invite the strangers all around,
Your pious march to join;
And spread the sentiments you feel,
Of faith and love divine.
- 3 Oh come, and to his temple haste,
And seek his favour there;

307, 308 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour your fervent prayer!

- 4 Oh come, and join your souls to God
In everlasting bands;
Accept the blessings he bestows,
With thankful hearts and hands.

307. C. M. BARBAULD.

The way to Zion.

- 1 **O**UR country is Immanuel's ground,
We seek that promis'd soil:
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.
- 2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bath'd in tears;
Yet nought but heav'n our hopes can raise,
And nought but sin our fears.
- 3 Our pow'rs are oft dissolv'd away
In ecstasies of love;
And while our bodies wander here,
Our souls are fix'd above.
- 4 We purge our mortal dross away,
Refining as we run;
But while we die to earth and sense,
Our heav'n is here begun.

308. L. M. NEWTON.

A welcome to Christian friends.

- 1 **B**RETHREN, belov'd for Jesus' sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which he alone can give!

- 2 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love!
- 3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When thus we meet to pray and praise;
We only wish to speak of him,
And tell the wonders of his grace.
- 4 We'll talk of all he did and said,
His suff'rings and his dying love,
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And how he triumphs now above.
- 5 Thus as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
Then hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more.

309. C. M. SWAIN.

Brotherly love.—Ps. cxxxiii. 1.

- 1 **H**OW sweet, how heav'nly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil his word!
- 2 Oh may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part:
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.
- 3 Free us from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes fix above;
May each his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.

310 EVANGELICAL HYMNS,

- 4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heav'n that finds
His bosom glow with love.

310. S. M. FAWCETT.

A parting hymn.

- 1 **B**LEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds,
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent pray'rs;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 311, 312

- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

311. L. M. BARBAULD.

Christian love.

- 1 **H**OW blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds!
How swift the heav'nly course they run,
Whose hearts and faith and hopes are one.
- 2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What jealous love, what holy fear!
How doth the gen'rous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin.
- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow,
For human guilt and mortal woe;
Their ardent pray'rs together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Together oft they seek the place,
Where God reveals his awful face;—
At length they meet in realms above;
A heav'n of joy—because of love.

312. C. M. MILLER.

PART I.

Fellowship.—Col. ii. 2.

- 1 **O**UR souls by love together knit,
Cemented, mixt in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heav'n on earth begun.

3.2 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

- 2 Our hearts have often burn'd within,
And glow'd with sacred fire,
While Jesus spoke, and fed, and blest,
And fill'd th' enlarg'd desire.
- 3 The little cloud increases still,
The heav'ns are big with rain;
We haste to catch the teeming show'r,
And all its moisture drain.
- 4 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows!
But pour a mighty flood;
Oh! sweep the nations, shake the earth,
'Till all proclaim thee God.
- 5 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And set'st thy starry crown;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaim'd by thee thine own;
- 6 May we, a little band of love,
We sinners, sav'd by grace,
From glory unto glory chang'd,
Behold thee face to face.

PART II. L. M. TAPPAN.

Union.

- 1 **U**NION prevails in heav'n, from him
Who all its spangled sheet unroll'd,
Down to the flaming cherubim
That veils his face with wings of gold.
- 2 Union is written on each star,
That walks in music as it shines;
And the dim worlds that float afar,
Reveal it, trac'd in living lines.

- 3 In union goes the cloud of prayer,
Our embassy to yonder skies;
Falt'ring, and yet accepted there,
For God approves the sacrifice.
- 4 Oh, Thou! that sendest blessings down,
The hearing and the answering One!
Smile on our toil, and give the crown,
And give the world to Christ thy Son.

313. C. M. SWAIN.

Love is a flower in grace.

- 1 **T**HE finest flow'r that ever blow'd,
Open'd on Calv'ry's tree,
When Jesus' blood in rivers flow'd,
For love of worthless me!
- 2 Its deepest hue, its richest smell,
No mortal can declare;
Nor can the tongue of angels tell
How bright the colours are.
- 3 Earth could not hold so rich a flow'r,
Nor half its beauties show;
Nor could the world and satan's pow'r,
Confine its sweets below.
- 4 On Canaan's banks, supremely fair,
This flow'r of glory blooms:
Transplanted to its native air,
And all the shores perfumes.
- 5 But not to Canaan's shores confin'd;
The seeds which from it blow,
Take root within the human mind,
And scent the church below.

314, 315 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

- 6 And soon on yonder banks above,
Shall every blossom here
Appear a full-blown flow'r of love,
Like him transplanted there.

314. S. M. BEDDOME.

Christian love.—Gal. iii. 28.

- 1 **L**ET party names no more
The christian world o'erspread:
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ, their head,
- 2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love abound:
Heirs of the same inheritance
Should be in union found.
- 3 Let envy, child of hell!
Be banish'd from our sight:
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who in the Lord delight.
- 4 Then will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

315. P. M. J. P. CAMPBELL.

Pilgrim's farewell; or, Communicants parting.
[Tune—Pilgrim's Farewell.]

- 1 **H**APPY place, happy place, happy place,
where our dear Lord is seen,
In sacred emblems newly slain,
Through all the soul sweet transport pours,
Or peace distils in gentle showers.

CHORUS.

Or peace, or peace, or peace, distils in gentle showers.

2 Sure 'tis heav'ns, &c. rich earnest here we taste,

While clinging round the cross we feast:
Our mingling hearts strange union know,
And learn to love as angels do.

CHORUS. *And learn, &c.*

3 Oh the cross! what glories strike our eyes!
See its strong crimson flush the skies?
Wrath thunders not with angry breath,
And hope lights up the realms of death.

4 Pardon'd sin! the blood from Jesus' veins
Redeems and saves from endless pains;
The world retires, lo! heaven is near:
'Tis good, O Lord, to shelter here.

5 Ling'ring round, still our fond hearts would
And sing our peaceful days away: [stay,
But sterner duties call anew;
Here hours of rapture must be few.

6 Must we part? Ah! yes we must be gone;
From Pisgah's top go sighing down:
Life's darkling vale must yet be trod.
Through scenes of toil we rise to God.

7 Why these tears! O, stay this rising woe:
What though we never meet below?
The shore of promise blooms before;
There soon we'll meet to part no more.

316 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

- 8 Yes, we'll meet, possess'd of all we hope,
Nor see the feast of love break up:
Now friendship hail thy purer skies,
Now see thy joys immortal rise!
- 9 Ere we go, let a kind tear be shed
O'er precious souls around us dead:
To quenchless flames, from mercy's call,
Shall they, alas! unpitied fall!—
- 10 God forbid—for sinners still we'll cry,
And weep till pity's self shall die:
Lord, wash their guilt, let mercy reign:—
Oh! shall they sink to endless pain?
- 11 Sinners hear—'tis mercy's voice resounds,
And Calv'ry pleads with all her wounds;
With melting hearts to Jesus fly,
Or we must leave you with a sigh.

316. L. M. KELLY.

Heb. xiii. 14.

- 1 “**W**E’VE no abiding city here”—
This may distress the worldly mind;
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 “We’ve no abiding city here”—
Sad truth, were this to be our home:
But let this thought our spirits cheer,
“We seek a city yet to come.”
- 3 “We’ve no abiding city here”—
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear;
But let us haste from all below.

- 4 "We've no abiding city here"—
We seek a city out of sight:
Zion its name—the Lord is there;
It shines with everlasting light.

317. 8, 7. ANDREWS.

A parting address.

- 1 **B**EING call'd to part asunder,
Let us to the Lord submit;
All our pow'rs to him surrender,
Seeking blessings at his feet:
And when absent from each other,
May we still be join'd in heart,
Sure in heav'n to meet together,
Never, never more to part.
- 2 Ever present in the spirit,
Waiting at the throne of grace,
Let us plead the Saviour's merit
For each other's perfect peace.
Humble, fervent, without ceasing,
Let our prayers to God ascend,
Faith, and love, and hope increasing,
Till our days of conflict end.
- 3 Christians, live to God your Saviour,
Ever trust his sacred name;
By an humble, meek behaviour
Put the scoffing world to shame.
For the Lord of hosts be jealous,
Keep his glory still in view;
For the cause of Christ be zealous,
Honour it in all you do.

- 4 Sinners, take a friendly warning,
 From the death of sin arise,
 Lest you sink to endless burning,
 And in hell lift up your eyes.
 In the day of awful thunder
 You must see your Judge's face,
 And a strict account must render
 For rejecting life and peace.
- 5 Parents, children, young and aged,
 To your vast concerns attend;
 In religion be engaged;
 O regard your latter end!
 Live a life of self-denial,
 Run, with joy, the heavenly road,
 Make your way through every trial,
 And in glory meet your God.

318. 7s. NEWTON.

At parting.—Acts xx. 32.

- 1 **F**OR a season call'd to part,
 Let us now ourselves commend
 To the gracious eye and heart
 Of our ever-present friend.
- 2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer;
 Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
 Let thy mercy and thy care
 All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 In thy strength may we be strong;
 Sweeten every cross and pain;
 Give us, if we live, ere long
 Here to meet in peace again.

- 4 [Then, if thou thy help afford,
 Ebenezers shall be rear'd;
 And our souls shall praise the Lord,
 Who our poor petitions heard.]

319. 11s. CLELAND.

Social worshippers parting.

- 1 **F**AREWELL, loving Christians; the time
 is at hand

When we must be parted from this social band;
 Our sev'ral engagements do call us away;
 Separation is needful, and we must obey.

- 2 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell for a-
 while;

We'll soon meet again if kind Providence smile;
 But when we are parted and scatter'd abroad,
 We'll pray for each other, when wrestling with
 God.

- 3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be
 discharg'd,

The war's almost over, the crown is enlarg'd,
 With singing and shouting, though Jordan may
 roar,

You'll enter fair Canaan, and rest on the shore.

- 4 Farewell, ye young converts, enlisted for
 war;

Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near;
 Although you must travel this dark wilderness,
 Your Captain's before you, he'll lead you to
 rest.

5 The world, flesh, and devil, and hell, all
unite,

And bold persecutors will try to affright;
Jehovah fights for you, he's stronger than they;
Let this animate you to march on your way.

6 Farewell, seeking mourners, ye broken in
heart,

O come to the Saviour, and choose the good
part;

He's full of compassion, and mighty to save;
His arms are extended your souls to receive.

7 Farewell, careless sinners; for you I do
mourn,

To think of your danger and great unconcern,
You're bound to the Judgment where all must
appear;

There, there you'll stand trembling with tor-
menting fear.

8 Your frolics and pastimes, in which you de-
light,

Will serve to torment you in that dread affright;
You'll think of the sermons that you've heard
in vain,

When hope's gone forever of hearing again.

9 Farewell, fellow-trav'lers; farewell, all a-
round:

Should we never meet till we wake under
ground,

To meet you in glory I give you my hand,
The Saviour to praise in a pure social band.

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 320, 321

320. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Christian farewell.—2 Cor. xiii. 11.

- 1 **T**HY presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In every place thy children keep.
- 2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain;
When absent, happy, if we share
Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.
- 3 To thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near thy feet,
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.
- 4 Bring us together in thy house,
Again to pay our thankful vows;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

321. P. M.

At parting.

- 1 **J**ESUS, grant us all a blessing,
Send it down, Lord, from above;
May we all go home a praying,
And rejoicing in thy love.
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet again.
- 2 Jesus, pardon all our follies,
Since together we have been;
Make us humble, make us holy,
Cleanse us all from every sin.

322, 323 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet again.

3 May thy blessing, Lord, go with us,
To each one's respective home,
And the presence of our Jesus
Rest upon us every one.

Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet at home.

322. 8, 7, 4.

At parting.

1 **L**ORD, vouchsafe to us thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us now, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
O refresh us!

Trav'ling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation,
In our hearts and lives abound.
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey:
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

323. L. M. BARNARD.

At parting. Farewell.—Acts xviii. 21.

1 **O**H! happy day, when saints shall meet
To part no more!—the tho't is sweet;

- No more to feel the rending smart,
Oft felt below, when Christians part.
- 2 Oh happy place, I still must say,
Where all but love is done away;
All cause of parting there is past;
'Their social feast will ever last.
- 3 Such union here is sought in vain,
As there, in every heart will reign;
There separations can't compel
The saints to bid the sad farewell.
- 4 On earth, when friends together meet,
And find the passing moments sweet;
Time's rapid motion soon compel,
With grief to say—dear friends, farewell.
- 5 The shepherd feels the smarting shock,
Of parting from his weeping flock;
His feelings for them, none can tell,
When forc'd to say—my friends, farewell.
- 6 The happy season soon will come,
When saints shall meet in heav'n, their home;
Eternally with Christ to dwell,
Nor ever hear the sound, farewell.

324. C. M.

Church on earth & heaven but one.—Eph. iii. 15.

- 1 COME let us join our friends above,
That have obtain'd the prize;
And on the eagle-wings of love,
To joy celestial rise.
- 2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;

For all the servants of our King
In heav'n and earth are one.

- 3 One family, we dwell in him,
One Church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
- 4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 5 How many to their endless home
This solemn moment fly!
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.
- 6 Dear Saviour, be our constant guide,
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood and waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

325. C. M.

Christians parting.

- 1 **T**HRO' Christ when we together came
In singleness of heart,
We met, O Jesus, in thy name,
And in thy name we part.
- 2 We part in body, not in mind,
Our minds continue one;
And each to each, in Jesus join'd,
We happily go on.
- 3 Present in spirit still we are,
And intimately nigh;

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 326, 327

While on the wings of faith and prayer,
We Abba, Father! cry.

4 Oh, may thy Spirit, dearest Lord,
In all our travels, still
Direct, and be our constant guard
To Zion's holy hill.

5 Oh! what a joyful meeting there,
Beyond these changing shades;
White are the robes we then shall wear,
And crowns upon our heads.

6 Haste, Lord, and bring us to the day
When we shall dwell at home;
Come, O Redeemer, come away;
O Jesus, quickly come.

326. L. M. H. K. WHITE.

Christians parting.

1 COME, christian brethren! ere we part
Join every voice and every heart,
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

2 Christians, we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, releas'd from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

327. C. M. BEDDOME.

Prayer for past enjoyments.—Ps. cxix. 32.

1 A GAIN, indulgent Lord, return
With thy sweet, quick'ning grace,
To animate my sluggish soul,
And speed me in my race.

328 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

- 2 O may I feel, as once I felt,
When pain'd and griev'd at heart;
Thy kind, forgiving, melting look,
Reliev'd my every smart.
- 3 Let graces, then in exercise,
Be exercis'd again;
And, nurtur'd by celestial pow'r,
In exercise remain.
- 4 Awake, my love, my faith, my hope,
My fortitude and joy;
Vain world, begone, let things above
My happy thoughts employ.
- 5 Whilst thee, my Saviour, and my God,
I would forever own;
Drive each rebellious, rival lust,
Each traitor, from the throne.
- 6 Instruct my mind, my will subdue,
To heav'n, my passions raise;
And let my life forever be
Devoted to thy praise.

328. 7s.

Divine assistance implored.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Saviour of my soul,
Trembling to thy cross I flee;
Make a wounded spirit whole;
Rescue, succour, strengthen me.
- 2 Wand'ring far from thee and heav'n,
Through the world's deceitful maze;
To its sinful follies giv'n
All my earliest, brightest days,

- 3 I can offer to thy love
Only this poor bleeding heart,
Which of sin begins to prove
All the anguish, all the smart.
- 4 Ah! this heart if thou disdain,
To what refuge shall I flee!
To this world and sin again;—
Hopeless child of misery!
- 5 No! the world and sin I leave;
Suppliant at thy cross I lie,
Till thou peace and pardon give,—
Friend of sinners, hear me cry.
- 6 Friend of sinners, hear me cry;
I can go to none but thee;
Thou that didst for sinners die,
Rescue, succour, strengthen me.

329. L. M. WATTS.

Longing after God; or, the love of God better than life.

- 1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.
- 2 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water brook.
- 3 My life itself, without thy love,
No taste or pleasures could afford;

330 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banish'd from the Lord.

- 4 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And bless the remnant of my days.

330. C. M. HASTINGS.

Sin lamented, and holiness desired.

- 1 **M**Y soul would fain mount cheerful up,
To meet a smiling God;
But her weak pinions tire and droop,
Beneath a heavy load.

- 2 Father, I fall before thy throne,
And all my sins confess;
My base ingratitude I own,
And plead thy pard'ning grace.

- 3 To thee I look, on thee I trust,
Thy promise, Lord, is true;
Nought but that pow'r, that form'd me first
Can form my heart anew.

- 4 O may I see thy graces shine,
My stubborn soul to move,
And thaw this frozen heart of mine,
To streams of purest love.

- 5 I cannot live, if thou depart;
Thy presence is my stay;
O, repossess my yielding heart,
And purge its sins away.

- 6 Do thou my guilty fears control;
Oh grant me faith divine;

Make me in spirit, body, soul,
Oh Lord, forever thine.

331. L. M. W————.

My grace is sufficient for thee.—2 Cor. xii. 9.

- 1 **C**OME, all ye chosen saints of God,
Whose souls are wash'd in Jesus' blood,
Hear what he says, his word is true—
"My grace sufficient is for you.
- 2 "I am your sure, almighty friend,
Who, loving, loves you to the end;
I will be near you, and will shew,
My grace sufficient is for you.
- 3 I know how num'rous are your foes;
I know the ways which they oppose;
I know their cunning malice too—
My grace sufficient is for you.
- 4 "Though satan strives your souls t' ensnare,
You're still the objects of my care;
You're near my heart, I'll bring you thro'—
My grace sufficient is for you.
- 5 "Do you want proof of this my love?—
Calv'ry survey;—then heav'n above;
See, how the ransom'd millions bow!—
My grace sufficient is for you.
- 6 "I'll guide you safely in the way,
Thro' life's dark night, to heav'n's bright day;
And there with wonder, you shall view,
My grace sufficient was for you."

332. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

Grace.—Eph. ii. 5.

- 1 **G**RACE! tis a charming sound!
 Harmonious to the ear!
 Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contriv'd the way
 To save rebellious man;
 And all the steps that grace display
 Which drew the wond'rous plan.
- 3 [Grace first inscrib'd my name
 In God's eternal book;
 'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
 Who all my sorrows took.]
- 4 Grace led my roving feet,
 To tread the heav'nly road:
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.
- 5 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Through everlasting days;
 It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

PART II. 11, 8. K.

Election.—Jer. xxxi. 3. 1 Cor. iv. 7.

- 1 **I**N songs of sublime adoration and praise,
 Ye pilgrims, for Zion who press,
 Break forth and extol the great Ancient of
 days,
 His rich and distinguishing grace.

- His love from eternity fix'd upon you,—
 Broke forth and discover'd its flame,
 When each with the cords of his kindness he
 drew,
 And brought you to love his great name.
- 3 O, had not he pity'd the state you were in,
 Your bosoms his love had ne'er felt:
 You all would have liv'd, would have died
 too in sin,
 And sunk with the load of your guilt.
- 4 What was there in you, that could merit es-
 teem,
 Or give the Creator delight?
 'Twas "Even so, Father," you ever must
 sing,
 "Because it seem'd good in thy sight."
- 5 Then give all the glory to his holy name;
 To him all the glory belongs;
 Be yours the high joy still to sound forth his
 fame,
 And crown him in each of your songs.

333. L. M. R— —.

By grace ye are saved.—Eph. ii. 5.

- 1 **S**ELF-RIGHTEOUS souls on works rely,
 And boast their moral dignity;
 But if I lisp a song of praise,
 Grace is the note my soul shall raise.
- 2 'Twas grace that quicken'd me when dead,
 And grace my soul to Jesus led;

334 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

- Grace brings me pardon for my sin—
 'Tis grace subdues my lusts within.
- 2 'Tis grace that sweetens every cross,
 'Tis grace supports in every loss,
 In Jesus' grace my soul is strong—
 Grace is my hope and Christ my song,
- 4 'Tis grace defends when danger's near;
 By grace alone I persevere;
 'Tis grace constrains my soul to love—
 Free grace is all they sing above.
- 5 Thus 'tis alone of grace I boast,
 And 'tis in grace alone I trust;
 For all that's past grace is my theme—
 For what's to come 'tis still the same.
- 6 Through endless years, of grace I'll sing,
 Adore and bless my heav'nly King;
 I'll cast my crown before his throne,
 And shout free grace to him alone.

334. S. M. FELLOWS.

Naaman healed.—2 Kings v. 1—14.

- 1 **W**HEN Syria's leprous chief
 From fair Damascus came,
 Fir'd with the hopes of sure relief,
 By great Elisha's fame—
- 2 The holy prophet stood
 Attentive to his strain,
 And bid him wash in Jordan's flood,
 And instantly be clean.
- 3 The mean's of cure appear'd
 So humbling to his pride,

With high disdain the warrior heard,
And sternly thus replied:

- 4 "To wash in Jordan's streams
I can't approve as meet,
When Pharpar's streams are known to lave
My own Damascus' feet.
- 5 "What business have I here,
Far from my native place?
Could not I wash in water there,
And there receive the grace?"
- 6 Thus men neglect the use
Of means which God makes known,
And in their room would introduce
Inventions of their own.
- 7 Oh give me wisdom, Lord,
Thy holy ways to prize,
And follow thy commanding word,
However men despise.

335. L. M. SMITH.

I will in no wise cast out.—John vi 37.

- 1 **H**ARK! 'tis the Saviour's voice I hear,
Come trembling soul, dispel thy fear,
He saith, and who his word can doubt,
He will in no wise cast you out.
- 2 Doth satan fill you with dismay,
And tell you, Christ will cast away;
It is a truth, why should you doubt?
He will in no wise cast you out!
- 3 Doth sin appear before your view,
Of scarlet or of crimson hue?

336 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

If black as hell why should you doubt?
He will in no wise cast you out!

4 The Publican and dying Thief
Applied to Christ, and found relief;
Nor need you entertain a doubt;
He will in no wise cast you out!

5 Approach your God, make no delay,
He waits to welcome you to-day;
His mercy try, no longer doubt;
He will in no wise cast you out!

336. L. M. B—————.

Come and see.—John i. 46.

1 **J**ESUS, dear name, how sweet it sounds!
Replete with balm for all my wounds!
His word declares his grace is free;
Come, needy sinner, come and see.

2 He left the shining courts on high,
Came to our world to bleed and die;
Jesus, the God, hung on a tree:
Come, thoughtless sinner, come and see.

3 Your sins did pierce his bleeding heart,
Till death had done its dreadful part:
Yet his dear love still burns to thee;
Come, trembling sinner, come and see

4 His blood will cleanse the foulest stain,
And make the filthy leper clean;
His fountain open stands for thee;
Come, guilty sinner, come and see.

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 337, 338

337. S. M.

Pious resolutions.

- 1 **A** CHARGE to keep I have,
My God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
That I may live on high.
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
Oh may it all my pow'rs engage
To do my Master's will!
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And thus thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A good account to give!
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Oh let me ne'er my trust betray,
But faithful live and die.

338. 11s. E———.

Lot's wife.—Luke xvii. 32.

- Y**E careless professors who rest on your lees,
Amidst your vain pleasures, your profit
and ease,
Now God says, "arise and escape for your life,
And look not behind you—remember Lot's
wife."
- 2 Awake from your slumber, the warning re-
ceive;
'Tis Jesus that warns you, the message believe:

339 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

While dangers are pending, escape for your
life,

And look not behind you—remember Lot's
wife.

3 The first bold apostate will tempt you to
stray,

And tell you no dangers are found in the way;
He means to deceive you, escape for your life,
And look not behind you—remember Lot's
wife.

4 How many poor souls has the serpent beguil'd!
With specious temptations how many defil'd!
Then be not deluded, escape for your life,
And look not behind you—remember Lot's
wife.

5 The ways of religion true pleasures afford,
No pleasures can equal the joys of the Lord;
Forsake then the world, and escape for your
life,
And look not behind you—remember Lot's
wife.

6 But if you determine the call to refuse,
And venture the way of destruction to choose,
For hell you must part with the blessings of
life,
And then, if not now, you'll remember Lot's
wife.

339. S. M. HEATH.

Watch and pray.—Matt. xxvi. 41.

1 **M**Y soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;

- And hosts of sins are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 Oh watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done,
'Till thou hast got thy crown.
- 4 Fight on my soul, 'till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

340. 5, 6, 8.

The christian's war-song.

- 1 **B**E GONE all dely!
Come let us away!
The season of conflict is come;
The summons is given,
The Lord calls from heaven,
Let no man now tarry at home.
- 2 But should we decline
His standard to join,
Our slackness will meet its reward;
And woe shall they find,
Who tarry behind,
Nor come to the help of the Lord.
- 2 Then cast off delay,
To arms and away,

341 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

To arms!—'Tis thee Lord gives the word!
 Away to the field
 With sword and with shield,
 Away to the help of the Lord.

4 The Lord in his might
 Has gone to the fight:
 And if we should shrink from the toil,
 The work will be done,
 'The day will be won,
 But—others shall gather the spoil.

341. C. M. STEELE.

Watchfulness and prayer.—Matt. xxvi. 41.

1 **A** LAS! what hourly dangers rise!
 What snares beset my way!
 'To heav'n, O let me lift my eyes,
 And hourly watch and pray.

2 Oh gracious God, in whom I live,
 My feeble efforts aid;
 Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
 Though trembling and afraid.

3 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
 When foes and fears prevail;
 And bear my fainting spirits up,
 Or soon my strength will fail.

4 Oh keep me in thy heav'nly way,
 And bid the tempter flee;
 And let me never, never stray
 From happiness and thee.

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 342, 343

342. L. M. BARBAULD.

Christian Warfare.

- 1 **A**WAKE, my soul! lift up thine eyes;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a num'rous host;
Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.
- 2 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage;
The meanest foe of all that train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
- 3 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground;
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all, guard every part,—
But most the traitor in thy heart.
- 4 Clad in the armour, from above,
Of heav'nly truth, and heav'nly love,
Come now, my soul, the charm repel,
And pow'rs of earth and pow'rs of hell.

343. L. M. STEELE.

To whom shall we go?—John vi. 67, 68.

- 1 **T**HOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my Almighty friend—
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?
- 2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go—
A wretched wand'rer from my Lord!
Can this dark world of sin and woe,
One glimpse of happiness afford?
- 3 Eternal life thy words impart,
On these my fainting spirit lives;

344 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine;
While thou art near in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.

5 Thy name my inmost pow'rs adore,
'Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
Depart from thee;—'tis death—'tis more!
'Tis endless ruin! deep despair!

6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie,
Here safety dwells and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is thine!

344. C. M. M.

Light in darkness.—Ps. cxii. 4.

1 **O**H thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, pierc'd by sins and sorrows here,
We could not fly to thee!

2 The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3 But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

4 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw

A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too:

- 5 Oh who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above?
- 6 Then sorrow, touch'd by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day.

345. L. M. FAWCETT.

*As thy days, so shall thy strength be.—Deut.
xxxiii. 25.*

- 1 **A**FFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 2 Let not thy heart despond and say,
"How shall I stand the trying day?"
He has engag'd by firm decree,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And though the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;
For as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That as thy days, thy strength shall be.

346, 347 EVANGELICAL HYMNS

- 5 When call'd to bear the weighty cross,
Of sore affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty,
Still as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 6 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And as thy days, thy strength shall be.

346. L. M. NEWTON.

What shall I give thee?—1 Kings iii. 5.

- L**ORD, dost thou say, "ask what thou wilt?"
I gladly seize the golden hour,
I pray to be releas'd from guilt,
And freed from sin and satan's pow'r.
- 2 More of thy presence, Lord, impart—
More of thy image let me bear;
Erect a throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.
- 3 Give me to read my pardon seal'd,
And from thy joy to draw my strength—
To have thy boundless love reveal'd,
In all its height, and breadth, and length.
- 4 Grant these requests—I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign;
Sick, or in health, or rich, or poor,
All shall be well if thou art mine.

347. L. M. C. WESLEY

Trust in Christ.—Hab. iii. 17, 18.

- A**LTHOUGH the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,

- The with'ring fig-tree droop and die,
The field illude the tiller's toil—
- 2 The empty stall no herd afford—
And perish all the bleating race;
Yet, I will triumph in the Lord!—
The God of my salvation praise!
- 3 Away, each unbelieving fear!
Let fear to cheering hope give place;
My Saviour will at length appear,
And show the brightness of His face.
- 4 Though now my prospects all be cross'd,
My blooming hopes cut off I see;
Still will I in my Jesus trust,
Whose boundless love can reach to me.
- 5 Nor will I ever let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield!
No! in the strength of Jesus, no!
I never will give up my shield.
- 6 In hope believing against hope—
His promis'd mercy will I claim;
His gracious word shall bear me up
To seek salvation in his name.

348. 5, 6. NEWTON.

I will trust.—Isa. xii. 2.

- 1 **B**EGONE, unbelief!
My Saviour is near;
And for my relief
Will surely appear.
By pray'r let me wrestle,
And he will perform;

With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm.

2 Determin'd to save,
He watch'd o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave,
I sported with death:

And can he have taught me
To trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me
To put me to shame?

3 Why should I complain
Of want or distress,
Temptation or pain?
He told me no less:

The heirs of salvation,
I know from his word,
Through much tribulation,
Must follow their Lord.

4 Though dark be my way,
Since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis his to provide;

His way was much rougher,
And darker than mine;
Did Jesus thus suffer,
And shall I repine?

5 His love, in time past,
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink:

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 349, 350

Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long,
And then, oh, how pleasant
The conqueror's song!

349. L. M.

Hope fixed in God.

WHEN guilt distracts my lab'ring breast,
Justice enrag'd, and wrath, I flee—
Thy cross alone I seek for rest,
And fix my hope, O Lord, in thee.

2 Secur'd on Christ, th' eternal rock,
No angry storms, no raging sea
Can e'er my expectations shock,
My hope is fix'd, O Lord, in thee.

3 Oft when death's awful gloomy vale,
Affrighted nature dreads to see—
What thoughts would then my heart assail,
Did I not hope, O Lord, in thee.

4 But I can never, never sink,
My faith a wreck can never be;
Boldly I stand on Jordan's brink,
And sing my hope, O Lord, in thee.

350. 8, 7. MONTGOMERY.

The joy of grief.—2 Cor. vi. 10.

1 **S**WEET the hour of tribulation,
When the heart can freely sigh;
And the tear of resignation
Twinkles in the mournful eye.

2 Have you felt a kind emotion
Tremble through your troubled breast;

351 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

Soft as evening o'er the ocean,
When she charms the waves to rest?

3 Have you lost a friend, or brother?
Heard a father's parting breath?
Gaz'd upon a lifeless mother,
'Till she seem'd to wake from death?

4 Have you felt a spouse expiring
In your arms before your view?
Watch'd the lovely soul retiring
From her eyes, that broke on you?

5 O'er the yielding brow of sadness,
One faint smile of comfort stole;
One soft pang of tender gladness
Exquisitely thrill'd the soul.

6 Trembling, pale, and agonizing,
While you mourn'd the vision gone,
Bright the morning star arising,
Open'd Heav'n, from whence 'it shone,

7 Thither all your wishes bending,
Rise in ecstasy sublime;
Thither all your hopes ascending,
Triumph'd over death and time.

8 Thus afflicted, bruis'd, and broken,
Have you known such sweet relief?
Yes, my friend! and by this token,
You have felt, "the joy of grief."

351. L. M.

The joy of sins forgiven.

1 **E**ARTH has a joy unknown to heaven,
The new born joy of sins forgiven!

Such tears of peace and deep delight,
Ye angels! never dimm'd your sight.

- 2 Ye saw of old, on chaos rise
The beauteous pillars of the skies;
Ye know where Morn, exulting, springs,
And Evening folds her drooping wings.
- 3 Bright Heralds of th' Eternal Will,
Abroad his errands ye fulfil;
Or, thron'd in floods of beamy day,
Symphonious in his presence play.
- 4 Loud is the song—the heavenly plain
Is shaken with the choral strain—
And dying echoes, floating far,
Draw music from each chiming star.
- 5 But I, amid your choirs, shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine;
Ye, on your harps, must lean to hear
A secret chord, that mine shall bear.

352. S. M. KENT.

It shall be well with the righteous.—Isa. iii 19.

- 1 **W**HAT cheering words are these!
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time, and to eternity,
'Tis with the righteous well.
- 2 In every state secure,
Kept by Jehovah's eye;
'Tis well with them while life endures,
And well when call'd to die.
- 3 'Tis well when joys arise,
'Tis well when sorrows flow;

'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations blow.

4 'Tis well, when on the mount,
They feast on dying love;
And 'tis as well in God's account,
When they the furnace prove.

5 He hears the ravens call,
Nor will his children grieve;
Nor can a worthless sparrow fall,
Without my Father's leave.

6 Oh may I doubt no more,
But in his pleasure rest:
Built on his love, his truth, and pow'r,
My soul is truly blest.

353. C. M. Hoskins.

Submission. "It is well."—2 Kings iv. 26.

1 **I**T shall be well, let sinners know,
With those who love the Lord;
His saints have always found it so,
By resting on his word.

2 Peace, then, ye chasten'd sons of God,
Why let your sorrows swell?
Wisdom directs your Father's rod—
His word says, it is well.

3 Though like the Shunamite of old,
Whose creature-comforts fell:
Like her, let faith be strong and bold,
And answer, it is well.

4 Though you may trials sharp endure,
From sin, or death, or hell;

Your heav'nly Father's love is sure,
And therefore, it is well.

- 5 Soon will your sorrows all be o'er,
And you shall sweetly tell,
On Canaan's calm and pleasant shore,
That all at last is well.

354. L. M. MEDLEY.

I know that my Redeemer liveth.—Job xix. 25.

- 1 **I** KNOW that my Redeemer lives;
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
He lives my ever-living head!
- 2 He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.
- 3 He lives to grant me rich supply,
He lives to guide me with his eye,
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.
- 4 He lives to silence all my fears,
He lives to stop and wipe my tears,
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives all blessings to impart.
- 5 He lives my kind, wise, heav'nly friend,
He lives and loves me to the end,
He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
He lives my Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 6 He lives, and grants me daily breath,
He lives, and I shall conquer death,

355, 356 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

He lives my mansions to prepare,
He lives to bring me safely there.

- 7 He lives, all glory to his name!
He lives, my Jesus, still the same;
O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives!

355. C. M. HAWEIS.

Submission.—Job i, 21.

- 1 **S**UBMISSIVE to thy will, my God,
I all to thee resign;
And bow before thy chast'ning rod—
I mourn, but not repine.
- 2 Why should my foolish heart complain,
When wisdom, truth and love,
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
And point to joys above?
- 3 How short are all my suff'rings here,
How needful every cross;
Away, my unbelieving fear,
Nor call my gain, my loss.
- 4 Then give, dear Lord, or take away,
I'll bless thy sacred name;
My Jesus, yesterday, to-day,
Forever is the same!

356. L. M.

Submission to Providence.

WHEN sorrow casts its shade around,
And pleasure seems our course to shun;
When nought but grief and pain is found,
How sweet to say, "Thy will be done."

- 2 When sickness lends its pallid hue,
And every dream of bliss has flown;
When quickly from the fading view
Recede the joys that once were known;
- 3 The soul, resign'd, will still rejoice,
Though life's last sand be nearly run;
With humble faith and trembling voice,
It whispers soft, "Thy will be done."
- 4 When call'd to mourn the early doom
Of one affection held most dear;
While o'er the closing silent tomb,
The bleeding heart distils the tear;
- 5 Though love its tribute sad will pay,
And earthly streams of solace shun;
Still! still! the humble soul will say,
In lowly dust, "Thy will be done."
- 6 Whate'er, O Lord, thou hast design'd,
To bring my soul to thee in trust;
If mercies or afflictions kind,—
(For all thy dealings, Lord, are just,)
- 7 Take all,—but grant, in goodness free,
That love which ne'er thy stroke would shun;
Support this heart, and strengthen me
To say in faith, "Thy will be done."

357. C. M.

Complaint and hope under great pain.

- 1 **L**ORD, I am pain'd, but I resign
My body to thy will;
'Tis grace, 'tis wisdom all divine,
Appoints the pains I feel;

- 2 Dark are the ways of providence,
While they who love thee groan;
Thy reasons lie conceal'd from sense,
Mysterious and unknown.
- 3 Yet nature may have leave to speak,
And plead before her God,
Lest the o'erburden'd heart should break
Beneath thine heavy rod.
- 4 These mournful groans and flowing tears,
Give my poor spirit ease;
While every groan my Father hears,
And every tear he sees.
- 5 Is not some smiling hour at hand,
With peace upon its wings?
Give it, O God, thy swift command,
With all the joys it brings.

358. C. M. GREEN.

Resignation. 'It is the Lord,' &c.—1 Sam. iii. 18.

- 1 **I**T is the Lord, enthron'd in light,
Whose claims are all divine,
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.
- 2 It is the Lord, who gives me all—
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And of his bounties may recall
Whatever part he please.
- 3 It is the Lord—should I distrust,
Or contradict his will!
Who cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still.

- 4 It is the Lord, who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load,
From whom assistance I obtain,
To tread the thorny road.
- 5 It is the Lord, my cov'nant God,
Thrice blessed be his name,
Whose gracious promise, seal'd with blood,
Must ever be the same.
- 6 And can my soul, with hopes like these,
Be sullen or repine?
No—let the Lord take what he please;
To him I all resign.

359. S. M DWIGHT.

Solemn tho'ts after dangerous sickness.—Ps. 88.

- 1 **S**TRETCH'D on the bed of grief,
In silence long I lay;
For sore disease and wasting pain
Had worn my strength away.
- 2 Just o'er the grave I hung;
No pardon met my eyes;
As blessings never greet the slain,
And hope shall never rise.
- 3 Sweet mercy to my soul
Reveal'd no charming ray;
Before me rose a long, dark night,
With no succeeding day.
- 4 I saw beyond the tomb,
The awful Judge appear,
Prepar'd to scan with strict account
My blessings wasted here.

- 5 Then O how vain appear'd
 The joys beneath the sky!
 Like visions past, like flow'rs that blow;
 When wintry storms are nigh.
- 6 How mourn'd my sinking soul
 The Sabbath's hours divine,
 The day of grace, that precious day,
 Consum'd in sense and sin.
- 7 Then to the Lord I pray'd,
 And rais'd a bitter cry—
 "Hear me, O God, and save my soul,
 Lest I forever die."
- 8 He heard my humble cry;
 He sav'd my soul from death;
 To him I'll give my heart and hands;
 And consecrate my breath.
- 9 Ye sinners, fear the Lord,
 While yet 'tis call'd to-day;
 Soon will the awful voice of death
 Command your souls away.
- 10 Soon will the harvest close;
 The summer soon be o'er;
 And soon your injur'd, angry God
 Will hear your pray'rs no more.

360. C. M. J. STEWARD.

Sick bed reflections.

- 1 **M**Y soul would fain indulge a hope
 To reach the heav'nly shore;
 And when I drop this dying flesh,
 That I shall sin no more:

- 2 That then I shall behold the Lamb,
Who once for sin was slain,
But rose triumphing o'er the grave,
And on his throne doth reign.
- 3 I hope to hear and join the song,
That saints and angels raise;
And while eternal ages roll,
To sing eternal praise.
- 4 But O, this dreadful heart of sin!
It may deceive me still;
And while I look for joys above,
May plunge me down to hell.
- 5 The scene must then forever close;
Probation at an end;
No gospel grace can reach me there,
No pardon there descend.
- 6 Come then, O blessed Jesus, come,
To me thy Spirit give;
Shine through a dark, benighted soul,
And bid a sinner live.

361. C. M. WATTS.

Sick bed devotion; or, pleading without repining.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Not dare dispute thy will.
- 2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murmur'ing word,
Against thy chast'ning hand.

- 3 Yet I may plead with humble cries,
Remove thy sharp rebukes:
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Through thy repeated strokes.
- 4 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust;
Our feeble pow'rs can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.
- 5 I'm but a stranger here below,
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I the summons hear.
- 6 But if my life be spar'd awhile
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my business still;
And I'll declare thy love.

362. C. M.

Joy in sorrow.

- 1 **A**ND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high;
- 2 Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
(The only rest for which it pants,)
On the Redeemer's breast.
- 3 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.

I travel my appointed years,
 'Till my Deliv'rer come,
 And wipe away his servant's tears,
 And take his exile home.

363. C. M. TOPLADY.

Affliction; or, meditation on God's love.—
Psalm civ. 34.

- W**HEN languor and disease invade
 This trembling house of clay,
 'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
 And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
 The whispers of his love;
 Sweet to look upward to the place
 Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to look back and see my name
 In life's fair book set down;
 Sweet to look forward, and behold
 Eternal joys my own.
- 4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
 My sins on Jesus laid;
 Sweet to remember that his blood
 My debt of suffering paid.
- 5 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
 Whose love can never end;
 Sweet on his covenant of grace
 For all things to depend.
- 6 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
 To trust his firm decrees;

364 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

Sweet to lie passive in his hand,
And know no will but his.

- 7 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee!

364. 8, 7, 4. PEARCE.

Sweet affliction.—2 Chron. xxxiii. 11—13.

- 1 **I**N the floods of tribulation,
While the billows o'er me roll,
Jesus whispers consolation,
And supports my fainting soul:
Sweet affliction,
That brings Jesus to my soul.

- 2 Thus the lion yields me honey;
From the eater food is given;
Strengthen'd thus, I still press forward,
Singing as I wade to heaven:
Sweet affliction,
And my sins are all forgiven.

- 3 Here, in darkest dispensations,
Doth my faithful Lord appear;
With his richest consolations,
To re-animate and cheer:
Sweet affliction,
Thus to bring my Saviour near.

- 4 In the sacred page recorded,
Thus his word securely stands;
"Fear not, I'm in trouble near thee,
Nought shall pluck thee from my hands!"

Sweet affliction,
Every word my love demands.

All I meet I find assist me
In my path to heav'nly joy,
Where, though trials now attend me,
Trials never more annoy:
Sweet affliction,
Every promise gives me joy.

Wearing there a weight of glory,
Still the path I'll ne'er forget,
But, exulting, cry, it led me
To my blessed Saviour's feet:
Sweet affliction,
Which has brought me to his feet.

365. 8, 7, 4. WINGROVE.

Soul happy on a death bed.

1 **E**VERY moment brings me nearer
To my long-sought rest above;
Higher mounts my soul, and higher—
Oh how happy to remove!
Then, forever,
I shall sing redeeming love.

2 Soon shall I be gone to glory—
Join the bright, angelic race,
There repeat the pleasing story—
I was sav'd by sovereign grace:
And, forever,
View my loving Saviour's face.

3 Though my burden sore oppress me,
And I shrink beneath my pain,

Jesus he will soon release me,
 And your loss will be my gain:
 Precious Saviour!—
 With my Lord I shall remain.

366. C. M. CRUDEN.

For one resigned and happy in prospect of death

1 COME forward, death, and let us talk,
 While near to thee I stand:

I fear thee not; so I draw near
 To shake thy thrice cold hand.

I welcome thee to do thy work,
 Soon as my sands are run;

I cannot form an empty wish
 Thy coming stroke to shun.

2 In some dark chamber of the grave,
 Do thou this body lay;

For in thy hands, O death, my friend,
 I fearless leave my clay.

Haste, take thy dart, thy spear, thy bow,
 And lift thy killing hand;

I'll look thee boldly in the face,
 And thus undaunted stand.

3 By faith I see Immanuel's land;
 Oh let me leap on shore,

To mingle with yon seraphim,
 And in their strains adore.

I hear their harps, their golden harps,
 Sound the Redeemer's praise;

Oh let me join my notes with them,
 And sing redeeming grace.

- 4 Come quickly, death, th' angelic guards
Are hov'ring all around,
And waiting to embrace their charge,
When thou hast me unbound.
Make haste! cut loose! dissolve life's bands;
I long to be away;
When immortality's in view
Could patience bear delay?
- 5 Life's bitterest hour is recompens'd
By ecstasies of death;
Assur'd of endless life, I yield,
Triumphing yield my breath.
I pant for pure immortal joys;
I'm all anxiety,
To see, to hear, to feel, to know,
What means eternity.
- 6 *Now, now* my breath begins to fail!
The spirst's almost free,
And all the bands that kept their hold
At once asunder flee.
I breathe—I feel immortal life,
And taste celestial joy,
While dazzling glories round the throne
My every power employ.
- 7 Ye friends surviving, dry your cheeks;
Your tears, your tears are lost:
Shed them for those who on the sea
Of mortal life are toss'd.
Just on my eye-lids let some friend
His fingers gently lay;

367, 368 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

Without their aid I see the beams
Of an eternal day.

367. 7s.

A hymn to be repeated when rising.

1 **N**OW the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come;
Lord, may I be thine to-day;
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill my soul with heav'nly light,
Banish doubt, and cleanse my sight:
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
Help me labour, help me pray.

3 Keep my haughty passions bound,
Save me from my foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep me safe from every sin.

3 When my work of life is past,
Oh receive me then at last!
Night of sin will be no more,
When I reach the heav'nly shore.

368. C. M.

Morning.

WHEN we, with welcome slumber press'd,
Had clos'd our weary eyes,
A pow'r unseen secur'd our rest,
And made us joyful rise:

2 Numbers last night have doubtless met
Their long eternal doom;
And lost the joys of morning light,
In death's tremendous gloom.

- 3 But life to us its light prolongs,—
 Let warmest thanks arise;
 Great God, accept our morning songs,
 Our willing sacrifice.

369. C. M. STEELE.

Morning song.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, my morning song
 To thee I cheerful raise;
 Thy acts of love 'tis good to sing,
 And pleasant 'tis to praise.
- 2 Preserv'd by thy almighty arm,
 I pass'd the shades of night,
 Serene and safe from every harm,
 To see the morning light.
- 3 While numbers spent the night in sighs,
 And restless pains and woes,
 In gentle sleep I clos'd my eyes,
 And rose from sweet repose.
- 4 When sleep death's image o'er me spread,
 And I unconscious lay,
 Thy watchful care was round my bed,
 To guard my feeble clay.
- 5 Oh let the same almighty care
 Through all this day attend:
 From every danger, every snare,
 My heedless steps defend.
- 6 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
 And guide my future days;
 And let thy goodness fill my soul
 With gratitude and praise.

370, 371 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

370. C. M. J. STEWARD.

Morning song.

- 1 **S**HOULD God forbid the sun to rise,
And endless darkness reign,
Justice would silence every mouth,
Nor let a thought complain.
- 2 Thus had the Sun of Righteousness
Never arose and shone,
The frowning heav'ns had flash'd with wrath,
For crimes which we have done.
- 3 Then had salvation ne'er appear'd,
Nor angels sung of peace;
The anthem never had begun,
Which now will never cease.
- 4 But thanks to God, the nat'ral sun
Does light and heat convey;
The Sun of Righteousness will shine,
An everlasting day.

371. L. M.

A morning hymn.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul! with rapture rise!
And, fill'd with love and fear, adore
The awful sovereign of the skies,
Whose mercy lends me one day more.
- 2 And may this day, indulgent power,
Not idly pass, nor fruitless be,
But may each swiftly flying hour,
Advance my soul more nigh to thee.
- 3 But can it be? that power divine!
Whose throne is light's unbounded blaze,

- While countless worlds and angels join,
To swell the glorious song of praise;
4 Will deign to lend a favoring ear,
When I, poor abject mortal, pray?
Yes, (*boundless goodness!*) he will hear,
Nor cast the meanest wretch away!
5 Then let me serve thee all my days;
And may my zeal with years increase;
For pleasant, Lord, are all thy ways,
And all thy paths are paths of peace.

372. S. M.

Evening hymn.

- 1 **T**HE day is past and gone,
The ev'ning shades appear;
Oh, may I ever keep in mind,
The night of death draws near.
2 I lay my garments by,
Upon my bed to rest;
So death will soon remove me hence,
And leave my soul undrest.
3 Lord, keep me safe this night,
Secure from all my fears;
May angels guard me while I sleep,
Till morning light appears.
4 And when I early rise,
To view th' unwearied sun,
May I set out to win the prize,
And after glory run:
5 That when my days are past,
And I from time remove,

373, 374 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

Lord, I may in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

373. C. M.

Evening.

- 1 **I**NDULGENT Father, by whose care
I've pass'd another day,
Let me this night thy mercy share,
And teach me how to pray.
- 2 Show me my sins, and how to mourn
My guilt before thy face;
Direct me, Lord, to Christ alone,
And save me by thy grace.
- 3 Let each returning night declare
The tokens of thy love;
And every hour thy grace prepare
My soul for joys above.
- 4 And when on earth I close mine eyes,
To sleep in death's embrace,
Let me to heav'n and glory rise,
'T' enjoy thy smiling face.

374. L. M. STEELE.

Evening song.—Ps. cxli. 2.

- 1 **G**REAT God, to thee my ev'ning song
With humble gratitude I raise;
Oh let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.
- 2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every gentle rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and pow'r.

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 375, 376

- 3 Thy love and pow'r, celestial Guard,
 Preserve me from surrounding harm;
 Can danger reach me while the Lord
 Extends his kind, protecting arm?
- 4 Let this blest hope my eye-lids close;
 With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
 Safe in thy care may I repose,
 And wake with praises to thy name.

375. L. M. COLLYER.

Evening song.

- 1 **T**HE night shall hear me raise my song,
 And in her silent courts my tongue
 Shall pour the solitary lay
 For all the mercies of the day.
- 2 Nor will my God disdain to hear
 The sigh I breathe—the fervent pray'r;
 When, sinking to oblivious rest,
 I seek the pillow of his breast.
- 3 And when the blushing morn shall rise,
 To tinge with gold the eastern skies;
 With strength renew'd, my thankful lay
 Shall hail the new-born beams of day.

376. C. M. HARRISON.

Saturday night.

- 1 **B**EGONE, my worldly cares, away!
 Nor dare to tempt my sight;
 Let me begin th' ensuing day,
 Before I end this night.
- 2 Yes, let the work of pray'r and praise
 Employ my heart and tongue:

377 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

Begin, my soul! thy Sabbath days
Can never be too long.

3 Let the past mercies of the week
Excite a grateful frame;
Nor let my tongue refuse to speak
Some good of Jesus' name.

4 On wings of expectation borne,
My hopes to heav'n ascend;
I long to welcome in the morn,
The day with thee to spend.

377. L. M. STENNETT.

The Sabbath.

1 **A**NOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has bless'd.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

3 Oh that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none, but he that feels it, knows.

4 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

5 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasure pass away;

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 378 379

How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

378. L. M. DOBELL.

Sabbath morning.

- 1 **C**OME, dearest Lord, and bless this day,
Come bear our thro'ts from earth away:
Now let our noblest passions rise
With ardour to their native skies.
- 2 Come, holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine;
And let our waiting souls be blest
On this sweet day of sacred rest.
- 3 Then when our Sabbaths here are o'er,
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransom'd we shall spend
A Sabbath which shall never end.

379. L. M.

Asking Christ's presence on the Sabbath.

O FOR a heart to praise and pray,
To spend with Christ this sacred day!
For wings of faith to soar above,
And clasp his feet in arms of love.
I'd hold him fast, till he should give
A word of grace, and bid me live;
I'd plead his blood for guilt and sin,
Till he should cleanse from every stain.
On him, whose glories fill the skies,
I'd gaze and fix my wand'ring eyes;
Copy his beauties on my heart,
Till love transform in every part.

- 4 Tis he can clothe my naked soul,
And by a word can make me whole;
Send peace and patience to the mind,
And give a heart to God resign'd.

330. C. M. BERRIDGE.

Sabbath morning.—Psalm cxviii. 24.

- 1 **O**N this sweet morn my Lord arose,
Triumphant o'er the grave!
He died to vanquish all my foes,
And lives again to save.
- 2 [I bless the Lord, and hail the morn,
It is my Lord's own day;
And faithful souls will surely scorn
To doze the hours away.]
- 3 This is the day for holy rest;
Yet clouds will gather soon,
Except my Lord become my guest,
And put my harp in tune.
- 4 No heav'nly fire my heart can raise
Without the Spirit's aid;
His breath must kindle pray'r and praise,
Or I am cold and dead.
- 5 On all the flocks thy Spirit pour,
And saving health convey;
A sweet, refreshing Sabbath show'r
Will make them sing and pray.
- 6 Direct thy shepherds how to feed
The flocks of thy own choice;
Give savour to the heav'nly bread;
And bid the folds rejoice.

381. C. M.

The Sabbath.

- 1 **W**HEN, on the third auspicious day,
While yet the blushing dawn
Shed forth its earliest smiling ray
To gild the rising morn;
- 2 The "holy women" sought the place
Where their belov'd was laid,
Where shining angels preach'd the grace
That rais'd him from the dead;
- 3 They hasted from the hallow'd ground,
Where his dear flesh had lain,
To tell his mourning friends around,
That Jesus lives again.
- 4 This day, as days of older time,
Is one of heav'nly joy;
Good tidings reach to every clime,
And every tongue employ.

382. P. M. NEEDHAM.

Going to Church.—Ps. cxxii.

- 1 **W**HAT joy possess'd my heart,
What transport did I feel,
To hear my pious friends
Express their holy zeal!
To Zion's hill let us repair,
To pay our vows and worship there!
- 2 How pleasant 'tis to see
The thronging tribes ascend,
With holy longing there
The sacred hours to spend!

Where God records his gracious name,
His saint may lay their humble claim.

3 For Zion's peace ye saints,
Your fervent pray'rs unite;
Be this your work by day—
Your pleasure this by night:
Zion, thy sons which love thee best,
Shall in thy peace be greatly blest.

4 For our dear brethren's sake,
Zion, we wish thee peace;
Prosper, O prosper long,
And may thy sons increase!
We seek thy good, we love the road
Which leads us to God's blest abode!

383. C. M. BROWN.

Evening of the Lord's Day.

1 **F**REQUENT the day of God returns,
To shed its quick'ning beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns,
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love—
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end;

4 Where we shall breathe in heav'nly air,
With heav'nly lustre shine;

Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

384. L. M. DEDDRIDGE.

The Eternal Sabbath.—Heb. iv. 9.

- 1 **T**HINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
Obscures the lustre of thy throne.
- 4 Around thy throne, grant we may meet,
And give us but the lowest seat;
We'll shout thy praise, and join the song
Of the triumphant, holy throng.

385. C. M.

Meditation in the night.

- 1 **T**HY daily mercies, O my God,
My waking thoughts employ;
And while I meditate on thee,
My heart is fill'd with joy.
- 2 Thou giv'st me rest upon my bed,—
Soft slumbers to my eyes;
Thy goodness is again renew'd,
When in the morn I rise.

- 3 Throughout the buisness of the day,
Thine arm does me uphold;
Amidst the darkness of the night,
Thy presence makes me bold.
- 4 Whether in sickness or in health,
Thy grace does me sustain;
Let me, O Lord, enjoy thyself,
And I shall ne'er complain.
- 5 Although my fields no meat afford,
Nor vineyard yield increase,
In thee, my Saviour and my God,
To joy, I will not cease.
- 6 At length, when thou dost call to go,
And bid me earth resign,
Joyful I'll leave my all below,
To be forever thine.

336. C. M.

Winter.

- 1 **S**EE, how rude winter's icy hand
Has stripp'd the verdant ground.
But spring will soon his rage withstand.
And spread new beauties round.
- 2 My soul a sharper winter mourns,
And fruitless I remain;
When will the gentle spring return.
The graces grow again?
- 3 Jesus, my glorious Sun, arise—
This frozen heart remove:
O, hush these storms, and clear my skies.
And let me feel thy love!

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 387, 388

387. C. M. NEWTON.

Spring, or return of joy.

1 **A**T length the wish'd for spring has come:
How alter'd is the scene!

The trees and shrubs are drest in bloom,
The earth array'd in green.

2 I see my Saviour from on high,
Break through the clouds and shine;
No creature now more blest than I,
No song more loud than mine.

3 Thy word does all my hopes revive:
It overcomes my foes;
It makes my languid graces thrive,
And blossom like the rose.

4 Dear Lord, a monument I stand,
Of what thy grace can do;
Uphold me by thy gracious hand,
Each changing season through.

388. L. M. STRONG.

Summer, or the great Harvest.—Matt. xiii. 39.

1 **T**HE summer harvest spreads the field,
Mark—how the whitening hills are
turn'd!

Behold them to the reapers yield;—
The wheat is sav'd—the tares are burn'd.

2 Thus the great Judge, with glory crown'd,
Descends to reap the ripen'd earth!
Angelic guards attend him down,
The same who sang his humble birth.

389 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

- 3 In sounds of glory hear him speak,
 "Go search around the flaming world;
 Haste—call my saints to rise and take
 The seats from which their foes were
 hurl'd.
- 4 Go, burn the chaff in endless fire,
 In flames unquench'd, consume each tare;
 Sinners must feel my holy ire,
 And sink in guilt to deep despair."
- 5 Thus ends the harvest of the earth:—
 Angels obey the awful voice;
 They save the wheat, they burn the chaff;
 All heav'n approves the sovereign choice.

389. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Seasons.—Ps. lxxv. 11.

- 1 **T**HE flow'ry spring, at God's command,
 Perfumes the air, and paints the land;
 The summer rays with vigor shine,
 To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 2 His hand in autumn richly pours,
 Through all her coasts, redundant stores:
 And winters, soften'd by his care,
 No more the face of horror wear.
- 3 Seasons and months, and weeks, and days,
 Demand successive songs of praise;
 And be the cheerful homage paid,
 With morning light and ev'ning shade.
 And O, may each harmonious tongue
 In worlds unknown the praise prolong;

And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

390. L. M. SHOVELLER.

New-Year.

- 1 **B**LEST be th' Eternal Infinite!
Whose skill conducts this rollingsphere,
Who rules our day, who guards our night,
And guides the swift, revolving year!
- 2 Our race are falling every hour,
While we distinguish'd yet appear;
'Tis of thy matchless love and pow'r
That we are spar'd another year.
- 3 Oh for a sweet refreshing time!
Father! thy children wish thee near;
Come, and our joys shall be sublime,
While we begin another year.
- 4 Strengthen our faith, increase our love,
Fill us with godly, filial fear;
And to thy waiting children prove
Thy grace through every fleeting year.
- 5 This truth impress on every soul,
That vast eternity is near—
That time's swift moments onward roll,
To bring the last—the closing year.
- 6 When nature in a blaze shall die,
Or death conclude our being here,
Then to our Jesus may we fly,
To spend a never-ending year

391, 392 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

391. 7s. NEWTON.

New-Year.—Jer. xxviii. 16.

- 1 **L**O! another year is gone!
Quickly have the seasons pass'd!
This we enter now upon,
Will to many prove their last.
- 2 Some, we now no longer see,
Who their mortal race have run,
Seem'd as fair for life as we,
When the former year begun.
- 3 Some, (but who, God only knows,)
That are here assembled now,
Ere the present year shall close,
To the stroke of death must bow.
- 4 If from guilt and sin set free,
By the knowledge of thy grace,
Welcome, then, the call will be,
To depart, and see thy face.
- 5 To thy saints, while here below,
With new years new mercies come;
But the happiest year they know,
Is their last, which leads them home.

392. C. M. NEWTON.

New-Year.

- 1 **N**OW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known;
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.
- 2 From all the guilt of former sin,
May mercy set us free;

And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with thee.

3 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more;
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never lov'd before.

4 And when before thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room.

393. C. M. WATTS.

Life and Eternity.

1 **T**HEE we adore, eternal name!
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!

394 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

Th' eternal state of all the dead,
Upon life's feeble strings!

6 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attend on every breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go,
Upon the brink of death!

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

394. P. M.

The swiftness of time.—Job vii. 6.

MY days, my weeks, my months, my years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres
Around the steady pole:
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
Till I must launch, through boundless deeps,
Where endless ages roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle seen;
The moments swiftly pass between,
And whisper as they fly,
Unthinking man, remember this,
Though fond of sublunary bliss,
Thou soon must gasp and die.

3 My soul attend the solemn call;
Thine earthly tent must quickly fall,
And thou must take thy flight,
Beyond the vast expansive blue,
To sing and love as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

- 4 Immortal bliss, or endless woe,
Hangs on this inch of time below,
On this precarious breath:
The Lord of nature only knows
Whether another year shall close
Ere I expire in death.
- 5 Long ere the seasons roll around
I may be buried under ground,
And there in silence rot:
Alas! one hour may close the scene,
And ere twelve months shall roll between
My name be quite forgot.
- 6 But will my soul be then extinct,
And cease to live, and cease to think?
It cannot, cannot be:
Though my immortal cannot die;
What wilt thou do, or whither fly,
When death shall set thee free?
- 7 Will mercy then its arms extend?
Will Jesus be thy guardian friend,
And heaven thy dwelling place?
Or shall insulting fiends appear,
To drag thee down to dark despair,
Beyond the reach of grace?
- 8 A heaven and hell, and these alone,
Beyond the present life are known;
There is no middle state:
To-day attend the call divine;
To-morrow may be none of thine,
Or it may be too late.

395 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

9 Thy fleeting time improve, redeem;
 Vast is the change, whate'er it seem
 To poor unthinking men:
 Lord at thy footstool I would bow;
 Bid conscience tell me plainly now
 What it would tell me then.

10 If in destruction's road I stray,
 Help me to choose a better way,
 That leads to joys on high:
 Thy grace impart, my guilt forgive;
 Nor ever let me dare to live
 Such as I dare not die.

395. 6, 11.

The swiftness of time.

1 **T**IME swiftly is flying,
 And mortals are dying;
 To th' invisible world all soon must depart:
 The seasons are rolling;
 Jehovah is calling,
 "O sinner, return, and give me your heart."

2 If time be a treasure,
 There's none for vain pleasure;
 Look up to the giver with faith's stedfast eye;
 Believe on that Jesus,
 Who once died to save us;
 Your moments improve; for eternity's nigh.

3 My soul starts with wonder
 To think how the thunder
 Creation shall shake when the Judge shall ap-
 pear:

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 396, 397

Time shall be no longer,

To aged or younger; [hear.

The whole race of Adam their sentence shall

4 Mankind are divided,

All cases decided;

Poor sinners are bound in the dungeon of hell;

But blessed be Jesus,

Most worthy of praises;

His people in mansions of glory shall dwell.

396. C. M. BERRIDGE.

Marriage.

1 **S**INCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast;
O Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.

2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.

3 In purest love these souls unite,
That they with christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

4 And when that solemn hour shall come,
And life's short space be o'er;
May they in triumph reach that home,
Where they shall part no more.

397. L. M. LEE.

Marriage.

1 **W**ITH grateful hearts and tuneful lays,
We bow before th' Eternal throne,

338 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

And offer up our humble praise,
To Him whose name is God alone.

2 On this auspicious eve, draw near,
And shed thy richest blessings down;
Fill every heart with love sincere,
And all thy faithful mercies crown.

3 Grant now thy presence, gracious Lord,
And hearken to our fervent pray'r;
The nuptial vow in heav'n record,
And bless the newly married pair.

4 Oh guide them safe, this desert through,
'Mid all the cares of life and love;
At length with joy thy face to view,
In fairer, better worlds above.

398. L. M. STEELE.

The shortness of time and frailty of man.—Ps. 39.

1 **A** LMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span,
A little point my life appears,
How frail at best is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show!
Vain are the cares which rack his mind!
He heaps up treasures mix'd with woe,
And dies and leaves them all behind.

4 Oh be a nobler portion mine!
My God, I bow before thy throne;

Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hopes on thee alone.

399. C. M. Hoskins.

Time is short.—1 Cor. vii. 29.

- 1 **T**HE time is short! the season near
When death will us remove;
To leave our friends, however dear,
And all we fondly love.
- 2 The time is short! sinners beware,
Nor trifle time away;
The word of great salvation hear,
While it is call'd to-day.
- 3 The time is short! ye rebels, now
To Christ the Lord submit;
To mercy's golden sceptre bow,
And fall at Jesus' feet.
- 4 The time is short! ye saints rejoice—
The Lord will quickly come:
Soon shall you hear the Bridegroom's voice,
To call you to your home.
- 5 The time is short! it swiftly flies—
The hour is just at hand,
When we shall mount above the skies,
And reach the wish'd-for land.
- 6 The time is short! the moment near,
When we shall dwell above;
And be forever happy there,
With Jesus, whom we love.

400, 401 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

400. C. M. CRUDEN.

Death.—Eccl. ix. 10.

- 1 **C**OME, O my soul, look up and see
How swift the moments run!
Swift as the wheel of time whirls round
My closing day brings on.
- 2 [Some busy hand, perhaps, this hour,
Is weaving fast my shroud;
Soon hoary winter will draw on,
And freeze life's vital flood.]
- 3 Few clocks, for aught I know, may strike,
Before my funeral knell,
Which, by its doleful sounding tongue,
Shall my departure tell.
- 4 When the grim king of terrors calls,
May I triumphant stand;
And find my Saviour then my friend,
To guide me with his hand.
- 5 Then shall my spirit soar away
To heav'n and see his face;
And sing, with all the ransom'd throng,
The wonders of his grace.

401. L. M. BROWN.

Sickness and Death.

- 1 **M**Y soul, the minutes haste away,
Apace comes on th' important day,
When, in the icy arms of death,
I must give up my vital breath.
- 2 Look forward to the moving scene:
How wilt thou be affected then!

When from on high some sharp disease
Resistless shall my vitals seize.

- 3 When all the springs of life are low,
The spirits faint, the pulses slow;
The eyes grow dim and short the breath,
The tokens of approaching death.
- 4 When clammy sweats through every part,
Show life's retreating to the heart;
Its last resistance there to make,
And then the breathless frame forsake.
- 5 When vast eternity's in sight;
The brightest day, the blackest night:
One shock will break the building down,
And let thee into worlds unknown.
- 6 Oh come, my soul, the matter weigh!
How wilt thou leave thy kindred clay,
And how the unknown regions try,
And launch into eternity!

402. C. M. ADDISON.

The Christian's Hope.

- 1 **W**HEN, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker, face to face,
O how shall I appear!
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;
- 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,

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And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear!

4 But thou hast told the troubled mind,
Who does her sins lament,
An interest in the Saviour Christ
Shall endless woe prevent.

5 Give me that sorrow of the heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans;
His sorrows will have weight.

6 For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son has died,
To make her pardon sure.

403. S. M.

The anxious inquiry.

1 **A**ND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?

2 A land of deepest shade,
Unpierc'd by human thought;
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot.

3 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be.

4 Wak'd by the trumpet's sound,
I from my tomb must rise,

And see the Judge with glory crown'd,
And see the flaming skies!

5 How shall I leave the tomb!

With triumph, or regret!

A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing meet.

6 I must from God be driv'n,
Or with my Saviour dwell;

Must come, at his command, to heav'n,
Or else depart to hell.

7 Who can resolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breast?

Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,
Or number'd with the blest?

8 Oh thou that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die;

Who died'st thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery;

9 Show me the way to shun

Thy dreadful wrath severe,

That when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear.

404. L. M.

For me to die is gain.—Phil. i. 21.

1 **T**HREE I adore, Eternal pow'r!

And humbly bow before thy throne;
Be near me at my dying hour,
Then shed thy kindest influence down.

2 My sins, most humbly, I confess,

My sins against both light and love;

Oh let thy sovereign—pard'ning grace,
Those sins forgive—my guilt remove.

3 Jesus! on thy atoning blood,
My fondest—firmest hopes depend;
In every trial, O my God!
Thy heav'nly consolations lend.

4 With thee,—Redeemer of my soul!
Let not the world my heart divide;
Each rash,—unhallow'd thought control,
And to thyself my footsteps guide.

5 On thy dear bosom may I lie,
When sinking in the arms of death;
To thee direct my closing eye,
And praise thee with my latest breath.

405. C. M. COLLYER.

1 Sam. xv. 32.

1 **W**HEN, bending o'er the brink of life
My trembling soul shall stand,
Waiting to pass death's awful flood,
Great God, at thy command!

2 When weeping friends surround by bed,
And close my sightless eyes;
When shatter'd by the weight of years
This broken body lies:

3 When every long-lov'd scene of life
Stands ready to depart;
When the last sigh that shakes the frame
Shall rend this bursting heart:

4 O, thou great Source of joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save,

Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave!

Lay thy supporting gentle hand
Beneath my sinking head;
And, with a ray of love divine,
Illume my dying bed!

Leaning on thy dear faithful breast,
May I resign my breath!
And, in thy fond embraces, lose
"The bitterness of death!"

406. L. M.

There the wicked cease from troubling, &c.--

Job iii. 17.

- 1 **D**EATH and the grave are doleful themes,
For sinful, mortal worms to sing,
Unless a Saviour's sweeter beams
Dispel the gloom and touch the string.
- 2 Yet, dearest Lord, when view'd in thee,
Death and the grave lose all their dread;
There all his frightful horrors flee,
And joy surrounds a dying bed.
- 3 The grave is now a favor'd spot;
To saints its deepest gloom is bless'd;
For there the wicked trouble not,
And there the weary are at rest.
- 4 At rest in Jesus' faithful arms;
At rest as in a peaceful bed;
Secure from all the dreadful storms,
Which round this sinful world are spread.

407 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

- 5 Thrice happy souls who're gone before,
 To that inheritance divine;
 They labor, sorrow, sigh no more,
 But bright in endless glory shine.
- 6 Then let our mournful tears be dry,
 Or in a gentle measure flow;
 We hail them happy in the sky,
 And joyful wait our call to go.

407. L. M. NEWTON.

The tolling bell.

- 1 **O**FT as the bell, with solemn toll,
 Speaks the departure of a soul,
 Let each one ask himself, "Am I
 Prepar'd, should I be call'd to die?"
- 2 Only this frail and fleeting breath
 Preserves me from the jaws of death;
 Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,
 And plung'd into a world unknown.
- 3 Then, leaving all I lov'd below,
 To God's tribunal I must go;
 Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
 And fix my everlasting state.
- 4 Lord Jesus! help me now to flee,
 And seek my hope alone in thee;
 Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
 Subdue my sins, and let me live.
- 5 Then when the solemn bell I hear,
 If sav'd from guilt, I need not fear;
 Nor would the thought distressing be,
 Perhaps it next may toll for me.

408. C. M. NEWTON.

The death of a believer.

- 1 **I**N vain my fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround a saint,
When yielding up his breath.
- 2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks;
We scarce can say "he's gone!"
Before the willing spirit takes
Its mansion near the throne.
- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace the spirit's flight;
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides the world of light.
- 4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,
Saints are completely blest;
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.
- 5 On harps of gold they praise his name,
His face they always view;
Then let us followers be of them,
That we may praise him too.

409. C. M.

Funeral of a faithful minister.

- 1 **F**AR from affliction, toil, and care,
The happy soul is fled;
The breathless clay shall slumber here,
Among the silent dead.
- 2 The gospel was his joy and song,
E'en to his latest breath;

410 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

The truth he had proclaim'd so long
Was his support in death.

3 Now he resides where Jesus is,
Above this dusky sphere;
His soul was ripen'd for that bliss,
While yet he sojourn'd here.

4 The Church's loss we all deplore,
And shed the falling tear;
Since we shall see his face no more,
'Till Jesus shall appear.

5 But we are hasting to the tomb;
On, may we ready stand!
Then, dearest Lord, receive us home,
To dwell at thy right hand.

410. L. M. COLLYER.

Eccl. xii. 7.

1 FROM his low bed of mortal dust,
Escap'd the prison of his clay,
The new inhabitant of bliss,
Th' heav'n directs his wondrous way.

2 Ye fields, that witness'd once his tears,
Ye winds, that wafted oft his sighs,
Ye mountains, where he breath'd his pray'rs
When sorrow's shadows veil'd his eyes.

3 No more the weary pilgrim mourns,
No more affliction wrings his heart;
Th' unfetter'd soul to God returns—
Forever he and anguish part!—

4 Receive, O earth, his faded form,
In thy cold bosom let it lie;

Safe let it rest from every storm—
Soon must it rise no more to die!

411. L. M. TAPPAN.

Funeral of a faithful minister.

- 1 **S**PIRIT! arise—tis blest to go,
When skiey visions call away;
Dust! seek the grave—there spices flow,
There gushes out Redemption's ray.
- 2 God of the flaming steeds and car!
We tremble at our father's call;
And, weeping, watch his flight afar,
And see th' ungather'd mantle fall.
- 3 Weep ye! O weep your leader gone;
Yet mark the way that prophet trod;
Through peril's path he wander'd on,
Till, lost to man, he's found with God.
- 4 What glories hover'd o'er his bed!
What music linger'd on his ear!
He saw whose hand sustain'd his head,
He knew the voice that calm'd his fear.
- 5 Wouldst die like him?—Live thou the life
Of holy hope, of love divine;
And faint not in the weary strife;
Thou wilt not, if his life be thine.
- 6 Deny me not!—I ask with awe—
Give me, O Lord!—thou hast the power—
The bright apocalypse he saw,
In nature's weakest, mightiest hour.

412, 413 EVANGELICAL HYMNS

412. 7s. MONTGOMERY.

Death of a Minister.

- 1 **S**PIRIT! leave thine house of clay,
Ling'ring dust! resign thy breath;
Spirit! cast thy chains away;
Dust!—be thou dissolv'd in death.
- 2 Pris'ner, long detain'd below;
Pris'ner, now with freedom blest;
Welcome, from a world of woe,
Welcome to a land of rest!
- 3 All along this vale of tears,
Which his humble footsteps trod,
See a shining path appears
Where the mourner walk'd with God.
- 4 But his Master from above,
When the promis'd hour was come,
Sent the chariot of his love
To convey the wand'rer home.
- 5 Grave! the guardian of his dust,
Grave! the treasury of the skies,
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise.
- 6 Hark!—the judgment trumpet calls—
“Soul! rebuild thine house of clay;
Immortality thy walls,
And eternity thy day!”

413. 8s. C. WESLEY.

Death of a Brother.—Rev. xiv. 13.

- 1 **H**OW blest is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind!

How easy the soul that hath left
 This wearisome body behind!
 This earth is affected no more
 With sickness, or shaken with pain;
 The war in the members is o'er,
 And never shall vex him again.

2 [This languishing head is at rest;
 Its thinking and aching are o'er;
 This quiet, immoveable breast,
 Is heav'd by affliction no more.]
 This heart is no longer the seat
 Of trouble and torturing pain;
 It ceases to flutter and beat—
 It never shall flutter again:

3 The lids that he seldom could close,
 By sorrows forbidden to sleep,
 Seal'd up in the sweetest repose,
 Have strangely forgotten to weep.
 These fountains can yield no supplies;
 These hollows from water are free;
 The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,
 And evils they never shall see.

4 [To mourn and to suffer is mine,
 While bound in a prison I breathe;
 And still for deliverance pine,
 And press to the issues of death.]
 What now with my tears I bedew,
 Oh might I this moment become;
 My spirit created anew,
 My flesh be consign'd to the tomb.

414. 8s.

Death of a sister.—Rev. xiv. 13.

- 1 **T**IS finish'd! the conflict is past,
 The heav'n-born spirit is fled,
 Her wish is accomplish'd at last,
 And now she's entomb'd with the dead.
 The months of affliction are o'er,
 The days and the nights of distress;
 We see her in anguish no more—
 She's gained her happy release.
- 2 No sickness, or sorrow, or pain,
 Shall ever disquiet her now;
 For death to her spirit was gain,
 Since Christ was her life when below.
 Her soul has now taken its flight
 To mansions of glory above,
 To mingle with angels of light,
 And dwell in the kingdom of love.
- 3 The victory now is obtain'd;
 She's gone her dear Saviour to see;
 Her wishes she fully has gain'd—
 She's now where she longed to be.
 The coffin, the shroud, and the grave,
 To her were no objects of dread;
 On Him who is mighty to save,
 Her soul was with confidence stay'd.
- 4 Then let us forbear to complain,
 That she is now gone from our sight;
 We soon shall behold her again,
 With new and redoubled delight.

Oh there we shall see her attire,
 Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb;
 And join with the heavenly choir,
 In anthems of praise to his name.

415. 8, 7, 4. WINGROVE.

Falling asleep in Jesus.—Acts vii. 60.

- 1 **H**APPY soul! we now resign thee,
 Called by the great "I Am;"
 Lest thy troubles all behind thee—
 Gone to glorify the Lamb;
 And, forever,
 Sing the wonders of his name.
- 2 Gone to join the heav'nly choir,
 'Ray'd in spotless garments bright.
 Gone thy Saviour to admire,
 Who is now thy soul's delight:
 And, forever,
 Sing his praises day and night.
- 3 There the once afflicted Christian,
 Free from all *his* grief and pain,
 Feels the sweetness of religion—
 Proves *his* life was not in vain:
 And, forever,
 With *his* Jesus shall remain.

416. 8, 7. C. WESLEY.

The departing saint.

- 1 **H**APPY soul, thy days are ended,
 All thy mourning days below,
 Go, by angel guards attended,
 To the sight of Jesus, go!

- 2 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above,
Shows the glory of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.
- 3 Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.
- 4 For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live the life of glory—
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

417. L. M. WATTS.

Funeral of a saint.

- 1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust;
And give these sacred relics room,
To seek a slumber in the dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds. No mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept;—God's dying Son [bed;
Pass'd through the grave, and bless'd the
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade
- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O earth! his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust—a glorious form—
Call'd to ascend and meet the Lord.

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 418, 419

418. C. M. STEELE.

Death of a young person.

- 1 **W**HEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
Oh may this truth, imprest
With awful pow'r—"I too must die"—
Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey!
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.
- 4 Oh, let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose pow'rful arm can save;
'Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

419. C. M. OLDING.

Death of a young person.—Ps. cii. 23.

- 1 **M**Y Father calls me to his arms,
And willingly I go;
With cheërfulness I bid farewell
To every thing below.
- 2 My tender parents, kind and dear,
I bid farewell to you;
'Though nature feels, and I can find
'Tis hard to say, adieu!
- 3 Ye friends and kindred lov'd me much,
Ye hold me near your heart;

And still I feel that I can love,
And find it hard to part.

4 Ye brothers, sisters, me you love,
And love I also feel;

I see your tender passions move—
Your grief you can't conceal.

5 But do not weep or grieve for me;
You know I must go home;

I was upon a visit here,
And now I must return.

6 Farewell thou world, with all thy toys!
For thou hast been to me

A world of transitory joys,
Of sin and vanity.

7 Now I rejoice to leave this world
Of sorrow, sin, and pain;

My soul is wash'd in Jesus' blood,
And shall a crown obtain.

420. C. M. DOBELL.

Death of a child.—1 Sam. iii. 18.

1 **G**OD hath bereav'd me of my child!

His hand in this I've view'd;
It is the Lord, shall I complain?

“He doth what seems him good!”

2 Twas God who gave my child to me,
Th' appointed time he stood;

It is the Lord, I plainly see,
He doth what seems him good!

3 Yet nature feels—but ah, he's gone—
For him my tears have flow'd;

It is the Lord, his hand I own,
He doth what seems him good:

4 Support my sinking spirit up
Under this heavy load;
It is the Lord, and he is just,
He doth what seems him good.

5 It is on thee my hope is stay'd,
I know thou art my God;
It is the Lord, his hand I'll bless,
He doth what seems him good.

6 Uphold me, Lord, by grace divine,
And cleanse me with thy blood;
I now resign my all to thee,
Since all things work for good.

421. C. M.

The child is not; and I, whither shall I go?—
Gen. xxxvii. 30.

1 **T**HE child is not, sad Reuben cried,
And view'd the pit below;
Snapp'd is the stem of Israel's pride;
Ah! whither shall I go?

2 The child is not, the parent sigh'd
With deep disorder'd woe;
Snapp'd is the stem of earthly joy,
Ah! whither shall I go?

3 Go! to throne of grace repair,
Submissive bear the rod;
Pour out your swelling griefs in pray'r,
And know that God is God!

- 4 Afflicted go not to the grave;
 With Mary there to weep;
 Content that He who came to save
 Protects your darling's sleep.
- 5 Go view the Lodge of guilty mirth,
 What millions crowd the door!
 Your child's not there, escap'd from earth,
 He's past temptation's power.
- 6 Go visit sorrow's darken'd halls,
 Where legions groan and die;
 Nor weep when death throws down the walls,
 And bids the mourner fly.
- 7 Go, daily trace the holy leaves;
 There the sure record stands,
 That Christ of vict'ry death bereaves,
 And of the grave her bands.
- 8 Go soar on contemplation's wing,
 Where Eden ever blooms;
 With seraphs hail the conqu'ring King,
 And smile on transient tombs.

422. C. M. KNIGHT:

Death of a child.—2 Sam. xii. 22, 23.

- 1 **A** LAS! how chang'd that lovely flow'r,
 Which bloom'd and cheer'd my heart!
 Fair fleeting comfort of an hour,
 How soon we're call'd to part!
- 2 And shall my bleeding heart arraign
 That God, whose ways are love?
 Or vainly cherish anxious pain
 For her who rests above?

- 3 No!—let me rather humbly pay
Obedience to his will,
And with my inmost spirit say,
The Lord is righteous still.
- 4 From adverse blasts, and low'ring storms,
Her favour'd soul he bore,
And with you bright, angelic forms,
She lives, to die no more.
- 5 Why should I vex my heart, or fast?
No more *she'll* visit me;
My soul will mount to *her* at last,
And I *her* face shall see.
- 6 Prepare me, blessed Lord, to share
The bliss thy people prove;
Who round thy glorious throne appear,
And dwell in perfect love.

423. C. M. STEELE.

On the death of a child.

- 1 **T**HE once lov'd form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs:
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And wither'd all her joys.
- 2 But wait the interposing gloom,
And lo! stern winter flies;
And, drest in beauty's fairest bloom,
The flow'ry tribes arise.
- 3 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore,
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

424, 425 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

- 4 Then cease, fond nature, cease thy tears;
Religion points on high;
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys which cannot die.

424. L. M. SCOTT.

On the loss of friends.

- 1 **T**HE God of love will sure indulge
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
When righteous persons fall around—
When tender friends and kindred die.
- 2 Yet not one anxious, murm'ring thought
Should with our mourning passions blend;
Nor would our bleeding hearts forget
Th' Almighty ever-living friend.
- 3 Parent and husband, guard and guide,
Thou art each tender name in one;
On thee we cast our every care,
And comfort seek from thee alone.
- 4 Our Father God, to thee we look,
Our rock, our portion, and our friend,
And on thy cov'nant-love, and truth
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

425. L. M. MONTGOMERY.

The living know, &c.—Eccl. ix. 5.

- 1 **W**HERE are the dead?—In heav'n or hell
Their disembodied spirits dwell;
Their perish'd forms in bonds of clay,
Reserv'd until the judgment day.
- 2 Who are the dead?—The sons of time,
In every age, and state, and clime;

- Renown'd, dishonor'd or forgot,
The place that knew them knows them not.
- 3 Where are the living?—On the ground
Where pray'r is heard, and mercy found?
Where, in the compass of a span,
The mortal makes th' immortal man.
- 4 Who are the living?—They whose breath
Draws every moment nigh to death;
Of endless bliss or woe the heirs:
Oh, what an awful lot is theirs!
- 5 Then, timely warn'd, let us begin
To follow Christ and flee from sin;
Daily grow up in him our head,
Lord of the living and the dead.

426. L. M. DWIGHT.

Death not the end of our being.—Ps. lxxxviii.
10, 11, 12.

- 1 **S**HALL man, O God of light, and life,
Forever moulder in the grave?
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
Thy promise, and thy power, to save?
- 2 Shall spring the faded world revive?
Shall waning moons their light return?
Again shall setting suns ascend,
And the lost day anew be borne?
- 3 Shall life revisit dying worms,
And spread the joyful insect's wing?
And O, shall man awake no more,
To see thy face, thy name to sing?

427 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

- 4 Cease, cease, ye vain desponding fears:
 When Christ, our Lord, from darkness
 sprang,
 Death, the last foe, was captive led,
 And heav'n with praise and wonder rang.
- 5 Faith sees the bright, eternal doors,
 Unfold to make his children way;
 They shall be cloth'd with endless life,
 And shine in everlasting day.
- 6 The trump shall sound; the dust awake;
 From the cold tomb the slumberers spring!
 Through heav'n with joy their myriads rise,
 And hail their Saviour, and their King.

427. C. M. H. K. WHITE.

Resurrection.

- 1 **T**HRO' sorrow's night, and danger's path,
 Amid the deep'ning gloom,
 We, soldiers of an injur'd King,
 Are marching to the tomb.
- 2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
 And all our pow'rs decay,
 Our cold remains, in solitude,
 Shall sleep the years away.
- 3 Our labours done, securely laid
 In this our last retreat,
 Unheeded, o'er our silent dust,
 The storms of life shall beat.
- 4 These ashes poor, this little dust,
 Our Father's care shall keep,

Till the last angel rise, and break
The long and dreary sleep.

- 5 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise.

428. C. M. WATTS.

Everlasting absence of God intolerable.

- 1 **T**HAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste—
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

- 2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, *Depart!*

- 3 The thunder of that dismal word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

- 4 What—to be banish'd from my life,
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
Yet death forever fly!

- 5 Oh, wretched state of deep despair
To see my God remove—
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

- 6 Oh, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;

Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

429. 8, 7, 4.

Luke xiii. 28.

- 1 **S**EE th' Eternal Judge descending—
View him seated on his throne!
Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,
Stand and hear thy awful doom—
Trumpets call thee!
Stand and hear thy awful doom.
- 2 Hear the cries he now is venting,
Fill'd with dread of fiercer pain;
While in anguish thus lamenting,
That he ne'er was born again—
Greatly mourning,
That he ne'er was born again:
- 3 "Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,
With the marks of dying love;
Oh, that I had sought his favour,
When I felt his Spirit move—
Golden moments,
When I felt his Spirit move."
- 4 Now, despisers, look and wonder!
Hope and sinners here must part;
Louder than a peal of thunder,
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"
Lost forever,
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"

430. C. M.

Final separation of friends and neighbours.

- 1 **T**HE day of God, the awful day,
Assuredly will come,
When sinners shall be hurl'd away,
And Christians gather'd home.
- 2 The husband shall behold the wife,
The partner of his care,
Banish'd from God, the God of life,
O'erwhelm'd with black despair.
- 3 The pious tender wife shall see
The man she once did love,
Sent down to endless misery,
While she is crown'd above.
- 4 The parent then shall see the child
Depart to endless woe!
From God, the source of joy, exil'd,
To writhe in flames below.
- 5 The child shall then the parent view
Cast headlong down to hell,
Amidst the rest of Satan's crew,
Forever there to dwell.
- 6 Brethren and sisters closely join'd
By nature's pow'rful ties,
Must part, and some to hell descend,
With doleful groans and cries.
- 7 Neighbours, who lend and borrow now,
And mutual help afford,
Must bid a long, a last adieu,
At great Jehovah's word.

431 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

431. 8, 7, 4. NEWTON,
Judgment.—Rev. i. 7: vi. 14.

- 1 **D**AY of judgment, day of wonders!
 Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round!
 How the summons
 Will the sinner's heart confound!
- 2 At his call, the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea:
 All the pow'rs of nature shaken
 By his looks, prepare to flee:
 Careless sinner,
 What wilt then become of thee?
- 3 Horrors past imagination,
 Will surprise your trembling heart;
 When you hear your condemnation,
 "Hence, accursed wretch, depart!
 Thou, with satan
 And his angels, have thy part!"
- 4 But to those who have confessed,
 Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,
 He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
 See the kingdom I bestow:
 You, forever,
 Shall my love and glory know."
- 5 Under sorrows and reproaches,
 May this thought our courage raise:
 Swiftly God's great day approaches,
 Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise:

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 432, 433

We shall triumph,
When the world is in a blaze!

432. L. M. NEEDHAM.

The books opened.—Rev. xx. 12.

- 1 **M**ETHINKS the last great day is come;
Methinks I hear the trumpet sound,
That shakes the earth, rends every tomb,
And wakes the pris'ners under ground.
- 2 The mighty deep gives up her trust,
Aw'd by the Judge's high command;
Both small and great now quit their dust,
And round the dread tribunal stand.
- 3 Behold the awful books display'd,
Big with th' important fates of men;
Each deed and word now public made,
As wrote by heav'n's unerring pen.
- 4 To every soul, the books assign
The joyous or the dread reward;
Sinners in vain lament and pine—
No plea the Judge will here regard.
- 5 Lord, when these awful leaves unfold,
May life's fair book my soul approve!
There may I read my name enroll'd,
And triumph in redeeming love!

433. L. M. PRES. DAVIES.

The wreck of nature.—Isa. xxiv. 18—20.

- 1 **H**OW great, how terrible that God,
Who shakes creation with his nod!
He frowns—earth, sea, all nature's frame
Sink in one universal flame.

- 2 Where now, O where shall sinners seek
For shelter in the gen'ral wreck!
Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown?
See rocks, like snow dissolving down.
- 3 In vain for mercy now they cry;
In lakes of liquid fire they lie;
'There on the flaming billows tost,
Forever—O, forever lost!
- 4 But saints, undaunted and serene,
With calmness view the dreadful scene;
Their Saviour lives, the worlds expire,
And earth and skies dissolve in fire.
- 5 Jesus, the helpless creature's friend,
To thee my all I dare commend;
Thou canst preserve my feeble soul,
When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

434. 8, 7.

Warning to sinners in view of the last Judgment.

- 1 **S**INNERS, take the friendly warning—
Soon that awful day shall break,
And the trumpet, with its dawning,
All the slumb'ring millions wake.
- 2 See assembled every nation!—
Lofty cities, temples, tow'rs,
Wrapt in dreadful conflagration,
Earth and sea the flame devours.
- 3 Ye, who to the world dissemble,
While you practice deeds of night,
Sinners, now behold and tremble;
All your crimes are brought to light

- 4 Lost in ease, or carnal pleasure,
Sporting on the burning brink;
Now, you say, you have no leisure,
You can find no time to think.
- 5 Ye—who now, conviction stifling,
Waste your time—the loss deplore;
Hear the angel—cease your trifling—
“Time,” he cries, “shall be no more.”
- 6 Pause, and hear the voice of reason—
Catch the moments as they fly—
You who lose the present season,
You must all find time to die.

435. C. M. GRENADÉ.

Judgment.

- 1 **A**RISE and shine, O Zion fair,
Behold thy light is come!
The glorious conqu’ring King is near,
To take his exiles home.
The trumpet, thund’ring through the sky,
Shakes every land and sea;
The day of wonders now is come,
The great illustrious day.
- 2 Ye heralds, blow your trumps aloud,
Throughout the earth and sky;
Go, spread the news from pole to pole,
Behold! the Judge is nigh.
Blow out the sun, burn up the earth,
Consume the rolling flood;
Cause all the stars to disappear,
And turn the moon to blood.

- 3 Arise, ye nations under ground,
 Before the Judge appear;
 Let every tribe and people come,
 Their final doom to hear.
 King Jesus on his dazzling throne,
 The heav'nly hosts around,
 Th' arch-angel, with his silver trump,
 Echoes an awful sound.
- 4 The glorious news of gospel grace,
 To sinners now is o'er:
 The trumps in Zion now are still,
 And to be heard no more:
 The watchmen all have left their walls,
 And with their flocks above,
 On Canaan's happy shore they sing,
 And shout redeeming love.

436. P. M. LEE.

Rom. iii. 16.

- 1 **W**HEN frowning death appears,
 And points his fatal dart,
 What dark foreboding fears
 Distract the sinner's heart!
 The dreadful blow
 No arm can stay,
 But torn away
 He sinks to woe.
- 2 Now every hope denied,
 Bereft of every good,
 He must the wrath abide
 Of an avenging God;

No mercy there
Will greet his ear,
Nor wipe the tear
Of black despair.

- 3 Sinners, awake, attend,
And flee the wrath to come;
Make Christ, the Judge, your friend,
And heav'n shall be your home.
His mercy nigh,
Now points the path
That leads from death
To joys on high.

437. C. M.

Hell.—Isa. xxx. 33. Mark ix. 43, 44.

- 1 **F**AR from the utmost verge of day
Those gloomy regions lie,
Where flames amid the darkness play—
The worm shall never die.
- 2 The breath of God—his angry breath
Supplies and fans the fire;
There sinners taste the second death,
And would—but can't expire.
- 3 Conscience, the never-dying worm,
With torture gnaws the heart;
And woe and wrath, in every form,
Is now the sinner's part.
- 4 Sad world indeed! ah, who can bear
Forever there to dwell!
Forever sinking in despair
In all the pains of hell!

438. L. M. J. STEWARD.

Sin and misery connected.

- 1 **G**OD from his throne with piercing eye
Naked does every heart behold;
But never, till we come to die,
Will he to us the view unfold.
- 2 Should sin, in naked form appear,
Just as it rises in the heart,
And others know and see it there,
In every feeling, every thought:
- 3 The fire of hell must kindle soon;
How envy and revenge would flame!
One heart would urge another on,
Till rage and vengeance want a name!
- 4 Sin in its nature would appear
A living death, to form a hell;
The worst of mis'ries creatures fear,
The worst of plagues the tongue can tell
- 5 Unveil'd and naked every heart
Before the judgment seat must stand;
Sin act no more a double part,
But meet a death from its own hand.
- 6 The fiery lake must hotter grow,
From the fierce clash of sinful souls;
Each bosom, like a furnace, glow,
Nor God the rage, or fire control.

PART II. L. M. J. STEWARD.

Sin and misery connected.

- 1 **A**H! wretched souls are they, who hear
With scorn, the sound of gospel grace.

For sorrow walks along with sin,
Although they keep not equal pace.
How blindly sinners grasp their chains,
And yet of freedom vainly boast;
They look for happiness and peace,
Nor think by sin their peace is lost.
Approaching vice is deck'd in charms,
And smiles with promises of gain;
No sooner past—its joys are fled,
And all its pleasures chang'd to pain.
Sinners may for a time rejoice—
Till storms of threaten'd wrath arise—
Till justice grasp th' avenging sword;
And then the wretch, the sinner dies.

439. L. M. CLELAND.

The lost sinner's lamentation.

HARK! hark! my soul, what's this I hear?
What doleful cries assail mine ear!
What lamentations from below,
The place to which the damned go?
'Tis the lost sinner in his chains,
Ingulf'd in woe, and rack'd with pains,
Plung'd in a sulph'rous lake of fire,
Press'd down beneath Jehovah's ire.
He says, "I'm gone, forever gone;
My wretched soul is now undone;
I'm full of hell, and devils are
Tormenting me with keen despair.
My precious time was thrown away,
For pleasures lasting but a day;

But now, alas! what do I gain?
A harvest of eternal pain.

5 Ah! wretched choice that I have made!
A Saviour's calls I often had;
But I despis'd his offer'd grace,
And sunk to ruin by delays.

6 In sorrow I have now lain down,
Beneath Jehovah's awful frown:
His weighty vengeance, ah! I feel,
And with infernal spirits dwell.

7 The gnawing worm has now begun,
'Midst dismal flames that ever burn;
And I, alas! must always feel
Its rage, which nothing e'er can quell.

8 Farewell, farewell to joy and peace;
My tortur'd soul can have no ease:
Farewell, ye heav'ns, where angels dwell
Here I must feel eternal hell.

9 The joyful sound of gospel grace
Can never reach this doleful place;
The calls of mercy now are o'er;
I'm gone! I'm gone! for evermore!"

10 Come then, poor sinners, warning take,
Before you reach the burning lake;
Repent, before it be too late,
Or you must share this dreadful fate.

440. 7s.

Heaven.—John xiv. 2.

1 **H**IGH in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptur'd saints above,

Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love.
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Tort'ring pain and heavy woe.

Oft the big, unbidden tear,
Stealing down the furrow'd cheek,
Told, in eloquence sincere,
Tales of woe they could not speak.
But, these days of weeping o'er,
Past this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never—never weep again!

Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark—their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love!
Happy spirits! ye are fled,
Where no grief can entrance find,
Lull'd to rest the aching head,
Sooth'd the anguish of the mind!

All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturb'd repose—
There no cloud can intervene—
There no angry tempest blows!
Every tear is wip'd away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast;
Night is lost in endless day—
Sorrow—in eternal rest!

441, 442 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

441. L. M. TAPPAN.

Celestial love.

- 1 **T**HE ransom'd spirit to her home,
The clime of cloudless beauty, flies;
No more on stormy seas to roam,
She hails her haven in the skies:
But cheerless are those heav'nly fields,
The cloudless clime no pleasure yields,
There is no bliss in bow'rs above,
If thou art absent, HOLY LOVE!
- 2 The cherub near the viewless throne,
Hath smote the harp with trembling hand,
And One with incense-fire hath flown,
To touch with flame the angel band:
But tuneless is the quiv'ring string,
No melody can Gabriel bring,
Mute are its arches, when above
The harps of heav'n wake not to LOVE!
- 3 Earth, sea, and sky, one language speak,
In harmony that soothes the soul;
'Tis heard when scarce the zephyrs wake
And when on thunders, thunders roll:
That voice is heard and tumults cease,
It whispers to the bosom peace;
O, speak, Inspirer! from above,
And cheer our hearts, CELESTIAL LOVE!

442. C. M.

Celestial prospects.

- 1 **S**WEET glories rush upon my sight,
And charm my wond'ring eyes;

The regions of immortal light,
 The beauties of the skies!
 All hail! ye fair celestial shores,
 Ye lands of endless day;
 Swift on my view your prospect pours,
 And drives my griefs away.
 There's a delightful clearness now—
 My clouds of doubt are gone;
 Fled is my former darkness too—
 My fears are all withdrawn.
 Short is the passage—short the space
 Between my home and me;
 There! there behold the radiant place!
 How near the mansions be!
 Immortal wonders! boundless things,
 In those dear worlds appear!
 Prepare me, Lord, to stretch my wings,
 And in those glories share.

443. C. M.

Heaven.

HEAV'N is the land where troubles cease,
 Where toils and tears are o'er;
 The sunny clime of rest and peace,
 Where cares distract no more.

Heav'n is the home where spirits dwell,
 Who wander'd here awhile,
 And, "seeing things invisible,"
 Departed with a smile.

Heav'n is the place where Jesus lives
 To plead his dying blood,

While to his pray'rs the Father gives
An unknown multitude.

- 4 Heav'n is the temple whither pray'r,
From saints on earth ascends;
The dwelling of the Spirit, whence
His influence descends.

Heav'n is the dwelling place of joy,
The home of light and love,
Where faith and hope in rapture die,—
There's perfect bliss above.

444. L. M.

The world we have not seen.

- 1 **T**HERE is a world we have not seen,
That time shall never dare destroy
Where mortal footstep hath not been,
Nor ear has caught its sounds of joy.

- 2 There is a region lovelier far
Than sages tell or poets sing,
Brighter than summer's beauties are,
And softer than the tints of spring.

- 3 There is a world, and O, how blest!
Fairer than prophets ever told;
And never did an angel guest
One half its blessedness unfold!

- 4 It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose;
And there, to dim the radiant scene,
The tear of sorrow never flows.

- 5 It is not fann'd by summer gale,
'Tis not refresh'd by vernal show'rs;

- It never needs the moon-beam pale,
For there are known no evening hours.
- 6 No! for this world is ever bright,
With a pure radiance all its own;
The streams of uncreated light
Flow round it from th' eternal throne.
- 7 There, forms that mortals may not see,
Too glorious for the eye to trace,
And clad in peerless majesty,
Move with unutterable grace.
- 8 In vain the philosophic eye
May seek to view the fair abode,
Or find it in the curtain'd sky:—
It is *the dwelling-place of God.*
445. L. M. STEELE.
Reflection on life and eternity.—Is. lvii. 15.
- 1 **E**TERNITY! tremendous sound!
To guilty souls a dreadful wound!
But O, if Christ and heav'n be mine,
How sweet the accents! how divine!
- 2 Be this my chief, my only care,
My high pursuit, my ardent pray'r—
An int'rest in the Saviour's blood,
My pardon seal'd and peace with God.
- 3 But should my brightest hopes be vain;
The rising doubt how sharp its pain!
My fears, O gracious God remove,
Confirm my title to thy love.
- 4 Search, Lord! O search my inmost heart,
And light, and hope, and joy impart;

From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heav'n and thee.

446. L. M. MEDLEY.

Eternity.—Jer. x. 10.

- 1 **E**TERNITY! stupendous theme!
Compar'd herewith our life's a dream:
Eternity! O awful sound!
'A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd!
- 2 Yes, an eternity there is
Of dreadful woe, or joyful bliss;
And, swift as time fulfils its round,
We to eternity are bound.
- 3 What countless millions of mankind
Have left this fleeting world behind!
They're gone, but where? ah! stop and see—
Gone to a long eternity!
- 4 And is eternity so near?
And must we very soon be there?
Sinner—ah! whither wilt thou flee;
Or how avoid eternity?
- 5 Canst thou forever bear to dwell
In all the fi'ry deeps of hell;
And is death nothing then to thee,
Death, and a dread eternity?
- 6 Ye gracious souls, with joy look up;
In Christ rejoice, your glorious hope;
This everlasting bliss secures;
God and eternity are yours.

447. P. M. NEWTON.

Minister's complaint.—Gal. iv. 19.

1 **W**HAT contradictions meet
In ministers' employ!

It is a bitter sweet—

A sorrow full of joy.

No other post affords a place
For equal honour or disgrace.

2 Who can describe the pain
Which faithful preachers feel,
Constrain'd to preach in vain,
To hearts as hard as steel?

Or who can tell the pleasures felt,
When stubborn hearts begin to melt?

3 The Saviour's dying love,
The soul's amazing worth,
Their utmost efforts move,
And draw their bowels forth.

They pray and strive—their rest departs,
'Till Christ be form'd in sinners' hearts.

4 If some small hope appear,
They still are not content;
But with a jealous fear,
They watch for the event.

Too oft they find their hopes deceiv'd;
Then how their inmost souls are griev'd!

5 But when their pains succeed,
And from the tender blade,
The rip'ning ears proceed,
Their toils are overpaid.

448, 449 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

No harvest joy can equal theirs,
To find the fruit of all their cares.

448. L. M.

Ordination of a Minister.—Luke xxi. 15.

- 1 **J**ESUS, with truth and power divine,
Send forth this messenger of thine;
His hands confirm, his heart inspire,
And touch his lips with hallow'd fire.
- 2 Be thou his mouth and wisdom, Lord;
Thou, by the hammer of thy word,
The rocky hearts in pieces break,
And bid the son of thunder speak.
- 3 To those who would the Lord embrace,
Give him to preach the word of grace;
Sweetly their yielding bosoms move,
And melt them with the fire of love.
- 4 Let all with thankful hearts confess,
The welcome messenger of peace;
Thy pow'r in his report be found,
And let thy feet behind him sound.

449. 7s. HAMMOND.

After the Charge.—Prov. xi. 30.

- 1 **W**OULD you win a soul to God?
Tell him of a Saviour's blood;
Say, how Jesus' bowels move;
Tell him of redeeming love.
- 2 Tell him how the streams did glide
From his hands, his feet, his side;
How his head with thorns was crown'd,
And his heart in sorrow drown'd.

- 3 Tell him how he suffer'd death—
Freely yielded up his breath,
Died, and rose to intercede,
As our advocate and head.
- 4 Tell him it was sov'reign grace
Wrought on you to seek his face—
Made you choose the better part—
Brought salvation to your heart.
- 5 Tell him of that liberty,
Wherewith Jesus makes us free;
Sweetly speak of sins forgiv'n—
Earnest of the joys of heav'n.

450. S M. VOKE.

Address to Missionaries.

- 1 **Y**E messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey;
Arise, and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.
- 2 The master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promis'd aid
With sacred courage go.
- 3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's, and must prevail,
In spite of all his foes.
- 4 Go spread a Saviour's fame,
And tell his matchless grace
To the most guilty and deprav'd
Of Adam's num'rous race.

451, 452 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

5 We wish you in his name,
The most divine success;
Assur'd that he who sends you forth,
Will your endeavours bless.

451. L. M. GIBBONS.

The minister's wish for his people.—Phil. iv. 1.

1 **M**Y brethren, from my heart belov'd,
Whose welfare fills my daily care;
My present joy, my future crown,
The word of exhortation hear:

2 Stand fast upon the solid rock
Of the Redeemer's righteousness;
Adorn the gospel with your lives,
And practice what your lips profess.

3 With pleasure meditate the hour,
When he, descending from the skies,
Shall bid your bodies, mean and vile,
In his all-glorious image rise.

Glory in his dear honour'd name,
To him inviolably cleave;
Your all he purchas'd by his blood,
Nor let him less than all receive.

Such is your pastor's faithful charge,
Whose soul desires not yours, but you;
Oh may he at the Lord's right hand,
Himself and all his people view!

452. L. M.

People's prayer for their minister.

WITH heav'nly pow'r, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to thee commend;

- His person bless, his soul secure,
And make him to the end endure.
- 2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;
Direct his feet in paths of peace:
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
And help him to obey thy will.
- 3 Before him thy protection send,
Oh love him, save him to the end;
Nor let him, as thy pilgrim, rove
Without the convoy of thy love.
- 4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart;
In him thy mighty pow'r exert;
That thousands yet unborn may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

453. S. M. CLARK.

Minister going a journey.

- 1 **S**INCE we are call'd to part
From our beloved friend,
We take our leave as one in heart,
And him to God commend.
- 2 Go with thy servant, Lord;
His every step attend;
All needful help to him afford,
And bless him to the end.
- 3 May he proclaim aloud
The wonders of thy grace;
And do thou to the list'ning crowd
His faithful labours bless.
- 4 Shine on his work below,
With ever gracious beams;

'Till thou in heav'n his crown bestow,
Adorn'd with brighter gems.

We for his journey pray,
Nor may our prayers cease,
That God would bless him in his way,
And bring him back in peace.

Farewell, dear pastor, go—
We part with thee in love;
And if we meet no more below,
Oh may we meet above!

454. P. M.

Pilgrim's farewell.

FARE-ye-well, fare-ye-well, fare-ye-well,
my loving friends, farewell;
I have no home nor stay with you;
I'll take my staff and travel on,
'Till I a better world can view.

CHORUS.

*Farewell, farewell, farewell, my loving
friends, farewell!*

Fare-ye-well, &c. my friends, time rolls
along,
Nor waits for mortal care or bliss;
I leave you here, and travel on,
'Till I arrive where Jesus is.
Farewell, &c.

Fare-ye-well, &c. my brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound by cords of love;

But we believe his heav'nly word,
We all, ere long, shall meet above.
Farewell, &c.

4 Fare-ye-well, &c. old soldiers of the cross,
You've struggled long and hard for heav'n;
You've counted all things here but dross,
Fight on, the crown shall soon be giv'n.
Fight on, &c.

5 Fare-ye-well, &c. ye blooming sons of God,
Sore conflicts yet remain for you;
Yet dauntless keep the heav'nly road,
'Till Canaan's happy land you view.
Farewell, &c.

6 Fare-ye-well, &c. poor careless sinners too;
It grieves my heart to leave you here—
Eternal vengeance waits for you,
O! turn, and find salvation near!
O! turn, &c.

455. L. M. HART.

Dismission.

1 **D**ISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that we've done amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good,
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

456. S. M.

Dismission.

- 1 **O**NCE more, before we part,
Great God, attend our pray'r;
And seal the gospel on the heart
Of every person here.
- 2 And if we meet no more,
On Zion's holy ground,
Oh may we reach that blissful shore,
To which thy saints are bound.

APPENDIX.

The following hymns were selected after the body of the work, with the necessary arrangements, had been made out and put to press. They are considered too valuable to be omitted; and, though in a supplementary form, will, nevertheless, occasion very little interruption, or difficulty in the general use of the book.

457. L. M. BP. KEN.

A morning hymn.

A WAKE my soul! and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Lord, I my vows to thee renew,
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

3 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my pow'rs, with all my might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

4 All praise to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

458, 459 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

458. 8, 7.

To-morrow.

- 1 **B**OAST not thyself of days to come,
Nor cherish present sorrow;
Know thou art hast'ning to the tomb,
And thine is not to-morrow.
- 2 The present day thy Maker gives,
Not future cares to borrow;—
Know God is good, and ever lives;
To him belongs to-morrow.
- 3 Kindred and friends around thee die,
Rank after rank they follow!
Thy moments too, how quick they fly!
Thou may'st be gone to-morrow!
- 4 Vain are the projects mortals form,
With toil their brows they furrow;
Unlook'd for comes a ruthless storm,
And blights their promis'd morrow.
- 5 Life passes like a tale that's told,
And days fly like an arrow;
Whate'er of earthly good we hold
May all take wing to-morrow!
- 6 But though man dies and turns to dust,
For this why should we sorrow?
God will restore to life the just,
And give a blissful morrow.

459. L. M.

Friendly warning to youth.

- 1 **Y**OUNG people all, will you attend,
While I address you in God's name?

Come, hear the counsel of a friend,
Which you may never hear again.
You seek for bliss in glitt'ring toys;
Sin's fancied sweets your hearts approve;
You'll never find substantial joys,
'Till you embrace a Saviour's love.

2 Youth, like the spring, will soon be gone,
By fleeting time, and conquering death;
Your morning sun may set at noon,
And you give up your parting breath.
The sparkling eye—the blooming cheek
Must wither like the blighted rose;
The coffin, earth, and winding sheet,
May soon your active limbs enclose.

3 Ye thoughtless ones, who heedless rove,
The grave may soon become your bed;
Where darkness reigns, and vapours move
In solemn silence round your head.
Your friends will pass the lonesome place,
And, with a sigh, march slowly on—
Still viewing there the spires of grass
Which o'er your bodies then are grown.

4 But oh!—the soul, that never dies,
Descends to burning flames below!
Tortur'd with keen despair it cries,
And only waits for deeper woe!
O, then, young sinners, turn and view
The Saviour who for you hath died;
Else death eternal waits for you
Who slight a Saviour crucified.

460 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

- 5 "While God invites, how blest the day;
 How sweet the gospel's charming sound;
 Young sinners, haste, O haste away,
 While yet a pard'ning God he's found:"—
 Or soon with you, 'twill be too late,
 The way of life in Christ to choose;
 Consider *now* your dang'rous state,
 And Mercy's call no more refuse.

460. C. M. WATTS.

Advantages of early piety.

- 1 **H**APPY the man whose early years
 Recieve instruction well;
 Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
 The road that leads to hell.
- 1 For youth devoted to the Lord,
 Is pleasing in his eyes;
 A flow'r, when offer'd in the bud,
 Is no vain sacrifice.
- 3 'Tis easier work if we begin
 To fear the Lord betimes;
 While sinners, who grow old in sin,
 Are harden'd in their crimes.
- 4 It saves us from a thousand snares
 To mind religion young;
 With joy it crowns succeeding years,
 And makes our virtue strong.
- 5 Oh may the work of pray'r and praise
 Employ our daily breath!
 Thus we're prepar'd for future days,—
 Or fit for early death.

461. 5, 6.

Good news to sinners.

- 1 **C**OME, sinners, attend,
And make no delay;
Good news from a friend,
I bring you to-day;
Glad news of salvation
Come now and receive;
There's no condemnation
To them that believe.
- 2 **I AM THAT I AM**
Hath sent me to you;
Glad news to proclaim,
Your sins to subdue;
To you, O distressed,
Afflicted, forlorn,
Whose sins are increased,
And cannot be borne.
- 3 But still if you cry,
Oh, what is his name?
You have the reply,
I AM THAT I AM:
Though blind, lame, and feeble,
And helpless you lie,
He's willing and able
Your wants to supply.
- 4 Then only believe,
And trust in his name;
He will not deceive,
Nor put you to shame;

But fully supply you
 With all things in store;
 Nor will he deny you
 Because you are poor.

462. L. P. M. RAFFLES.

Prayer of a penitent.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, God of love!
 Oh hear an humble suppliant's cry;
 Bend from thy lofty seat above,
 Thy throne of glorious majesty:
 Oh, deign to listen to my voice,
 And bid this drooping heart rejoice.
- 2 I urge no merits of my own,
 For I, alas! am all that's vile;
 No—when I bow before thy throne,
 Dare to converse with God awhile,
 Thy name, blest Jesus, is my plea,
 That dearest, sweetest name to me!
- 3 Within this heart of mine, I feel
 The weight of sin's oppressive load:
 Oh, help! or else I sink to hell,
 Crush'd by thine arm, avenging God!
 Entomb'd within that dread abyss,
 And exil'd from the realms of bliss!
- 4 But ah! the thought alone is hell—
 That prospect drives me to despair;
 For who can 'mid those horrors dwell?
 Or who those dreadful torments bear?
 Where not a ray of hope appears,
 Or beam of joy the bosom cheers!

- 5 Yet, mighty God! thy pow'rful arm
 Can snatch me from that dread abode;
 Can shield me from th' impending harm,
 And ease me of my heavy load:
 One pard'ning word can make me whole,
 And sooth the anguish of my soul.
- 6 Father of mercies, God of love,
 Then hear thy humble suppliant's cry,
 Bend from thy lofty seat above,
 Thy throne of glorious majesty:
 Oh! listen to a sufferer's voice,
 Then shall this bleeding heart rejoice!

463. C. M. B.

The penitent.—Luke vii. 36—50.

- 1 **A**S once the Saviour took his seat—
 Attracted by his fame,
 And lowly bending at his feet,
 An humble suppliant came.
- 2 Asham'd to lift her streaming eyes
 His holy glance to meet,
 She pour'd her costly sacrifice
 Upon the Saviour's feet.
- 3 Oppress'd with sin and sorrow's weight,
 And sinking in despair,
 With tears she wash'd his sacred feet,
 And wip'd them with her hair.
- 4 "Depart in peace," the Saviour said,
 "Thy sins are all forgiv'n!"
 The trembling sinner rais'd her head,
 In peaceful hope of heav'n.

464, 465 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

464. 7s. J. TAYLOR.

Penitential.

- 1 **G**OD of mercy! God of love!
Hear our sad, repentant songs;
Listen to thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all grace belongs.
- 2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted—time mispent;
Hearts debas'd by worldly cares,—
Thankless for the blessings lent;—
- 3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,—
Oft to murmur and complain;—
- 4 These, and every secret fault,
Fill'd with grief and shame, we own:
Humbled at thy feet we bow,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.
- 5 God of mercy! God of grace!
Hear our sad, repentant songs;
Oh restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all grace belongs!

465. L. M. STOWELL.

The Mercy-seat.

- 1 **F**ROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the Mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,

A place than all besides more sweet—
It is the blood-bought Mercy-seat.

3 'There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Though sunder'd far—by faith they meet
Around one common Mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd—
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There! there, on eagle-wing, we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more;
'And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

6 Oh let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
'This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the Mercy-seat!

466. L. M.

The convert.

1 **O**NCE in this world I wander'd forth,
Not knowing what my soul was worth;
But now I find it is worth more
Than all this world laid up in store.

2 I wander'd long, and far from God,
Down in destruction's beaten road;
I scorn'd his grace—his pow'r defied,
And slighted Jesus crucified.

3 With tend'rest voice he bade me flee
The paths of sin and misery;

- But I ran on in error's maze,
Nor sought his face, nor lov'd his ways.
- 4 To nothing fix'd—each object chang'd,—
In search of fancied good I rang'd;
The paths of disappointment trod,
Still wand'ring farther on from God.
- 5 The Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine,
Convinc'd this guilty soul of mine;
And conscience threw her darts around—
The poison rankled in each wound.
- 6 Despair and death my heart assail'd,
And all my hopes of comfort fail'd;
O'erwhelm'd with guilt, and shame, and grief,
To God I cried to send relief.
- 7 My streaming eyes to heav'n were rear'd,
And Mercy's radiant form appear'd;
She whisper'd peace and hope within,
Bade sorrows cease—and joys begin.
- 8 She took my load of guilt away,
And turn'd my darkness into day;
She spake at once my sins forgiv'n,
And gave me happiness and heav'n.

467. 8, 7.

The young convert.

- 1 **W**HEN I was young—of tender years,
The Saviour did invite me;
My heart was fill'd with many fears,
But Satan did entice me.
He told me that I was too young
To leave my worldly pleasure—

He bade me seek the youthful throng,
And fear God at my leisure.

- 2 At length the Spirit came one day,
With a convincing power;
I saw the danger of my way,
And trembled every hour.
Then I was brought, in deep distress,
To cry, "Lord Jesus, save me—
On me bestow thy pard'ning grace,
That I may ever praise thee."

- 3 The Saviour heard my mournful cry—
It mov'd his kind compassion;
He sent salvation from on high,
And pardon'd my transgression.
My heart dissolv'd in tenderness—
My mouth was fill'd with praises—
My tongue could not my joy express,—
All glory to my Jesus!

- 4 Since I have learn'd the Saviour's ways,
My soul has been delighted;
And wonder why, in blooming days,
By youth, he should be slighted.
The worth of their immortal souls
Could they but once discover,
They would not, for ten thousand worlds,
Reject their only Saviour.

- 5 Oh come young friends, your ways forsake
And go with me to glory;
We'll sweetly sing—we'll there relate
Redemption's pleasing story.

Leave all your sports and glitt'ring toys,
 For happiness eternal;
 Or bid adieu to heav'nly joys—
 To Christ and glory—farewell.

468. C. P. M. BROWN.

True convert.—2 Cor. v. 17.

- 1 **W**HEN with my mind devoutly press'd,
 Dear Saviour, my revolving breast
 Would past offences trace;
 Trembling I make the black review,
 Yet pleas'd behold, admiring too,
 The pow'r of changing grace.
- 2 This tongue with blasphemies defil'd,
 These feet to erring paths beguil'd,
 In heav'nly league agree;
 Who would believe such lips could praise,
 Or think from dark and winding ways,
 I e'er should turn to thee?
- 3 These eyes that once abus'd the light,
 Now lift to thee their wat'ry sight,
 And weep a silent flood;
 These hands are rais'd in ceaseless pray'r,
 Oh, wash away the stains they wear,
 In pure redeeming blood.
- 4 These ears, that once could entertain
 The midnight oath, the festive strain,
 Around the sinful board;
 Now deaf to all th' enchanting noise,
 Avoid the throng, detest their joys,
 And long to hear thy word.

Thus art thou serv'd in every part;
 Go on, bless'd Lord, to cleanse my heart,
 That drossy thing refine;
 That grace may nature's pow'rs control,
 And a new creature, body, soul,
 Be all and wholly thine.

469. P. M.

Wonderous Love.

WHAT wondrous love is this, O my soul,
 O my soul!

What wondrous love is this, O my soul!

What wondrous love is this, that caus'd
 the Lord of bliss

To bear the dreadful curse, for my soul, for
 my soul—

To bear the dreadful curse for my soul!

2 When I was sinking down, sinking down,
 sinking down,

When I was, &c.

When I was sinking down beneath God's
 righteous frown,

Christ laid aside his crown, for my soul, for
 my soul,

Christ, &c.

3 Ye winged Seraphs fly—bear the news—
 bear the news,

Ye winged Seraphs, &c.

Ye winged Seraphs, fly like comets through
the sky [news,

Fill vast eternity with the news, with the
Fill, &c.

4 To God and to the Lamb, I will sing, I will
sing,

To God, &c. [I AM,—

To God and to the Lamb, and to the great
While millions join the theme,—I will sing,
I will sing,

While, &c.

5 Ye sons of Zion's King—join the praise—
join the praise,

Ye sons, &c.

Ye sons of Zion's King, with hearts and
voices sing,

And strike each tuneful string, in his praise,
in his praise,

And strike, &c.

6 And when to that bright world we arrive,
we arrive,

And when, &c.

When to that world we go, free from all
pain and woe,

We'll join the happy throng, and sing on,
and sing on,

We'll join the happy throng, and sing on.

470. L. M.

The Wonder.

1 **I**T is a glorious mystery—

'Tis a wonder, wonder, wonder!

That ever I should saved be,—

'Tis a wonder, wonder, wonder!

No heart can think, no tongue can tell,

'Tis a wonder, wonder, wonder!

Why God should save my soul from hell;

'Tis a wonder, wonder, wonder!

Great mystery I do behold,

'Tis a wonder, &c.

That God should ever save a soul;

But here's a greater mystery,

That he bestow'd his grace on me.

Great mystery that Christ should place

His love on Adam's sinful race;

But here's a greater mystery—

That he should set his love on me.

Oh why was I not left behind,

With thousand others of mankind,

Who run the dang'rous, sinful race,

And die, and never taste his grace?

No mortal can a reason find;

'Tis mercy free—tis grace divine;

Oh, tis a glorious mystery,

And will be—to eternity.

471. L. M. ENFIELD.

Humility.

1 **W**HEREFORE should man, frail child
of clay,

Who, from the cradle to the shroud,

Lives but the insect of a day—

Oh, why should mortal man be proud?

- 2 His brightest visions just appear,
Then vanish, and no more are found;
The stateliest pile his pride can rear,
A breath may level with the ground.
- 3 Follies and crimes, a countless sum,
Are crowded in life's little span:
How ill, alas! does pride become
That erring, guilty creature, man!
- 4 God of my life, Father divine!
Give me a meek and lowly mind:
In modest worth, O let me shine,
And peace in humble virtue find.

472. 7s. BARBAULD.

Praise in prosperity and adversity.

- 1 **P**RAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy!—
Let thy praise our songs employ:
- 2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores that gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the gen'rous olive's use;
- 3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain,
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse:
- 4 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that lib'ral autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores;—

- 5 These to thee our God, we owe,
Source, whence all our blessings flow;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 6 Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem, the opening ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop its green untimely fruit;—
- 7 Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall;—
- 8 Yet to thee our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

473. L. M. PROUD.

The aged Christian longing for heaven.

- 1 **O** COULD I soar to worlds above,
That bless'd abode of peace and love!
How gladly would I mount and fly
On angel's wings to joys on high!
- 2 But ah! still longer must I stay,
Ere darksome night is chang'd to day;
More crosses, sorrows, conflicts bear,
Expos'd to trials, pains, and care.
- 3 Then let these troubles still abound;
Let thorns and briers strew the ground;
Let storms and tempests dreadful come,
Till I arrive at heav'n my home:—

474 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

- 4 My Father knows what for me's best,
And how to lead to peace and rest;
To him I cheerful give my all,—
Go where he guides, and wait his call.
- 5 When he commands my soul away,
Not kingdoms then should tempt my stay;
With rapture I shall wake, and rise
To join my friends above the skies.

474. L. M. LOGAN.

Prayer of the dying Christian.

- 1 **T**HE hour of my departure's come;
I hear the voice that calls me home;
At last, O Lord! let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.
- 2 The race appointed I have run;
The combat's o'er—the prize is won;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record's in the sky.
- 3 I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I hold so dear:
To heal their sorrows, Lord! descend
And to the friendless—prove a friend!
- 4 I come, I come at thy command,
I yield my spirit to thy hand!
Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.
- 5 The hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home;
Now, O my God! let trouble cease;—
Now let thy servant die in peace.

EVANGELICAL HYMNS 475, 476

475. L. M.

Consolation to surviving friends.

Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves."—

Luke xxiii. 28.

1 **W**HY weep for those—frail child of
woe—

Who've fled and left thee mourning here?
Triumphant o'er their latest foe,
They glory in a brighter sphere.

2 Weep not for them;—beside thee now
Perhaps they watch with guardian care,
And witness tears that idly flow
O'er those who bliss of angels share.

3 Or round their Father's throne above,
With raptur'd voice his praise they sing;
Or on his messages of love
They journey with unwearied wing.

4 Space cannot check—thought cannot bound
The high exulting souls, whom he.
Who form'd these million worlds around,
Takes to his own eternity.

5 Weep, weep no more;—their voices raise
The song of triumph high to God;
And would *thou* join their song of praise,
Walk humbly in the path *they* trod.

476. L. M.

On the death of a child.

1 **A**S the sweet flow'r that scents the morn,
But withers in the rising day,

Thus lovely seem'd the infant's dawn!
Thus swiftly fled his life away!

- 2 Ere sin he knew, or sorrow sad,
Death timely came with friendly care;
The opening bud to heav'n convey'd,
And bade it bloom forever there.
- 3 Yet the sad hour that took the boy,
Perhaps has spar'd a heavier doom,—
Snatch'd him from scenes of guilty joy,
Or from the pangs of ills to come.
- 4 He died before his infant soul
Had ever burn'd with wrong desire;—
Had learn'd to spurn at heav'n's control,
Or quench the Spirit's sacred fire.
- 5 He died to sin—he died to care;
But for a moment felt the rod;
Then springing on the viewless air,
Spread his light wings, and soar'd to God.

477. C. M.

Resurrection.

- 1 **T**HE winter past, reviving flowers
Anew shall paint the plain;
The woods shall hear the voice of Spring,
And flourish green again.
- 2 Shall man depart this earthly scene,
Ah! never to return!—
No second Spring of life revive
The ashes of the urn!—
- 3 'Shall life revisit dying worms,
And spread the insect's wing?

And oh! shall man awake no more,
The Saviour's name to sing?

'Cease, all ye vain desponding fears;
When Christ from darkness sprang,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heav'n with praises rang.

The trump shall sound;—the gates of death
Shall make his children way;
From the cold tomb the slumb'ers spring,
' And shine in endless day.'

478. C. M. STRONG.

Slain and reviving.—Rom. vii. 9.

SMOTE by the law, I'm justly slain;
Great God, behold my case;
Pity a sinner fill'd with pain,
Nor drive me from thy face.

Dread terrors fright my guilty soul—
Thy justice, all in flames,
Gives sentence on this heart so foul,
So hard, so full of crimes.

'Tis trembling hardness that I feel;
I fear, but don't relent—
Perhaps of endless death the seal:
Oh, that I could repent!

My pray'rs, my tears, my vows are vile;
My duties black with guilt:
On such a wretch can mercy smile,
Though Jesus' blood was spilt!

Speechless I sink to endless night,
I see an op'ning hell;

But lo! what glory strikes my sight!
Such glory who can tell!

- 6 Enrapt in these bright beams of peace,
I feel a gracious God:
Swell, swell the note! O tell his grace!
Sound his high praise abroad!

479. 8, 7. NEWTON.

Bartimeus.—Mark x. 48.

- 1 “**M**ERCY, O thou son of David!”
Thus the blind Bartim’us pray’d,
“Others by thy word are saved,
Now to me afford thine aid.”
- 2 Many, for his crying, chid him,
But he call’d the louder still;
Till the gracious Saviour bid him,
“Come, and ask me what you will.”
- 3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging us’d to live;
But he ask’d, and Jesus granted
Alms which none but he could give.
- 4 “Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day!”
Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
Follow’d Jesus in the way.
- 5 Oh! methinks, I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around;
“Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!”
- 6 “Oh! that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advis’d by me!

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 480, 481

Surely they would hasten to him,
He would cause them all to see."

480. C. M. NEWTON.

The storm hushed.

1 **T**IS past—the dreadful stormy night
Is gone, with all its fears!

And now I see returning light,
The Lord, my Sun, appears.

2 Oh, wondrous change! but just before,
Despair beset me round;

I heard the lion's horrid roar,
And trembled at the sound.

3 Before corruption, guilt, and fear,
My former comforts fell;

And I discover'd, standing near,
The dreadful depths of hell.

4 But Jesus pitied my distress;

He heard my feeble cry,
Reveal'd his blood and righteousness,
And brought salvation nigh.

5 Dear Lord, since thou hast broke my bands
And set the captive free,

I would devote my tongue, my hands,
My heart, my all to thee.

481. 7s. NEWTON.

Sovereign grace.

1 **S**OV'REIGN grace hath pow'r alone
To subdue a heart of stone;

And the moment grace is felt,
Then the hardest heart will melt.

- 2 When the Lord was crucified,
Two transgressors with him died;
One, with vile blaspheming tongue,
Scoff'd at Jesus as he hung.
- 3 Thus he spent his wicked breath
In the very jaws of death;
Perish'd, as too many do,
With the Saviour in his view.
- 4 But the other, touch'd with grace,
Saw the danger of his case;
Faith receiv'd to own the Lord,
Whom the scribes and priests abhor'd.
- 5 'Lord,' he pray'd, 'remember me,
When in glory thou shalt be.'
'Soon with me,' the Lord replies,
'Thou shalt rest in paradise.'
- 5 This was wondrous grace indeed,
Grace bestow'd in time of need!
Sinners, trust in Jesus' name,
You shall find him still the same.

482. C. M. NEWTON.

Coming to Jesus.

- 1 **A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers pray'r;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By satan sorely press'd,
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding place,
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, "Thou hast died."
- 5 Oh wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame;
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.
- 6 "Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still,
My promis'd grace receive:"
Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

483. L. M. MEDLEY.

Look again.—Jonah ii. 4.

- 1 **S**EE a poor sinner, dearest Lord,
Whose soul, encourag'd by thy word,
At mercy's footstool would remain,
And there would look, and look again.
- 2 How oft, deceiv'd by self and pride,
Has my poor heart been turn'd aside,
And, Jonah-like, has fled from thee,
Till thou hast look'd again on me.
- 3 Ah! bring a wretched wand'rer home!
And to thy footstool let me come,
And tell thee all my grief and pain,
And wait, and look, and look again.

- 4 Do fears and doubts thy soul annoy?
Do thund'ring tempests drown thy joy?
And canst thou not one smile obtain?
Yet wait, and look, and look again.
- 5 Take courage then, my trembling soul,
One look from Christ will make thee whole;
Trust thou in him, 'tis not in vain,
But wait, and look, and look again.
- 6 That wish'd-for period soon will come,
When I shall reach my blissful home;
And when to glory I attain,
Oh then I'll look, and look again.

484. P. M.

Who can tell?—Jonah iii. 9.

- 1 **G**REAT God, to thee I make
My sins and sorrows known;
And with a trembling heart
Approach thine awful throne;
Though by my sins deserving hell,
I must repent—for who can tell?
- 2 Oh thou, who by a word
My drooping soul canst cheer,
And by thy Spirit form
Thy glorious image there—
My heart subdue, my fears dispel,
I must repent—for who can tell?—
- 3 While conscience thunders loud,
To thee alone I fly—
Fall down before thy face
And mightily will cry—

'Though fears prevail that I shall dwell
In endless flames—yet who can tell?

- 4 God hath an ear to hear,
While I've a heart to pray—
To him I will submit,
And give myself away;
If he be mine, all will be well,
Forever so—and who can tell?

485. L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Private devotion.

- 1 **R**ETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.
- 2 Wisdom and pleasure dwell at home;
Retir'd and silent seek them there.
This is the way to overcome—
The way to break the tempter's snare.
- 3 Oh thou, great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep recess,
In these sequester'd hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.
- 4 Through all the windings of my heart,
My searchlet heav'nly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be search'd and purified.
- 5 Then, with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
Till every grace shall join to prove,
That God hath fix'd his dwelling there.

486, 487 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

486. C. M. HAWEIS.

Remember me.—Neh. xiii. 31.

- 1 **O** THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 2 Whene'er on my poor, burden'd heart
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love remember me.
- 3 Temptations sore obstruct my way,
To shake my faith in thee;
Oh give me strength, Lord, as my day;
For good remember me.
- 4 When in desertion's dismal night,
Thy face I cannot see,
Then, Lord, arise, with glorious light,
And still remember me.
- 5 If on my face, for thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail, reproach, and welcome, shame,
If thou remember me.
- 6 The hour is near, consign'd to death,
I own my just decree;
Saviour, with my last, parting breath,
I'll cry, "remember me."

487. 11s.

*And the soul of the people was much discouraged
because of the way.*—Num. xxi. 4.

HOW many and great are the foes which
infest

The way thro' this world to the Canaan of rest!

The traveller ever his Lord would obey,
Yet oft is discourag'd because of the way.

2 Though Satan, the world, and corruptions
combine,

And try to prevent the poor Pilgrim's design;
They cannot destroy, though they often betray,
And make him discourag'd because of the way.

3 When good he would do, imperfections
abound,

His graces are weak, and temptations surround;
For many turn back, and would lead him astray,
Which makes him discourag'd because of the
way.

4 Yet why should the Christian of Canaan
despair,

Perplex'd or alarm'd with dishonouring fear?
Let him but his map and his leader obey,
Nor more be discourag'd because of the way.

5 In Christ inexhaustible treasures are stor'd,
And Jesus will suitable blessings afford;
Then why should the Pilgrim be fill'd with dis-
may?

Or why be discourag'd because of the way?

6 Unquenchable love and omnipotent pow'r,
Will land him ere long on the heavenly shore;
There pleasure eternal will amply repay,
For all the discouragements found in the way.

488. P. M. NEWTON.

The Lord will see, or provide.—Gen. xxii. 14.

THO' troubles assail, and dangers affright,
 Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all
 unite,

Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide—
 The scripture assures us, the Lord will provide.

2 [The birds, without barn or store-house, are
 fed;

From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
 His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
 So long as 'tis written, the Lord will provide.

3 We may, like the ships, by tempests be lost,
 On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost;
 Tho' Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
 'The promise engages the Lord will provide.]

4 His call we obey, like Abrah'm of old,
 Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold;
 For tho' we are strangers, we have a good
 guide,

And trust, in all dangers, the Lord will pro-
 vide.

5 [When Satan appears to stop up our path,
 And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith,
 He cannot take from us, tho' oft he has tried,
 This heart-cheering promise, the Lord will
 provide.

6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain--
 The good that we seek, we ne'er shall obtain;

But when such suggestions our spirits have
plied,
[his answers all questions, the Lord will pro-
vide.]

No strength of our own, or goodness we
claim;
[et since we have known the Saviour's great
name,
in this our strong tow'r for safety we hide,
the Lord is our pow'r—the Lord will provide:]

When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
his word of his grace shall comfort us thro':
no fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
[e hope to die shouting—the Lord will pro-
vide.]

439. 6, 9.

Exultation.

1 COME away to the skies,
My beloved arise,
And rejoice in the day thou wast born;
On this festival day,
Come exulting away,
And, with singing, to Zion return.

2 We have laid up our love,
With our treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below;
The redeem'd of the Lord,
We remember his word,
And, with singing, to Paradise go.

3 For thy glory we were
 First created, to share
 Both thy nature and kingdom divine:
 Now created again,
 That our souls may remain,
 Both in time and eternity thine.

4 With thanks we approve
 The design of thy love,
 Which hath join'd us in Jesus's name;
 So united in heart,
 That we never can part—
 We shall meet at the feast of the Lamb.

5 There, O, there at his feet,
 We shall joyfully meet,
 And be parted in body no more;
 We shall sing to our lyres,
 With the heavenly choirs,
 And our Saviour in glory adore.

6 Hallelujah we sing,
 To our Father and King,
 And his rapturous praises repeat;
 To the Lamb that was slain,
 Hallelujah again;—
 Sing all heaven and fall at his feet.

490. 8s. COLLYER.

The last conflict.

1 **I** SOON shall accomplish my race,
 And soar to the temple on high;
 Dear Jesus, beholding thy face,
 I cheerfully yield me to die.

Farewell, my distress and my woe—
 The storms of existence are o'er;
 Though fiercely the tempest may blow,
 Its fury appals me no more.

2 More quickly and shorter I breathe—
 The dew is o'erspreading my cheek—
 I feel the approaches of death,
 My heartstrings beginning to break;
 A struggle or two and 'tis done—
 From earth and its anguish I fly;
 The palm of the conqueror won,
 I live by submitting to die.

491. 8s.

Job xvi. 22. xvii. 1, 11.

1 **I** WAIT a few sorrowful years,
 And then I no longer shall mourn,
 But flee from the valley of tears,
 A way I shall never return:
 My days are all vanish'd away.
 Broke off the designs of my heart;
 No longer on earth I delay,
 Or linger as loth to depart.

2 My days are extinguish'd and gone—
 My time as a shadow is fled,
 And gladly I lay myself down
 To rest with the peaceable dead:
 The dead ever-living attend,
 Whose dust is all safe in the tomb,
 And many a glorified friend
 Is ready to welcome me home.

492. L. M. CAMPBELL.

Young converts warned and encouraged.

- 1 **S**AY now, ye lovely social band,
 Who walk the way to Canaan's land,
 Ye who have fled from Sodom's plain,
 Say, do you wish to turn again?
 Oh! have you ventur'd to the field,
 Well arm'd with helmet, sword, and shield
 And shall the world, with dread alarms,
 Compel you now to ground your arms!
- 2 Oh, come young soldiers count the cost,
 And say, what pleasures have you lost!
 Or what misfortune does it bring
 To have Jehovah for your King?
 Shall sin entice you back again,
 And bind you with its iron chain?
 Has vice to you such lovely charms
 That you must die within its arms?
- 3 Is folly's way the way of peace,
 Where fear, and pain, and sorrow cease?
 Does pleasure roll its living stream,
 And is religion all a dream?
 Say, what contentment did you find
 When love of pleasure rul'd your mind?
 No sweet reflection gave you rest,
 Nor conscious virtue calm'd your breast.
- 4 Did you not dread the hast'ning day
 That must sweep carnal joys away,
 When death shall sing in mournful strain
 "Let dust return to dust again?"
 But now your thoughts delight to soar

Where earth and time shall be no more;
They pass the grave, and mount on high
To the fair field above the sky.

5 There, on the hill of sweet repose,
You'll bid adieu to all your woes;
There shall you walk the flow'ry fields,
And taste the fruit that Zion yields:
There sits the Saviour on his throne,
And there Jehovah reigns alone;
There angels circle round his seat,
And armies worship at his feet.

3 But O! I see among the rest
A host in whiter garments dress'd,
And nearer to the throne they stand,
With palms of vict'ry in their hands:
Oh! who are those I now behold,
With blood-wash'd robes, and crowns of gold;
A glorious host distinctly known
To him who sits upon the throne?

7 Now, now we know from whence this throng,
For, hark! redemption is their song;
From yonder vale of tears they come—
Welcome ye trav'lers—welcome home.
Oh! now upon the peaceful shore
You're met at last to part no more,
Where flesh and sin shall not control
The pure affections of the soul.

493. 8, 7, 4.

The surrender.

1 **W**ELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine;

494 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

Lord, I make a full surrender,
 Every pow'r and thought be thine,
 Thine entirely,
 Through eternal ages thine.

2 Known to all to be thy mansion,
 Earth and hell will disappear;
 Or in vain attempt possession,
 When they find the Lord is near—
 Shout, O Zion!

Shout, ye saints, the Lord is here!

494. C. M. GRENADE.

Death of a Christian.

1 **B**EHOLD a pilgrim as he dies,
 With glory in his view!
 To heaven he lifts his longing eyes,
 And bids the world adieu:
 While friends stand weeping all around,
 And loth to let him go,
 He shouts with his expiring breath,
 And leaves them all below.

2 O, come, my brethren in the Lord,
 Whose hearts are join'd in one,
 Hold up your heads with courage bold,
 Your race is almost run:
 Above the skies behold him stand,
 And, smiling, bids you come!
 And angels beckon you away
 To your eternal home.

3 O, Christians! are you ready now
 To cross the rolling flood?
 In Canaan's fair and happy land
 Behold your smiling God!

The dazzling charms of that bright world
 Attract my soul above:
 I'll sweetly sing redeeming grace
 When perfected in love.

495. C. M.

Hell the sinner's own place.—Acts i. 25.

- 1 **L**ORD, when I read the Traitor's doom,
 To his own place consign'd;
 What holy fear and humble hope,
 Alternate fill my mind.
- 2 Traitor to thee I too have been,
 But sav'd by matchless grace;
 Or else the lowest, hottest hell,
 Had surely been my place.
- 3 Thither I was by law adjudg'd,
 And thitherward rush'd on;
 And there, in my eternal doom,
 Thy justice might have shone.
- 4 But lo! what wondrous, matchless love!
 I call a place my own,
 On Earth within the Gospel sound,
 And at thy gracious throne.

CHORUS.

*Oh, the place, the happy place!—
 The place where Jesus reigns;
 The place where Christians all shall meet;
 And never part again.*

- 5 A place is mine among thy saints,
 A place at Jesus' feet;
 And I expect in Heav'n a place,
 Where saints and angels meet.

Oh, the place, &c.

- 6 Blest Lamb of God! thy sovereign grace
 To all around I'd tell,
 Which made a place in glory mine,
 Whose first desert was hell.

Oh, the place, &c.

496. 8, 7.

Social worship.

- 1 **W**E'VE met to-day, to sing and pray,
 And hear the word of Jesus;
 The gospel call, it is to all,
 It calls to unbelievers,—
 "O! come, return, lest he shall come
 And find you all a sleeping"—
 We've heard of some being call'd upon
 To go away and meet him.
- 2 How soon may this be each one's case!
 O, may we then take warning;
 We know not when the Lord may send,—
 To-night—or in the morning.
 How blest are we, if we shall be
 Prepar'd, and waiting for him;—
 The Lord will come, and take us home,
 Where we shall all adore him.
- 3 Then we shall be from sin set free,
 And every tempting devil;
 From doubts, and fears, from cries, and tears
 And every other evil.
 In heav'nly rest, we shall be bless'd,
 With all the hosts of glory;
 We'll praise our King—we'll sweetly sing
 Redemption's pleasing story.

- 4 But woe to those who still refuse!—
 They'll hear their doleful sentence,
 "Depart from me, for curs'd you be,—
 You're found without repentance;
 Hence you must go to endless woe,
 With bitter groans and crying;
 In hell to stay, both night and day,
 And be forever dying.
- 5 The Lord prepare each one that's here,
 To wait for his appearing;
 Then we'll not fear, when we shall hear
 That in the clouds he's coming.
 But we shall stand at his right hand,
 With heav'nly approbation;
 And, with our King, we'll enter in
 To a celestial station.

497. P. M.

Christian warfare.

"Faint, yet pursuing."—Judges viii. 4, 5.

- 1 **S**OLDIERS of Christ, arise,
 And put your armour on;
 Engage your enemies,
 Let every fear begone:
 Now take the field, the fight renew,
 And never yield—"though faint, pursue."
- 2 Wage war with every foe,
 For God is on your side;
 Let all the nations know
 That you in God confide:
 Gird on your sword, the fight renew,
 Look to the Lord—"though faint, pursue."

3 Though sin, and death, and hell,
 Your heav'nly march oppose;
 Fear not, it shall be well,
 God will confound your foes:
 Go on, ye saints, the fight renew,
 And, Gideon-like, "though faint, pursue."

4 [O! I have seen the day,
 When, with a single word,
 God helping me to say
 My trust is in the Lord,
 My soul has quell'd a thousand foes,
 Fearless of all that could oppose.]

5 Ne'er lay your weapons down,
 'Till death shall close the strife;
 'Till you receive a crown
 Of everlasting life:
 On God depend—the fight renew,
 As Gideon conquer'd, so shall you.

498. 8, 7. HART.

The Christian Warrior.—Eph. vi. 13—18.

1 **G**IRD thy loins up, Christian soldier,
 Lo! thy Captain calls thee out;
 Let the danger make thee bolder,
 Take the field, and never doubt.
 Buckle on the heav'nly armour—
 Yield to no inglorious peace—
 Let thy courage wax the warmer,
 As thine enemies increase.

Bind thy golden girdle round thee,
 Brace with truth the inward part;

Let Christ's righteousness upon thee,
Be the breast-plate of thine heart.
Shod with gospel preparation,
In the paths of promise tread;
Let the hope of free salvation,
As a helmet, guard thy head.

3 When beset with various evils,
Wield the Spirit's two-edg'd sword;
Cut thy way through hosts of devils,
They shall fall before the Word.
And if dangers closer threaten,
As thy soul draws near to death,—
If assaulted sore by Satan,
Then employ the shield of faith.

4 Though to speak thou be not able,
Always pray and never faint;
Prayer's a weapon for the feeble;
Pray'r brings help to every saint.
Ever on thy Captain calling,
Make thy worst condition known;
He will hold thee up when falling—
Or will raise thee up when down.

499. C. M. BP. HEBER.

The followers of Christ.

1 **T**HE Son of God is gone to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in his train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;

500 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

Who boldest bears his cross below,—
Who follows in his train?

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
 And call'd on him to save:
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
 In midst of mortal pain,
He pray'd for them that did the wrong,—
 Who follows in his train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few,
 On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints; the truth they knew
 And brav'd the cross and shame;
They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
 The lion's gory mane;
They bow'd their necks the death to feel.—
 Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
Around their Saviour's throne rejoice,
 In robes of light array'd.
They climb'd the dizzy steep of heaven,
 Through peril, toil, and pain:
Oh God! to us may grace be given,
 To follow in their train!

500. C. M. HART.

Perseverance.

1 **T**HE sinner who, by precious faith,
 Has felt his sins forgiv'n,

- Is from that moment pass'd from death,
And seal'd an heir of heav'n.
- 2 Ten thousand snares surround his feet,
Not one shall hold him fast;
Whatever dangers he may meet,
He'll get safe home at last.
- 3 Not as the world the Saviour gives,
He's an unchanging friend;
Whom once he loves, he never leaves,
But loves him to the end:
- 4 Else Satan might full vict'ry boast;
The Church might wholly fall;
If one believer may be lost,
Then, surely, so may all.
- 5 But Christ in every age has prov'd
His cov'nant sure and true;
If this foundation be remov'd,
What shall the righteous do?
- 6 But being pledg'd to carry on,
To its perfection full,
That work of grace he has begun,
The saints shall never fall.

501. P. M. BAXTER.

The Holy City.

- 1 **T**HERE is a holy city,
A happy world above,
Beyond the starry regions,
Built by the God of love:
An everlasting temple;
And saints, array'd in white,

501 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

There serve the great Redeemer,
And dwell with him in light.

- 2 No night is there, nor darkness;
But one perpetual day;
Their sin and grief are banish'd,
Their tears are wip'd away;
Their joys are still increasing,
Their songs are ever new;
They praise th' eternal Father,
The Son and Spirit too,

- 3 The meanest child of glory
Outshines the radiant sun;
But who can speak the splendor
Of that eternal throne,
Where Jesus sits exalted
In God-like majesty?
The elders fall before him,
And angels bow the knee.

- 4 Is this the man of sorrows,
Who stood at Pilate's bar,
Who was abus'd by Herod,
And by his men of war?
Hail now the mighty Conqueror!
He spoil'd the pow'rs below,
And ransom'd many captives
From everlasting woe.

- 5 The hosts of saints around him
Proclaim his works of grace,
The patriarchs and prophets,
And all the godly race;

Some speak of fiery trials,
 And tortures on their way;
 They came from tribulation
 To everlasting day.

Now with a holy transport,
 They tell their sufferings o'er;
 Their tears and their temptations,
 And all the pains they bore:
 They turn and bow to Jesus,
 Who gain'd their liberty;
 "Amidst our greatest dangers
 Our lives were hid in thee."

Long time was I invited
 To gain that heav'nly rest;
 Grace made no hard condition,
 'Twas only to be bless'd;
 But earth's bewitching pleasures
 Inclined me long to stay,
 Pursuing dreams and shadows,
 And joys that pass away.

But now it is my purpose
 The better way to find,
 To serve my great Creator,
 And leave the world behind;
 In sin's seducing mazes
 I will no longer roam;
 I'll give my soul to Jesus,
 Who brings the ransom'd home.

And what shall be my journey,
 How long I'll stay below,

Or what shall be my trials,
 Is not for me to know.
 In every day of trouble,
 I'll raise my thoughts on high;
 I'll think of the bright temple,
 And crowns above the sky.

502. 8, 7.

The Female Pilgrim.

“**W**HITHER go'st thou, pilgrim stranger
 Passing through this darksome vale;
 Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger,
 And will not thy courage fail?”

2 “Pilgrim thou dost justly call me,
 Wand'ring o'er this waste so wide;
 Yet no harm will e'er befall me,
 While I'm blest with such a guide.”

CHORUS.

*For I'm bound for the Kingdom,
 Will you go to glory with me?
 Hallelujah, praise the Lord!*

3 “Such a guide! no guide attends thee;
 Hence for thee my fears arise:
 If a guardian pow'r befriend thee,
 'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.”

4 “Yes, unseen—but still, believe me,
 Such a guide my steps attend;
 He'll in every strait relieve me—
 He from every harm defend.”

For I'm bound, &c.

"Pilgrim, see that stream* before thee,
Darkly winding through the vale;
Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail?"

"No—that stream has nothing frightful,
To its brink my steps I'll bend;
Thence to plunge will be delightful;
There my pilgrimage will end."
For I'm bound, &c.

While I gaz'd—with speed surprising
Down the stream she plung'd from sight;
Gazing still, I saw her rising,
Like an angel cloth'd in light.
*For she's gone to the Kingdom,
And I'll go to glory with her,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord!*

503. L. M.

Harvest; or, the Wheat and Tares.

THIS is the field, the world below,
In which the sowers came to sow;
Jesus the wheat, Satan the tares,
For so the word of truth declares.

CHORUS.

*And soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.*

Most awful truth! And is it so?
Must all mankind the harvest know?

**The stream of Death.*

Is every one a wheat or tare?
 Me, for the harvest, Lord prepare!
For soon the reaping, &c.

3 We seem alike when thus we meet;
 Strangers might think we all are wheat;
 But to the Lord's all-seeing eyes,
 Each heart appears without disguise;
And soon the reaping, &c.'

4 The tares are spar'd for various ends,
 Some for the sake of praying friends;
 But though they grow so tall and strong
 His plan will not require them long;
For soon the reaping, &c.

5 Will it relieve their horrors there
 To recollect their stations here,
 How much they heard, how much they knew
 How long among the wheat they grew?
For soon the reaping, &c.

6 To love my sins, a saint t' appear,
 To grow with wheat and be a tare,
 May serve me whilst on earth below,
 Where tares and wheat together grow:
But soon the reaping, &c.

7 Then all who truly righteous be,
 Shall soon their Father's kingdom see;
 But tares in bundles shall be bound,
 And cast in hell!—O! awful sound!
For then the reaping, &c.

APPENDIX

TO THE THIRD EDITION.

The following Hymns are in addition to those printed in the 2nd edition of this work.

504. S. M. DODDRIDGE.

The final sentence and misery of the wicked.—
Matt. xxv. 41.

- 1 **A**ND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?
- 2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound;
And through the num'rous guilty throng
Spread black despair around?
- 3 "Depart from me, accurs'd,
"To everlasting flame,
"For rebel angels first prepar'd,
"Where mercy never came."
- 4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day:
When earth and heav'n, before his face,
Astonish'd shrink away!
- 5 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead;
Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!

- 6 Ye sinners seek his grace,
 Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
 Fly to the shelter of his cross,
 And find salvation there.
- 7 So shall that curse remove,
 By which the Saviour bled;
 And the last awful day shall pour
 His blessings on your head.

505. P. M. TOPLADY.

The Jubilee.

- 1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow
 The gladly solemn sound!
 Let all the nations know
 To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home!
- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
 The sin-atonng Lamb;
 Redemption by his blood
 Through all the lands proclaim.
The year of Jubilee, &c.
- 3 [Ye, who have sold for nought
 The heritage above;
 Shall have it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of Jubilee, &c.
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive;

And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live:
The year of Jubilee, &c.

5 The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of pardoning grace:
 Ye happy souls draw near,
 Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of Jubilee, &c.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Has full atonement made:
 Ye weary spirits rest;
 Ye mourning souls be glad:
The year of Jubilee, &c.

506. 8, 7, 4.

Day-Spring.—Luke i, 78.

CHRISTIAN, see the orient morning
 Breaks along the heathen sky:
 Lo! th' expected day is dawning—
 Glorious Day-Spring from on high!
 Hallelujah!

Hail! the Day-Spring from on high.

2 Heathens at the sight are singing;—
 Morning wakes the tuneful lays,—
 Precious off'rings they are bringing—
 First fruits of more perfect praise:
 Hallelujah!

Hail! the Day-Spring from on high.

3 Zion's Sun! salvation beaming—
 Gilding now the radiant hills;

507 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

Rise and shine, till brighter gleamings
All the world thy glory fills:

Hallelujah!

Hail! the Day-Spring from on high.

4 Then the vallies, and the mountains,
Breaking forth, in joy shall sing;
Then the living chrystal fountains
From the thirsty ground shall spring:

Hallelujah!

Hail! the Day-Spring from on high.

5 While the wilderness rejoices,
Roses shall the desert cheer;
Then the dumb shall tune their voices,
Blind shall see, the deaf shall hear:

Hallelujah!

Hail! the Day-Spring from on high.

6 Lord, of every tribe and nation,
Spread thy truth from pole to pole—
Spread the light of thy salvation,
'Till it shine on every soul:

Hallelujah!

Hail! the Day-Spring from on high.

507. 11, 10.

Sun of Righteousness.

LIGHT of the universe, bright Sun of glory
Rise on the heathen benighted, and shine
Disperse all the clouds and darkness before
thee,

Diffuse all around thy splendour divine.

Life of the world, and death's potent destruction!

Breathe once again on the valley of bones;
 Soon all the dead will be put into motion,
 And hearts become soft, though harder than
 stones.

See! Lucifer falling, son of the morning!
 Demons to caverns of darkness retire;
 They cannot endure the "Spirit of burning"—
 They cannot withstand Omnipotent ire.

Now is the ensign of mercy displaying!
 Now is the banner of Jesus unfurl'd;
 And thousands of souls this moment are
 praying,
 His Kingdom may spread all over the
 world.

Bright Sun of Righteousness! clad in thy
 glory,
 Rise on the nations benighted, and shine;
 Disperse all the clouds and darkness before
 thee,
 Diffuse all around thy splendour divine.

508. S. M. HAMMOND.

Lamb of God.

AWAKE and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb,
 Wake every heart and every tongue,
 To praise the Saviour's name.

Sing of his dying love,
 Sing of his rising pow'r,

Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing,
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ th' eternal King.

4 Soon shall ye hear him say,
Ye blessed children, come;
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his pilgrims home.

509. C. M.

Evening hymn.

1 **F**ATHER in heav'n! to thee I bend,
To thee I lift my prayer;
Vouchsafe, Divine Almighty Friend,
Thy suppliant's voice to hear.

2 If lur'd by pleasure's specious wiles,
By shadowy hopes or fears,
If earthly joys have waken'd smiles,
Or earthly sorrows tears;

3 If fall'n from Thee, and Thy commands,
(And fall'n I must appear,)
Before Thee, Lord, thy creature stands,
A suppliant sincere.

4 Oh be this day's offence forgiven,
This night with slumbers blest;
And pious trust in pard'ning Heaven
The pillow of my rest.

EVANGELICAL HYMNS. 510, 511

510. C. M. H. K. WHITE.

Greatness of God.—Isa. xl. 12—15.

- 1 **T**HE Lord our God is full of might,
The winds obey his will:
He speaks, and in his heav'nly height
The rolling sun stands still.
- 2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threat'ning aspect roar!
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.
- 3 Howl winds of night, your force combine!
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not in the mountain pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest.
- 4 His voice sublime is heard afar:
In distant peal it dies:
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.
- 5 Ye nations bend—in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs wait his nod;
And bid the choral song ascend,
To celebrate your God.

511. S. M.

The unchanging God.

- “Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.”—Matt. xxiv. 35.

- 1 **H**OW bright is yonder sun,
In morning splendor drest!
All nature hails the glorious one,
And rises from her rest.

- 2 Yet all shall pass away,
Heav'n's highest orbs shall fade,
And this fair lovely earth decay,
A wild and fleeting shade.
- 3 But my eternal Lord,
Thou ever art the same,
Unmov'd, unchangeable thy word,
All glorious thy name!
- 4 My Father and my friend,
Thou Lord of light above,
Thy mercy hath no bound, no end,—
Eternal is thy love!
- 5 A frail and guilty thing,
To thee I lift mine eye;
And while to Jesus' cross I cling,
Thy wrath shall pass me by.
- 6 On that most wond'rous day,
Of visions strange, unknown,
When mortal life shall glide away,
O! leave me not alone!
- 7 But tell me I am thine;
That word shall soothe my heart,
And joy shall o'er my spirit shine,
And each dark fear depart!
- 8 And swiftly borne on high,
On seraph's wing of fire,
I'll join the music of the sky,
With an immortal lyre!

512. L. M.

Bright world of glory.

THERE is a world of glory bright,
 A peaceful home beyond the skies—
 Where Jesus reigns enthron'd in light,
 Where holy songs of angels rise.

There is a realm beyond compare—
 A happy home where seraphs dwell,
 A land of love—so bright and fair,
 Its loveliness no tongue can tell.

There is a place, a place of rest,
 Where heav'n-born souls shall all repair,
 And dwell with Christ, supremely blest,
 Yea, dwell a long forever there.

There is a region bright and pure,
 Where reign the blessed THREE IN ONE;
 To Christian pilgrims 'tis secure—
 'Twas purchas'd by th' Eternal son.

It is a home of Love and Peace,
 A land where sorrow is not known;
 Where happiness shall never cease,
 For perfect bliss surrounds the throne.

This holy place of bliss divine—
 Needs not the breeze—the cooling air,
 Nor shall the sun with brilliance shine,
 The Lamb of God illumines there.

No stars shall shine with lustre bright,
 No full-orb'd moon shall there appear—
 For Christ, who is eternal light,
 With glory fills that shining sphere.

- 8 There harps are tun'd, yea, harps of gold—
 There forms, too bright for mortal eye—
 But stop—can mortal pow'r unfold
 The glories of the upper sky!
- 9 In vain—'tis not to mortals giv'n
 To paint that pure, that bright abode—
 No pen, no tongue, beneath yon heav'n,
 Can trace *the dwelling place of God!*

513. L. M.

Jesus the pilgrim's Friend.

- 1 **T**HERE is a heaven in yonder skies,
 A heaven where pleasure never dies,
 A heav'n I sometimes hope to see,
 Again I fear 'tis not for me:
But Jesus, Jesus, is my friend, O Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Jesus, Jesus is my friend!

- 2 The way is difficult and straight,
 And narrow is the gospel gate;
 How many dangers are therein—
 How many snares to take me in!
But Jesus, &c.

- 3 I travel in a world of woes,
 Through conflicts sore my spirit goes;
 The tempter cries, "You ne'er shall stand,
 Nor reach fair Canaan's happy land:"
But Jesus, &c.

- 4 The way of danger I am in,
 Beset with devils, men, and sin;
 But in this way the track I see,
 And mark'd with blood it seems to be:
Sweet Jesus, &c.

- 5 Come life, come death, come then what will,
His footsteps I will follow still;
Through dangers thick and dread alarms,
I shall be safe in his dear arms:

For Jesus, &c.

- 6 Then O my soul, arise and sing—
Yonder's thy Saviour, Friend, and King;
With sweetest smiles he now looks down,
And says, "Press on and win the crown."

Sweet Jesus, &c.

- 7 "Prove faithful yet a few more days,
Fight the good fight, and win the race—
And then thy soul with me shall reign—
Thy head a crown of glory gain."

Sweet Jesus, &c.

- 8 "My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
'Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise."

Sweet Jesus, &c.

514. 7s.

*This mortal must put on immortality, and we
shall be ever with the Lord.*

- 1 **W**AY-WORN pilgrim, child of fears,
Cease thy sorrows, dry thy tears;
Soon thou shalt thy Saviour see,
Soon shalt with that Saviour be.

- 2 Soon that pulse shall throb no more,
Heav'n has life, when life is o'er—

For this mortal shall be free,
Cloth'd with Immortality!

- 3 List, ye weary; list, ye faint;
List the martyr and the saint;
List the young, whose panting soul
Ardent eyes the distant goal:
- 4 List the old, whose sitting sun
Speaks that goal already won;
Ye who tremble, ye who sigh,
Ye who, living, daily die:—
- 5 List, from heav'n the Saviour's voice
Bids you, 'midst your tears, rejoice,—
Tells of worlds to earth unknown,—
Calls those blissful worlds your own.
- 6 Yes, ye shall your Saviour see;
Soon shall with that Saviour be;
Where this mortal shall be free,
Cloth'd with Immortality!
- 7 Sinner, list! the bolt is hurl'd!
Time's no more!—here ends this world;
Rocks are falling—worlds decay,
Heav'n and earth have pass'd away!
- 8 Thou the Saviour too must see,
Saviour, not, alas! to thee;
Mortal gladly wouldst thou be,
Death thy Immortality!

515. P. M. CAMPBELL.

The way to Zion.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pleasure,
Where streams of joy forever roll;

'Tis there I have my treasure,
And there I long to rest my soul.
Long darkness dwelt around me,
With scarcely once a cheering ray;
But since my Saviour found me
A lamp has shin'd along my way.

2 My way is full of danger,
But 'tis the path that leads to God,
And like a faithful soldier,
I'll boldly march along the road:
Now I must gird my sword on,
My breastplate, helmet, and my shield,
And fight the hosts of Satan,
Until I reach the heavenly field.

3 I'm on the way to Zion,
Still guided by my Saviour's hand:
O, come along, poor sinners,
And see Immanuel's happy land:
To all that stay behind me
I bid a long, a long farewell;
Come now, or you'll repent it
When you shall reach the gates of hell.

4 The vale of tears surrounds me,
And Jordan's current rolls before;
Oh! how I stand and tremble
To hear the dismal waters roar:
Whose hand shall then support me,
And keep my soul from sinking there—
From sinking down to darkness,
And to the regions of despair?

- 5 This stream shall not affright me,
 Although 'tis deeper than the grave;
 If Jesus stand beside me
 I'll smoothly ride on Jordan's wave;
 His word has calm'd the ocean,
 His lamp has cheer'd the gloomy vale;
 Oh! shall this friend be with me
 While o'er the swelling flood I sail?
- 6 Come then, thou king of terrors,
 And with thy dagger lay me low—
 I'll sooner reach those regions
 Where everlasting pleasures grow.
 O, sinners! shall I leave you,
 No more to join your social band;
 No more to stand beside you
 'Till at the judgment bar we stand?
- 7 Soon the arch angel's trumpet
 Shall rock the globe from pole to pole,
 And all the wheels of nature
 Shall in a moment cease to roll:
 Then we shall see the Saviour,
 With shining ranks of angels, come
 To execute his vengeance,
 And take his faithful servant home.

516. C. M.

The Zion Traveller.

- 1 **Y**E weary, heavy laden souls,
 Who are oppressed sore,
 Ye trav'lers through the wilderness,
 To Canaan's peaceful shore;

- Through chilling winds, and beating rains,
And waters deep and cold,
And enemies surrounding you—
Take courage and be bold.
- 2 Though stormy winds and tempests rise,
And sweep the desert round,
And fiery serpents oft appear
Through the enchanted ground—
Though clouds and darkness veil our skies,
And dragons often roar,
Yet while the gospel trump we hear,
We'll press for Canaan's shore.
- 3 We're often like the lonesome dove,
In her bereaved state;
From hill to hill, from vale to vale,
She mourns her absent mate;
But Canaan's land is just before,
Sweet spring is coming on,
A few more beating winds and rains,
And winter will be gone.
- 4 Sometimes, like mountains, to the sky,
Cold Jordan's billows roar,
Which often makes the pilgrims fear
They never shall get o'er:
But let us gain mount Pisgah's top,
And view the vernal plain;
To fright our souls, let Jordan roar,
And hell may rage in vain.
- 5 Methinks I now begin to see
The borders of that land;

The trees of life, with heav'nly fruit,
 In beauteous order stand:
 The wint'ry season's past and gone,
 Sweet flowers now appear,
 The fiftieth year will soon roll round—
 The great Sabbatic year.

6 O, what a glorious sight appears
 To my believing eyes;
 Methinks I see Jerusalem,
 A city in the skies;
 Bright angels whisper me away—
 "O come, my brother, come,"
 And I am willing to be gone
 To my eternal home.

7 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
 Who are to Canaan bound:
 And should we never meet again
 'Till the last trump shall sound,
 I hope that I shall meet you there,
 On that delightful shore;
 In peaceful realms of endless bliss,
 Where parting is no more.

517. 8, 7. CAMPELL.

Trials here—Glory hereafter.

1. **D**ARK and stormy is the desert,
 Thro' which pilgrims make their way
 Yet, beyond this vale of sorrow,
 Lie the fields of endless day.
 Fiends loud howling in the tempest
 Make them tremble as they go.

- And the fiery darts of Satan
Often lay their courage low.
- 2 Oh young soldiers, do you murmur
At the troubles of the way?
Do your hearts begin to fail you,
And your vigor to decay?
Jesus, Jesus shall defend you,
He shall lead you to his throne;—
He that dy'd his garments for you,
And the wine-press trod alone:—
- 3 He whose thunder shakes creation,—
He who bade the planets roll;
He who rides upon the tempest,
And whose sceptre sways the whole:
Round him see ten thousand angels,
Ready to receive command;—
They are ever watching round you,
'Till you reach the heav'nly land.
- 4 There on flow'ry fields of pleasure,
And the hills of endless rest,
Love, and Joy, and Peace shall ever
Reign and triumph in your breast.
Who can paint the scenes of glory,
Where the ransom'd dwell on high—
Where the golden harps forever
Sound redemption round the sky!
- 5 There a million flaming seraphs,
Fly across the heav'nly plain;
There they sing immortal praises—
Glory! Glory! is their strain.

But I think a sweeter concert
 Makes the chrystal arches ring,
 And a song is heard in Zion
 Which the angels cannot sing.

6 See the heav'nly host in rapture
 Gaze upon this shining band,
 Wond'ring at their costly garments,
 And the laurels in their hand.
 There upon the golden pavement,
 See the ransom'd march along—
 While the splendid courts of glory
 Sweetly echo to their song.

7 But behold! in whiter garments,
 Some are marching on before;
 Oh! their crowns, how bright they sparkle
 Such as monarchs never wore:
 These were shepherds, faithful servants
 In the cause of Christ below;
 They shall now, in peace forever,
 Sit on thrones as white as snow.

8 Round them see the lambs they gather'd—
 See the flocks they fed with care;
 Now they're come to richer pastures;
 Jesus is their shepherd here.
 Hail! ye holy, happy spirits!
 Death no more shall make you fear;
 Sin and sorrow, pain and anguish
 Shall no more disturb you here.

9 Sinners here shall not deride you,
 Though they vex'd you while below;

Now they're gone, and gone forever,
To the gulph of endless woe.

Now, methinks, I hear from tophet
Cries more dreadful than the rest;
Some appear in greater anguish,
And with sorer vengeance press'd.

10 "Ah!" they cry, "we heard the gospel,
"Where the Lord reviv'd his cause—
"Saw how numbers bow'd before him;
"Yet we still refus'd his laws:
"We rejected every warning—
"Scorn'd the penitential tear;
"We despis'd the calls of mercy;
"Now we lie in fetters here!"

11 Sinners, will you come to Jesus?
O that you would come to-day!
Come, before the sword of vengeance
Cut you down in folly's way.
Soon the harvest will be gather'd,
And the sheaves collected home;
Then, in vain, you'll cry for mercy,
And, in vain, may wish to come.

518. P. M. J. M. Good.

Watch and pray.—Matt. xxvi. 41.

LIFE is a sea,—how fair its face,
How smooth its dimpling waters pace,
Its canopy how pure!
But rocks below, and tempests sleep,
Insidious, o'er the glassy deep,
Nor leave an hour secure.

- 2 Life is a wilderness,—beset
 With tang'ling thorns, and treach'rous net,
 And prowl'd by beasts of prey.
 One path alone conducts aright,
 One narrow path, with little light;
 A thousand lead astray.
- 3 Life is a warfare,—and alike
 Prepar'd to parley, or to strike,
 The practis'd foe draws nigh.
 O, hold no truce! less dang'rous far
 To stand, and all his phalanx dare,
 Than trust his specious lie.
- 4 Whate'er its form, whate'er its flow,
 While life is lent to man below,
 One duty stands confest,—
 To watch incessant, firm of mind,
 And watch where'er the post assign'd,
 And leave to God the rest.
- 5 'Twas while they watch'd, with lamp in hand,
 And oil well stor'd, the virgin band
 The bridal pomp descried;
 They join'd it,—and the heav'nly gate
 That op'd to them its glorious state,
 Was clos'd on all beside.
- 6 Watch! watch and pray! in suffering hour,
 Thus He exclaim'd, who felt its pow'r,
 And triumph'd in the strife.
 Victor of Death! thy voice I hear:
 I'll watch and pray through life's career,
 And only cease with life.

519. P. M.

Longing to see Jesus.—John xii. 21,

- 1 **O** WHEN shall I see Jesus,
 And reign with him above;
 And from the flowing fountains
 Drink everlasting love?
 When shall I be deliver'd
 From this vain world of sin,
 And with my blessed Jesus,
 Drink endless pleasures in?
- 2 But now I am a soldier,
 My Captain's gone before;
 He's given me my orders,
 And tells me not to fear:
 And if I do prove faithful
 A crown of life he'll give;
 And all his valiant soldiers
 Eternal life shall live.
- 3 Through grace I am determin'd
 To conquer, though I die;
 And then away to Jesus,
 On wings of love I'll fly.
 Farewell to sin and sorrow;
 I bid it all adieu;
 And you, my friends, prove faithful,
 And on your way pursue.
- 4 And if you meet with troubles
 And trials on the way,
 Then cast your care on Jesus,
 And don't forget to pray:

Gird on the heav'nly armor,
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when the battle's ended,
You'll reign with him above.

- 5 O, do not be discourag'd,
For Jesus is your friend;
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to send;
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request;
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you up to rest.

520. 8, 7, 4.

Matt. xi. 28.

- 1 "COME to me, all ye that labour,"
"Heavy laden" and opprest—
Come to me, ye sons of sorrow,
"I will give you peace and rest;"
O, come hither,
And partake a Saviour's love.

- 2 Are ye poor, and ask my Spirit?
Are ye frail, and seek my grace?
Do ye lean upon my merit
Only for your righteousness?
Humbly seek me,
As your dearest, only hope.

- 3 'Mid the frailties of your nature—
'Mid temptation, scorn, and grief—
'Mid the trials that await you
When in vain you ask relief.

- Ever near you,
I will be a present aid.
- 4 Though in devious paths of error,
From your Shepherd frail ye stray,
Still ye shall not wander ever,
Back I'll bring you to my way;
Still beside you,
Ever watchful for your good.
- 5 Soon the victor's crown I'll give you—
Soon shall ye the haven gain,
Enter heaven's portals singing,
'Mid the bright angelic train—
Ever, ever
With your Saviour there to reign!

521. P. M.

- Broken-hearted, weep no more!*
- 1 **B**ROKEN-hearted, weep no more!
Hear what comfort he hath spoken,
Smoking flax who ne'er hath quenched,
Bruised reed who ne'er hath broken,—
'Ye who wander here below,
'Heavy laden as ye go,
'Come with grief, with sin oppress,
'Come to me, and be at rest!
- 2 Lamb of Jesus' blood-bought flock,
Brought again from sin and straying,
Hear the Shepherd's gentle voice—
'Tis a true and faithful saying—
'Greater love how can there be
'Than to yield up life for thee?

'Bought with pang, and tear, and sigh,
'Turn and live!—why will ye die?'

3 Broken-hearted, weep no more!

Far from consolation flying;

He who calls hath felt thy wound,

Seen thy weeping, heard thy sighing,—

'Bring thy broken heart to me,

'Welcome offering, it shall be,

'Streaming tears and bursting sighs,

'Mine accepted sacrifice.'

522. 7, 6.

*He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up
their wounds.—Ps. cxlvii. 3.*

1 **D**ROOPING souls, no longer grieve,

Heaven is propitious;

If on Christ you do believe,

You will find him precious;

Jesus now is passing by,

Calling mourners to him,

For such sinners he did die—

Now look up and view him.

2 From his hands, his feet, his side,

Runs a healing lotion;

See the consolation tide,

Boundless as the ocean:—

See the living waters move,

For the sick and dying;

Now resolve to gain his love,

Or to perish trying.

3 Grace's store is always free,

Drooping souls to gladden:

Jesus calls—"Come unto me,
 Weary, heavy laden:—"
 Though your sins, like mountains high,
 Rise and reach to heaven,
 Soon as you on him rely,
 All shall be forgiven.

Now, methinks, I hear one say,
 I will venture to him;
 If he take my guilt away,
 Surely I shall praise him:—
 Streaming mercy, how it flows—
 Now my soul doth feel it;
 Half has never yet been told—
 Yet I want to tell it.

Jesus' blood has heal'd my wound,—
 Oh, the wond'rous story!—
 I was lost, but now am found,
 Glory! Glory! Glory!
 Heaven's here, and heaven's there,
 Glory's here, and yonder—
 Brightest seraphs shout *Amen*,
 While the angels wonder.

523. 8, 7.

The Saviour's merit.

SAVIOUR, I do feel thy merit,
 Sprinkled with redeeming blood;
 And my weary troubled spirit,
 Now finds rest with thee my God.
 I am safe, and I am happy,
 While in thy dear arms I lie;

Sin and Satan cannot hurt me,
While my Saviour is so nigh.

2 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Sing his praises through the sky.
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory to the Father give,
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Sing his praises, all that live!

3 Now I'll sing my Saviour's merit—
Tell the world of his dear name,
That if any want his Spirit,
He is still the very same.
He that asketh soon receiveth,
He that seeks is sure to find;
Whosoe'er on him believeth,
He will never cast behind.

4 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glorious Christ of heav'nly birth;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Sing his praises through the earth.
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory to the Spirit be;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
To the sacred one in three.

5 Now our Advocate is pleading,
With his Father, and our God;
And for us is interceding,
As the purchase of his blood;

Now, methinks, I hear him praying,
Father! save them—I have died;
And the Father answers, saying,
They are freely justified.

Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,
Worthy is the Lamb of God,
Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,
Who hath wash'd us in his blood;
Holy, holy, holy, holy,
Holy is the Lord of hosts,
Holy, holy, holy, holy,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

524. 7, 6.

The happy pilgrim.

I LOVE my blessed Saviour,
I feel I'm in his favor,
And I am his forever—
Oh, may I faithful prove:
And now I'm bound for Canaan;
I feel my sins forgiven,
And soon shall get to heaven,
To sing redeeming love.

2 Though sinners may deride me,
And unbelievers chide me,
Yet nothing shall divide me
From Jesus my dear friend.
Supported by his power,
I long to see the hour
That bids my spirit tour,
And all my sorrows end.

- 3 The pleasing time is hast'ning,
 My feeble frame is wasting,
 While I'm engag'd in praising,
 Constrained by his love.
 When yonder shining orders,
 Who sing on Canaan's borders,
 Shall bear me to their Lord, there
 I'll sing his praise above.
- 4 Farewell, I'm bound for glory,
 How pleasing is the story!
 Those shining worlds before me
 Invite me to begone.
 Had I an angel's pinions,
 I'd range the bright dominions,
 And join the shining millions,
 Who're shouting round the throne.
- 5 How sweet the smile of Jesus,
 While millions sound his praises;
 The rapture still increases
 Throughout th' etherial plains.
 My flesh and spirit failing,
 My soul in transports hailing
 Bright seraphs in their dwelling—
 I sing immortal strains.

525. 8, 7 4.

Condition of unconverted relatives lamented.

- *I have great heaviness and continual sorrow
 in my heart for my brethren, my kins-
 men according to the flesh."—Rom. ix. 2, 3
- 1 **O**H! what crowds are bound for ruin!
 Hast'ning down to endless woe;

While their danger we are viewing,
Streams of tender sorrow flow.

Lord, prevent them,
Or to ruin they must go.

2 See our kinsmen—near relations—
Dear companions all around—
Brothers, sisters, children, parents,
Down to endless ruin bound.
Jesus, save them,
Let the lost again be found.

3 Death, it may be, now is near them;
Soon they'll feel his cold embrace:
Gracious heaven! shall we hear them
Mourn thy long rejected grace?
Lord, constrain them
Now to seek the Saviour's face,

4 Oh, the solemn separation,
At thy great tremendous bar!—
Mourning, weeping, lamentation,
When their final doom they hear
Lost forever,
In the gulph of dark despair.

5 Lord display thy matchless power;
Pierce their stubborn hearts of stone;
Make them dread that awful hour—
Bow them, Lord, before thy throne:
Jesus, save them,
Save, O! save them for thine own.

526. P. M. NEWTON.

Conversion of Zaccheus.

- 1 **Z**ACCHEUS climb'd the tree,
And thought himself unknown;
But how surpris'd was he
When Jesus call'd him down!
The Lord beheld him, though conceal'd,
And by a word his power reveal'd.
- 2 Wonder and joy at once
Were painted in his face;
'Does he my name pronounce,
And does he know my case?
'Will Jesus deign with me to dine?
'Lord, I, with all I have, am thine.'
- 3 Thus, where the Gospel's preach'd,
And sinners come to her,
The hearts of some are reach'd,
Before they are aware:
The word directly speaks to them,
And seems to point them out by name.
- 4 'Tis curiosity
Oft brings them in the way,
Only the man to see,
And hear what he can say;
But how the sinner starts to find
The preacher knows his inmost mind!
- 5 His long forgotten faults
Are brought again in view,
And all his secret thoughts
Reveal'd in public too;

Though compass'd with a crowd about,
The searching word has found him out!

- 3 While thus distressing pain
And sorrow fills his heart,
He hears a voice again,
That bids his fears depart:
Then, like Zaccheus, he is blest,
And Jesus deigns to be his guest.

527. P. M.

Judgment.

Tune,—“Hymn to the Trinity.”

- 1 **H**ARK! 'tis the trump of God,
Sounds through the worlds abroad,
Time is no more!

Horrors invest the sky,
Graves burst and myriads rise,
Nature, in agonies,
Yields up her store.

- 2 Quick reels the bursting earth,
Rock'd by a storm of wrath,
Hurled from its sphere.
Heart-rending thunders roll,
Demons tormented howl!
Great God, support my soul,
Yielding to fear.

- 3 O! my Redeemer, come,
And through the fearful gloom,
Brighten thy way.
How would our souls arise,
Soar through the flaming skies,

- Join the solemnities,
Of the great day:
- 4 Chang'd in a moment's space,
Lo! the affrighted race,
Shriek and despair:
Now they attempt to fly,
Curse immortality,
And eye their misery,
Dreadfully near.
- 5 Thousands of thousands wait,
Round the judicial seat,
Glorified there:
Prostrate the Elders fall,
Wing'd is my raptur'd soul,
I to the Judge of all,
Humbly draw near.
- 6 See! see! the Incarnate God,
Swiftly emits abroad,
Glories benign:
Lo! Lo! he comes, he's here,
Angels and saints appear,
Fled is my every fear,
Jesus is mine.
- 7 High on a flaming throne,
Rides the Eternal Son,
Sovereign, august:
Worlds from his presence fly,
Shrink at his majesty,
Stars dash along the sky,
Awfully burst.

- 8 O! my approving God,
Wash'd in thy precious blood,
Bold I advance:
Fearless we'll range along,
Join the triumphant throng,
Shout an extatic song,
Through the expanse.

528. L. M. BY G. N. G——. of *N. Jersey.*
The Judgment.

- 1 **H**ARK! hear the trumpet's dreadful roar,
The sound extends from shore to shore,
Announcing time to be no more,
And thy dread reign Eternity.
- 2 The vaulted heav'ns majestic bend,
Angelic guards the Judge attend,
Array'd in splendor they descend,
In pomp and awful majesty.
- 3 What glory now that head adorns,
That once was crown'd with rugged thorns,
How chang'd the man who dwelt with worms,
And groan'd and died on Calvary!
- 4 His voice death's iron slumbers breaks,
The dead from their long sleep awake,
At his approach all nature quakes,
And waits her final destiny.
- And now the dead, both small and great,
From him the solemn sentence wait,
Which shall decide their endless state,
Of happiness or misery.

- 6 The saints that kept his holy word,
From him receive a large reward,
And dwell in mansions near their Lord,
And reign with him Eternally.
- 7 But on his foes who dared rebel,
He frowns, and sends them down to hell.
Where devils and the damned dwell,
In pain, despair, and misery!

529. C. M. YOUNG.

Submission.

- 1 **O**UR hearts are fasten'd to the world
By strong and num'rous ties;
And every sorrow cuts a string,
And urges us to rise.
- 2 When God would kindly set us free,
And earth's enchantment end;
He takes the most effectual means,
And robs us of a friend.
- 3 Since vain all here, all future, vast,
Embrace the lot assign'd;
Heav'n wounds to heal, its frowns are friends,
Its strokes severe, most kind.—
- 4 To final good the worst events,
Through secret channels run;
Finish'd for saints, their destin'd course,
As 'twas for saints begun.
- 5 **O!** for that summit of my wish.
While here I draw my breath,
That promise of eternal bliss—
A glorious smile in death.

530. C. M.

Babylonian Captivity.—Psalm 137.

WHERE gently flows proud Babel's stream
We sat us down and wept;
And thought us—O! heart-sickening dream,
Of the fair land we'd left.

2 There the green willows pensive weep,
And there our harps we hung;
For they—the cause of all our grief,
Requir'd of us a song.

3 How shall we sing thy songs, O Lord!
'Midst an unhallow'd band?
Oh! how be joyful to our God
In a strange, foreign land?

4 If I forget thee, O! thou land,
Where all our fathers lie,
Its cunning work may my right hand
Forget, grow weak, and die.

5 Remember, Lord, proud Edom's sons,
Who, in our city's day,
Cried "Raze it,—Raze it to the stones,
Low her foundations lay!"

6 Daughter of Babel, bless'd are they
Who do thy sins reward;
Who slay thy sons, as thou didst slay
The children of the Lord.

531. P. M. LOOMIS.

The Babylonian Captivity.—Ps. 137.

- 1 **A** LONG the banks where Babel's current flows, [stray'd,
Our captive bands in deep despondence
While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose,
Her friends, her children mingled with the dead.
- 2 The tuneless harp, that once with joy we strung,
When praise employ'd and mirth inspir'd the lay,
In mournful silence on the willows hung,
And growing grief prolong'd the tedious day.
- 3 The barb'rous tyrants, to increase the woe,
With taunting smiles a song of Zion claim;
Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow,
While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's name.
- 4 But how, in heathen chains and lands unknown,
Shall Israel's sons a song of Zion raise?
O! hapless Salem, God's terrestrial throne,
Thou land of glory, sacred mount of praise!
- 5 If e'er my mem'ry lose thy lovely name,
If my cold heart neglect my kindred race,
Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame:
My hand shall perish, and my voice shall cease.

6 Yet shall the Lord, who hears when Zion
calls,

Overtake her foes with terror and dismay;
His arm avenge her desolated walls,
And raise her children to eternal day.

532. C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Running the Christian race.—Phil. iii. 12—14.

1 **A** WAKE my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high:
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4 Bless'd Saviour, introduc'd by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
We lay our laurels down.

533. P. M.

The Kingdom of Christ.—Phil. iv. 4.

1 **R**EJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your God and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore!

Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

- 2 Rejoice, the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus giv'n.
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 4 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy;
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound rejoice.

534. P. M.

Jesus reigns.

- 1 **H**EAR the royal proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation,
Published to every creature,
To the ruin'd sons of nature.

CHORUS.

*Jesus reigns, he reigns victorious,
Over heav'n and earth most glorious;
Jesus reigns.*

2 See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying;
Rebel sinners, royal favor
Now is offer'd by the Saviour.
Jesus reigns, &c.

3 Here, ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Who have wrought your own undoing;
Here is life and free salvation
Offer'd to the whole creation.
Jesus reigns, &c.

4 'Twas for you that Jesus died,
For you he was crucified;
Conquer'd death, and rose to heaven;
Life eternal through him's given.
Jesus reigns, &c.

5 Turn unto the Lord most holy,
Shun the path of vice and folly;
Turn, or you are lost forever,
O, now turn to God your Saviour!
Jesus reigns, &c.

6 Here is wine, and milk, and honey,
Come and purchase without money;
Mercy, like a flowing fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain.
Jesus reigns, &c.

535 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

7 For this love let rocks and mountains,
Purling streams, and chrystal fountains,
Roaring thunders, lightning blazes,
Shout the great Messiah's praises.

Jesus reigns, &c.

8 Shout, ye tongues of every nation,
To the bounds of the creation;
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
The almighty King of Zion.

Jesus reigns, &c.

9 Now our souls have caught new fire,
Brethren, raise your voices higher;
Shout with joyful acclamation,
To the Prince of our salvation.

Jesus reigns, &c.

10 Shout ye saints, make joyful mention,
Christ has purchas'd our redemption;
Angels shout the joyful story,
Through the brighter worlds of glory.

Jesus reigns, &c.

535. L. M. BEDDOME.

The increase of the Church.

1 **R**EJOICE, ye saints, that Jesus reigns;
Thro' distant lands his triumphs spread;
And sinners, freed from endless pains,
Own him their Saviour and their head.

2 His sons and daughters from afar,
Daily at Sion's gate arrive;
Those who were dead in sin before,
By sovereign grace are made alive.

O may his conquest still increase,
His power every foe subdue;
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his spreading glories show.
Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above;
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lasting as his love.

536. P. M. C. WESLEY.

Time and Eternity.

LO! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible!

A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heav'nly place,
Or—shuts me up in hell!

O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtless heart
Eternal things impress;

Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me, ere it be too late—

Wake me to righteousness.

Before me place, in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come

To judge the nations at thy bar:
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,

To make my calling sure!
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
 And suffer all thy righteous will,
 And to the end endure!

- 5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
 Transported from this vale, to live
 And reign with thee above;
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
 And hope, in full supreme delight,
 And everlasting love!

537. C. M. WATTS.

The death of a sinner.

- 1 **M**Y thoughts on awful subjects roll,
 Damnation and the dead;
 What horrors seize the guilty soul
 Upon a dying bed!
- 2 Ling'ring about these mortal shores,
 She makes a long delay;
 Till, like a flood, with rapid force,
 Death sweeps the wretch away.
- 3 Then swift and dreadful she descends
 Down to the fiery coast,
 Amongst abominable fiends,
 Herself a frightened ghost.
- 4 There endless crowds of sinners lie,
 And darkness makes their chains;
 Tortur'd with keen despair they cry,
 Yet wait for fiercer pains.
- 5 Not all their anguish and their blood
 For their own guilt atones,

Nor the compassion of a God
 Shall hearken to their groans.
 Amazing grace, that kept my breath,
 Nor bid my soul remove,
 Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,
 And well insur'd his love!

538. C. M. WATTS.

Death and Eternity.

MY thoughts, that often mount the skies,
 Go, search the world beneath,
 Where nature all in ruin lies,
 And owns her sovereign, death.
 The tyrant, how he triumphs here,*
 His trophies spread around!
 And heaps of dust and bones appear
 Through all the hollow ground.
 These skulls, what ghastly figures now!
 How loathsome to the eyes!
 These are the heads we lately knew
 So beauteous and so wise.
 But where the souls, those deathless things,
 That left their dying clay?
 My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings,
 And trace eternity!
 O! that unfathomable sea!
 Those deeps without a shore!
 Where living waters gently play,
 Or fiery billows roar.

* *Bunhill-Fields.*

539 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

- 6 There we shall swim in heav'nly bliss,
Or sink in flaming waves;
While the pale carcase breathless lies
Among the silent graves.
- 7 "Prepare us, Lord, for thy right hand,
"Then come the joyful day;
"Come, death, and some celestial band,
"To bear our souls away."

539. C. M. WATTS.

The presence of God worth dying for; or, the death of Moses.—Deut. xxxii. 49, 50. xxxiv.

- 1 **L**ORD, 'tis an infinite delight
To see thy lovely face;
To dwell whole ages in thy sight,
And feel thy vital rays.
- 2 Thy love, a sea without a shore,
Spreads life and joy abroad;
O, 'tis a heav'n worth dying for,
To see a smiling God.
- 3 Sweet was the journey to the sky,
The wondrous prophet tried;
"Climb up the mount," says God, "and die
The prophet climb'd and died.
- 4 Softly his fainting head he lay
Upon his Maker's breast;
His Maker kiss'd his soul away,
And laid his flesh to rest.
- 5 Shew me thy face, and I'll away
From all inferior things;

Speak, Lord, and here I quit my clay,
And stretch my airy wings.

540. S. M. WATTS.

Heavenly joy on earth.

COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place;
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God;
But fav'rites of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.

[The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please;
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas:]

This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He shall send down his heav'nly pow'rs,
To carry us above.

There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,

541 EVANGELICAL HYMNS.

The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

3 [The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.]

9 [The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

10 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry:
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.]

541. C. M. WATTS.

God's presence is light in darkness.

1 **M**Y God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun!
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers, "I am his!"

DOXOLOGIES.

My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.
Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqu'ror through.



DOXOLOGIES.

L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son;
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

S. M.

YE angels, round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

DOXOLOGIES.

P. M.

To God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise,
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise:
With all our powers,
Eternal King,
Thy name we sing,
While faith adores.

7s.

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love:
Praise him, all ye heav'nly hosts,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

8, 7.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above!
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

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